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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXXXVI.

NEW SERIES, VOLUME VII.

JANUARY, MARCH, MAY, 1869.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, . . . verus philosophus est amator Dei." — ST. AUGUSTINE.

NEW YORK:
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JANUARY, 1869.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1869.

Art. I. — THE LATE WAR: ITS CAUSES, CONDUCT, AND RESULTS.

BY A SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

The writer of this article is well aware that the public ear is wearied with a theme, which, from use and abuse, has become "stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Yet the first war for Independence was scarcely so important, as the recent one for preserving what three millions gained, for the use of the thousand millions who may one day fill the valley of the Mississippi, and look out on either ocean. Therefore the writer, who is a Southern man, who was a soldier in the armies of the South from the first drum-beat to the last; who is intimate with those who watched the Southern side from the high stand-point of the first offices of the Southern *de facto* government, — desires simply to tell somewhat of that he knows and believes, for the information of those who have looked only on one side.

First, *Causes of the War.* — The defence of the South has been attempted, by indicting the North before the tribunal of the world's opinion, on charges of being the first to violate the Federal compact, or Constitution. It is charged that Northern States passed "personal liberty bills," requiring that the tenure of property in man should not rest on mere possession of the chattel, or an informal bill of sale, such as

passed the title to a horse or a cow; but that the "fugitive from labor" should only be given up when titles equal to those of land or valuable personal property — titles sealed, witnessed, and recorded — were proven in court by certified records or competent testimony. It is charged that Northern States refused the use of jails and court-houses to the United-States Marshals who attempted to carry out the Fugitive-slave Law. It is charged that in Kansas and Nebraska, and other territories, slave labor was not protected by law. This defence is utterly worthless, as the South violated the national law as much as the North.

Under the law of the United States, the slave trade with the coast of Africa was piracy, punishable by the extreme penalties of the law. Yet the trade never entirely ceased, and, in many cases, there was no remark or comment by the people who knew it; and in the Charleston Convention of 1860, Colonel Gaulding, of Liberty County, a member of the Georgia delegation, made a speech from the platform in favor of the introduction of a pro-slave-trade plank in the Democratic platform, and was cheered by the Convention.

The famed *Wanderer* case, in Savannah, is yet fresh in the public memory; and the plainly proven and undoubted fact of a cargo of Africans having been brought in the ship as her only vocation, had little effect upon the public mind, and resulted in almost nothing.

It is a wise maxim which asserts that "NO LAW IS STRONGER THAN PUBLIC OPINION;" and it was practically proven in the operation of these great national laws, North and South. The people of the free-labor States could not see why the declaration of our great Charter of Liberty, that "All men were created free and equal," excluded black men. Nor why those "inalienable rights" of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," should be alienated by being born of a slave mother. The people of the slave-labor States could not see any crime in buying a cargo of Africans taken in negro battle, liable to be cooked and eaten, or, worse, enslaved, if not sold to whites, and who had some chance of civilization and Christianity by importation. How could it seem a crime,

when the parting of husband and wife, mother and child, and the trade in these between the States was sanctioned by State and national law, defended from the rostrum, the pulpit, and the press, and solemnly confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States? The juries of the North would not return a slave to slavery. The juries of the South would not hang men who bought their slaves in Africa. Nor were the rights of white citizens of other States, or of a free pulpit, or a free press, safe in the South when public opinion prescribed tar and feathers for heresy on the vexed question.

We only differed in this, that we of the South defended a barbarous and expiring institution in defiance of the opinions of mankind; while the people of the North — free themselves from the pecuniary temptation to violate principle — moved in the van of the world's progress.

It is now asserted that the States of the South, fearing a total wreck of the rights "reserved to the States respectively or to the people," and looking upon the election of Mr. Lincoln as the signal gun of the grand Northern crusade, thought best to draw around themselves the robes of reserved sovereignty, and build up in their own sunny clime a new *sanctum sanctorum* for the old Constitution of our fathers. But this position is worse than the old plea of 1860.

The only question in the South was, whether to secede at once for existing causes (or rather lack of causes), or to wait for the new administration to commit some undefined "overt act." The plan of the new government did not enter as a prominent element into political speeches, or newspaper articles, or private consultation, or state-convention ordinances. "Southern Empire" was as common a term as Southern Republic, and secession was the main object. The election of Mr. Breckenridge, instead of Mr. Lincoln, would only more surely have paved the way of the revolution. The States seceded singly, with no agreement to ever unite again; and the Montgomery Congress was suggested as much by a threatening North, as by the need of a constitution.

That the Southern constitution at last adopted was almost a reprint of the old document, is not to the credit of Mr.

Yancey, Mr. Toombs, the Cobb brothers, the Rhetts, and other great apostles of secession; but was due to conservatives, like Alexander H. Stephens, who battled against the tide while battle was possible. And when at last General Scott told the "wayward sisters to go in peace," and Mr. Greeley did not want to live in a Union whereof one part was "pinned to the residue by bayonets," and President Buchanan did not see any way to stay the storm, — then he and his kind sprang on the severed fragment which was theirs by birth, and tried to save a part of what was most precious in the old, for the use of the new.

No sane man at the South could have dreamed that constitutional slavery would be safer in a new adventure of Republicanism against half the old Union and the open hostility of mankind, than it was under the protection of the whole Union and the silence of the world under the fear of its guns. The best possible evidence that the election of Mr. Lincoln did not alarm anybody, is seen in the reading of that most sensitive of all barometers, the *pocket nerve.*

In the very midst of the intense agitation, from 1854 to 1860, the price of negroes steadily rose from one thousand dollars to fifteen hundred; and when the news of the triumph of Republicanism flashed over the wires, the negro market did not vary one dollar in the whole South.

But this branch of the subject is endless; and we leave it by saying, that the States did not secede because the constitutional compact broken on one side released the other, nor was it to preserve slavery, nor protect an imperilled Constitution.

The source of the war was a plethora of prosperity. This, we hope, was more a misfortune than a crime. When Nebuchadnezzar walked on his lofty walls, and said, "Is not this Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" he was sent out to eat grass with the oxen, that he might "know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

"Perhaps *our* hearts had waxed too strong;
'Twere meet to send distress;
The contrite spirit God alone
Will condescend to bless.
Perhaps, if humbly we implore
Salvation from his hand,
'Twill please our Father to restore
Again our native land."

If misfortune is too mild a term, the great people might forgive us the sin we have done, for the sake of its long expiation.

We were rich almost beyond computation. The wealth of a nation does not consist in what they consume as clothing and food for man and beast; for that is mere existence and independence. It is in the excess above its own needs, that goes abroad to benefit other people, and to reap the gold from the fields of commerce for its own garners. In the year 1859 (and I write from memory not having the tables before me), the entire exports of the Northern States were little over forty-five millions. The cotton of the South, alone, went above one hundred and sixty millions, and her entire exports to one hundred and ninety-three millions. In 1860, we made four million bales of cotton, at an average of over four hundred pounds to the bale. Our land was netted with railroads, mostly out of debt, and paying good dividends. The progress of free schools was in a fair way to wipe off the stigma of ignorance from our white population. In churches, colleges, and libraries, we were equal, or superior, to the North, in proportion to our population. Our capital paid a better return for industry. The uncut grass in our fields was more than the hay of the North; and the fodder, or corn-blades saved, was equal, counting population, capital, and consumption. Our wealthy population could summer at Saratoga or the seaside, and return to find that fertile land and genial sun had filled barn and gin-house, in spite of incompetent overseers and unwilling labor.

Our bravest and most accomplished gentlemen frequently took professions only as a finish to a polite education, and did not need any employment, either to make fortunes or to sus-

tain them, as a cotton plantation was above the reach of bankruptcy or a commercial panic. The educated women of the South were lovely as the lilies of the valley, and, like them, "they toiled not, neither did they spin."

Our young men had little to do after the studies of college or a profession were over; and to join Lopez in a trip to Cuba, or Walker to Central America, was a relief to an idle and tiresome life. We might appeal to those who have tried life without an object, or those who have seen solitary confinement inflicted as the alternative of death, and be certain of an opinion that no labor is so trying as compulsory idleness, whether it be social or legal in its cause.

To this society, where three hundred thousand slave-owners held the places of honor and influence among the eight millions; where the people were tired of unbroken affluence, and willing to risk all for a new sensation; where fervid oratory, impassioned eloquence, and keen sarcasm were the weapons of the few; and those who doubted or disbelieved dared not brave public opinion, the bowie-knife, or the tar-barrel; to this society the Marseilles Hymn and Dixie drum-beat, and gay banners of the revolution came as a relief, and not as a terror.

War was a beautiful thing when bright-eyed girls wove the laurels, and glory beckoned in the azure distance. No cloud darkened the headlands of time. Bright were the seas before the prow that bore the precious freight of property in man. The colors of the old Union seemed only to flutter farewells from her silent decks, and Europe smiled across the waves.

The dream-light has faded from the eyes of the South, and over the form of the poor ruined hope that lies in the dust, with only her white banner for a shroud, "let the tear which pities human weakness fall; on it let the veil that covers human frailty rest."

With Republicanism only successful in the midst of the divisions of other parties by a minority vote; and with a vast preponderance of power in Congress so long as the Southern members kept their seats; with the new President more hopelessly tied by legislative and judiciary majorities than Mr.

Johnson is now; with our hand on the law, the purse, and the sword, there was no good cause for the war. It was an epidemic madness,— a moral cholera, that none could account for and none could stay.

The writer of this article claims no wisdom in this glance at history, for he was one of the most willing victims.

Second, *Conduct of the War.* — With the successes or failures of generals on either side; with the conduct of campaigns, the management of resources or finances; or the interior causes why one side succeeded and the other failed, this article has nothing to do. That is the province of history; and it may all be abridged into the conclusion, that, as both sides could not succeed, one failed.

The most noticeable thing in the opening conduct of the war, was the spirit of the dominant party in the South, which tolerated no manifestation of public opinion save its own, and recognized no honor, worth, or manhood, save under the plumes of the army. The press registered the name of every private who stepped to the music. The pulpit spread forth its hands in benediction, and bade them go in the name of their God and their country. The aged offered uniforms, money, and blessings. The great orators lifted their voices like trumpets, or took the sword and led the way. Meetings were held by ladies of the highest social position, and their smiles and favor were denied, by solemn resolution, to all but the brave. Betrothed virgins postponed the nuptial rite until the lover had won his spurs, or buckled them on him at the holy altar. The words of Moore would have been prophecy, had he written, —

> "On, swords of God! Each Southern woman calls,
> Love for the living, — heaven for him who falls."

We do not claim that the army thus raised was better or braver than that of the North, but opinion required that they should go and stay, if need be — die. The story of what they did is written upon the tattered banners of the victor North. It is not in good taste for us to repeat it, for the generous foe has done so. The writer, and many others like him,

who helped form opinion, and who did not wait for its compulsion, are not entitled to this plea in extenuation. But there are tens of thousands of the masses of the people there who fought under the Southern cross with a strange love for the old stars and stripes; and who nursed a love and a hope for the Union in the midst of the ranks of gray. Therefore it was that the strange spectacle was presented of the President and Vice-President of the lost cause arrested in the heart of the land by a small force; carried down a railway and a dangerous river by a small guard, and not a hand raised to stay the deed. Therefore it is, that the finest infantry and cavalry in the world disbanded at the word of command, and that, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, those troops have not since fired a hostile gun.

The next noticeable thing was the conduct of the negroes. From the first hour of the struggle, they all knew that the quarrel was about them, and few were they who did not understand that their liberty was some way involved. They have full intelligence for that, and when necessity compelled President Lincoln and his advisers to use Emancipation as a means of war, it was whispered from plantation to plantation with electric speed. The negro folder of papers heard the proof-sheets read. The dining-room girl caught it from the denunciations at the table. The groom learned it amid the oaths of the captain, and millions of hearts felt from that hour —

> "De rain may come, de wind may blow,
> But bress de Lord, I'se free!"

The negro values liberty, and the story of the reply made on the banks of the Ohio, is a true one. A gentleman had learned from a runaway that he had left a good home, good clothes and food, and had never been whipped in his life. He then pointed out to the negro how much better his condition had been than that of thousands of destitute whites, and how many would be glad of so good a home. The negro replied, "Master, dat situation, wid all its adwantages, is open to any white man dat wants to go an' fill it." Yet, with liberty in

sight, no negro shed a drop of blood to aid its progress, save when he was uniformed in blue. Masters left vast plantations, family plate and jewels, wives and little ones, with no protectors save the slaves. The writer has a thousand times seen refugees flying from the advancing armies of the Union, and the wagons that held all that was left, the carriages where the children slept, and the cattle that fed them, were driven by negroes, and often with no white man nearer than the Union army. They cooked, they watched, they worked for and fed the wives and children of those who staid at the front only because the faithful negroes in the rear enabled them to stay. Not a virgin was ravished, not a woman was murdered, not a city or town was burned by these slaves; and not a single crime was done where some white man did not lead or command them. It may seem absurd to the Northern ear, when some editorial Poll Parrot assures the negro "who is not fit to vote," that the Southern white man is his "best friend," and should *have* his vote. But many a planter can call a negro his friend, with a feeling and emotion which does no discredit to the sacred name. The best, humblest, and most faithful laborers on earth, God forbid that a party war should make us enemies. They never asked to vote, and the number in the South who bitterly oppose it is much smaller than is supposed. What did Georgia care for white suffrage when she sold it for a "homestead" law?

The third element to be considered in this part, is the conduct of those who kept up the war long after the common sentiment ceased to sustain it, and when irons and conscript gangs filled the army, that began with volunteers. These men were the President, who had no intention that the laurels won at Buena Vista should wither on the hills of Richmond; the statesmen, like Breckenridge, Price, Marshall, Campbell, Wise, Cobb, and others, who had risked all and lost much in the venture, and were yet willing to risk the desperate odds; the soldiers, like Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, and Stuart, who obeyed orders and asked few questions. But the majority of the war men were speculators to whom the blockade was a harvest of gold; Congressmen,

who could make money of their knowledge of the financial measures in secret session; traders, who were fabulously rich in the depreciated currency, and were willing to coin the blood of the nation that they might be paid at par; stay-at-homes, willing to sacrifice "all their first wife's relations" for the honor of the South, but not a drop of their own blood; editors, who were born in the North, and having taken the vacant seats left by those gone to the war, could shout their heroic war-cry, "Shoot, boys, shoot! I'm in the cellar!" purchasing officers, who heroically stood to their posts, far in the rear; conscript dandies, with fine horses; officers and staff, who exhibited unsoiled gold lace in parlors, and hunted better men from home to the army; impressment and "tax in kind" agents, who plundered in the name of the government; least known, but most worthy, the veterans, who endured frost and fire, and staid and died, because it was their duty.

Those who did not sustain the war after 1863 were men whose homes were dearer and more sacred than any territorial domain; soldiers, who were forced out by conscription, and whose yearly pay would not buy a pair of boots or a barrel of flour; pale-faced women, who never had an interest in Kansas or Nebraska, and never read the "Dred Scott" case; sewing women, who had been affluent, but who made scanty bread, bone-felons, and curvature of the spine over the government work; children, to whom the Constitution was only a hard word to spell, and whose little hearts were in mourning for dead fathers, when poverty refused to robe their outward forms in black; old men, who saw comfort go and want come; mothers, like that one I saw clasp the rough pine box with its splinters and its charcoal, and exclaim, "O my boy! my boy! What is it to me that they say he made a gallant charge?"

These wanted peace. These, who shed tears enough to quench the fires of revolution, wanted only peace. God gave it at last, and they thank him for it, and do not question how.

It was a most remarkable war, because the soldiers on both sides were only enemies "to order." True, there was occasional bitterness, and the writer regrets to remember, that,

when angered by some brutal rape or murder or arson, he has condemned a whole people for what they, doubtless, condemn as he does. But these feelings were exceptions, and it was strange to see men stand up and shoot each other, and the next day meet on picket or to bury the dead, take drinks from the same bottle, exchange newspapers, "swap" coffee for tobacco, inquire after friends, laugh at army incidents, or weep over the sod of some fallen man whom both had loved. They respected each other. The veteran was always kind to his prisoner, and those who took sectional hate to the field generally left it there, and feel none now. It is so with the gray; so with the blue. Many were fierce with their tongues then and are so now, *on both sides*, who took wondrous care never to seek the hated foe at the front.

Andersonville was a sad truth. It was mostly done by officers who avoided *open* war. The army and people of the South knew little of it until it was proven on trial. The officials *should* have known. The fact that Southern soldiers suffered and died in the same way in their own hospitals and camps makes it no better. The fault of non-exchange does not cover it. They should have been turned loose rather than starved. But revenge should not mark a whole people for the crime of a few.

The war lasted so long, because no speaker there dared advocate reconstruction of the Union; or, if they did, they were liable to arrest, or met unbounded abuse. A war party has little charity and less mercy. A President who was almost dictator, a Congress of his own interest, and armed agents, what wonder that 1864 and 1865 had to be endured?

Third, *Results of the War.* — The South has gained more by the war than the North. The North has gained no territory, for the State governments are restored; the same representation is granted, or will be; and there has been no confiscation of private property. One consequence of the failure of the South to achieve her independence was a release from her own war debt, under the terms dictated by President Johnson; while the North will have the larger part of the national debt to pay, unless the South speedily recovers from

her financial exhaustion. With such cotton crops as that of 1860, and the former crops of rice, tobacco, and sugar, she could more than pay her part; but that is not expected. All that the North won in battle, she has in her broad generosity given back, save her interest in the Union. The South has gained one thing, which many of her people now count as a loss; but which the generations to come will count as a blessing, worth all the suffering and blood and treasure poured out by her in the lap of war. It did not come by her consent. It was not a part of the purpose of the Union in opening the war. It was a seeming accident and necessity, growing out of the war, and conducted by the wisdom of Him "who maketh the wrath of men to praise him, and the remainder of that wrath doth he restrain." IT IS THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. That was the "old man of the mountain" that hung to the back of the Southern Sinbad; making vast wealth almost useless; staying all progress along the highway of nations; exhausting rich lands and fettering natural genius. Free from that, placed on the broadest republican level of liberty and equal rights; with her broad and scarcely half populated domain, her rich and self-recuperative soil, her mild and genial sun, her brief winters, her varied products which find little competition in the markets of the earth, and the most faithful and obedient laboring class on the globe, the South has hopes far brighter than were ever imaged on the *fata morgana* of Southern Empire, or mingled with the distempered dreams of revolution.

It is asked, Is the South content to abide by the issue of the war? In every form she has answered, YES. When her armies disbanded, they took solemn paroles to observe laws in force where they might live, and they have kept them. Before they could receive the benefits of the United-States mails, all white men, women, and even children, had to subscribe the following oath before a United-States officer: —

"I do solemnly swear or affirm, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the union of the States thereunder; and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all

laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing Rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. *So help me God.*"

It has been said that these veterans (as well as the non-combatants) took the oaths intending to commit perjury; but few would care to face the men and repeat the accusation.

Passports were required in the following form: —

"Head-quarters, ———. Guards, &c., will pass ——— ——— as employé in the office of ——— newspaper, at all hours."

They were carried and shown to the colored guards without murmur or question. In the most of the Southern States, modifications were at once made in the laws as to jurors and evidence; and patrol laws were repealed, in accordance with the oath. The emancipation amendment was ratified. In case of a foreign war, Southern soldiers will prove their devotion to the Union, shoulder to shoulder with the men of the North.

Again, it is asked, Why was it that when so fair a proposition was made, as that the colored population of the South should not be represented in Congress, unless they were permitted to vote in the elections, it met with so little favor? There were two reasons: —

First, a people more in the habit of learning their duty from the lips of public speakers than from newspapers or books, looked naturally to them for direction. As these very speakers were not only directly interested in the proportion of representation, or wished to be, but were excluded from office by the terms of the law, they had little incentive to advise its acceptance. Then the people felt that it would be wrong to desert the leaders of their own choice in an hour of adversity, and therefore elected to suffer with them. It is true that these leaders, who were and are in the main part the richest men of the South, with vast plantations, great incomes from law practice and from cotton, with comfortable homes, and safe in the luxury of the fireside, were not in any peril of suffering, save in theory. It is also true that common planters with buildings and fences in decay,

mules and cattle gone, children not educated, money and credit gone, and property mortgaged, to say nothing of tradesmen and common laborers, were actually suffering and are yet. But a generous people did not pause to consider that, and so declined the Fourteenth Amendment.

Secondly, that people, while Mr. Davis was in prison seemed to have found a new leader, more potent than the first. President Andrew Johnson — forgetful of his own abolition of the State governments and arbitrary appointment of provisional officers; of the test oaths required of all men and women who used the United-States mails; of the compulsory repudiation of State war debts; the exemption from pardon of persons worth over twenty thousand dollars, and his own stringent military government — proceeded to charge his own party and Congress with treason, and to become the champion of the South. Credulity seems a part of human nature, and the same people who believed in the neutrality of the Border States hoped in the assurances of Northern Peace Democrats, and watched the seas for the armies and navies of England and France that were to come; these gladly accepted the "Moses" who gave up the negroes for them. They forgave the man who kept Tennessee and Kentucky from joining them, and looked for some such Napoleon act as the dispersion of Congress or the arrest of General Grant. How miserably they were fooled, let history tell. The impeachment was a failure, but the South was condemned; condemned to see her rich lands lie unasked for in the market, and her sunny slopes remain uncultivated for lack of capital. Again, it was somewhat her fault, somewhat her misfortune.

Are men of Republican principles, white or colored, safe to live in the South? We answer that they are fully as safe as in the North. There was blood shed in the late Pennsylvania elections; there has been loss of life in the capital of the Union and elsewhere; there is no part of the world where a man can use harsh and abusive language, in regard to other persons, with perfect safety to himself. Perhaps it is safer in the South than anywhere else; for we are a conquered people, humbled by poverty, disaster, and famine. We know that

every act with us is made to take a political significance, and we are cautious. Some evil is done. The recent riot in Georgia was a crime. It was time enough to have defended the women and children *after* some act had been done. The New-Orleans tragedy had little excuse. The Union troops are yet needed in the South as a police. But if millions are to be condemned for the crimes of a few, how soon would the North be under military law?

Many things are exaggerated. The Governor of Texas reports an immense murder list. Doubtless, all true. Some were killed by Camanche Indians, as they have been for years past; some by drunken and brawling United-States troops; some whites were killed by negroes; some negroes were killed by whites. The Governor has never asked for aid to prevent it, nor thought fit to publish the names, places, times, and circumstances. The writer knew a white man to kill a negro, without arrest or punishment. He was shot as he was flying from the bed of the white man's wife. The Ashburn murder in Columbus, Ga., was much talked of. He was killed in the negro house of ill-fame, where he lived, by a party of men who were masked. Forty thousand dollars was offered for the conviction of the murderers, and that sum will buy perjury anywhere. The witnesses before the military court swore to several prisoners from dress and manner, but said that they saw the face of only one. He, they said, came to the place of meeting without his mask, and they were sure of him. Alexander H. Stephens, as principal counsel for the defence, proved by an eminent judge of the State Supreme Bench, by the members of a prominent cotton firm and by their books, and by some thirty as reliable men as ever testified, that this man was forty miles away at the very time of the murder. If the witnesses swore falsely as to the one whose face they saw, what was their evidence worth as to the others?

Is the South content with negro suffrage? Probably not just now. The President of the United States opposed it; the Supreme Court were expected to condemn it, with the military bills; the statesmen of the South have generally opposed it. Yet the most of the States have accepted it by vote, and

with very little persuasion. Editors and newspaper Bohemians and stump speakers proclaimed that it would cause a war of races. Negroes have twice voted in the South, on the most momentous issues, and not a gun has been fired. If the subject is let alone, it will glide quietly into history, alongside of the war and the emancipation; and the South will have more representation and power in Congress. Posterity will wonder what all the trouble was about. Politicians may threaten, editors may fume, and small men get excited; but the vast majority of the community are much more interested in other subjects. As in the old quarrel between rival play-actors, it may be said, —

> "The dear public care not a toss-up,
> Whether Mossup kick Barry, or Barry kick Mossup."

Will the South submit to the election of Grant? He was the successful commander of the Union armies, and —

> "Great let me call him, for he conquered me."

He has held the Government to the terms of its paroles, and saved our great generals from arrest at their homes; he was sent South by the President, to see if the South was loyal, and reported in the kindest terms; in his farewell to his soldiers and final report to his Government, he paid a compliment to the opposing army, which that army will not soon forget; he drove through our streets without guard or escort. A candidate has said that he could never leave the White House alive. He left Virginia alive, and might detail his future guard from the army of Lee. His party is not popular with the whites of the South, but they may elect him President. They probably prefer Mr. Seymour; but few of them prefer the forcible disruption of the first quiet government they have had, or care to risk the completion of their ruin in another revolution. A revolution will be rather a difficult thing in any case. The negroes who did not fight for their own freedom are not likely to fight for nothing; the white men who had any fight in them, did all they wanted to from 1861 to 1865, and do not care to try it again; the *tongue-braves* never shed any blood, nor lose any. One or two en-

thusiasts might get shot by the citizens or the military; but a people who failed with the armies and territory and wealth and hope and material of 1861, are not likely to attempt an empire on a few revolvers and the short crop of 1868. If gentlemen in the North want to fight, we shall be amused spectators.

What is the Lesson of the War? Simply this: We took up arms in the fullest light of history and of reason. Those who hoped for the glory of George Washington, knew that they had not the *cause* of the colonies, and knew that Washington would have been hung as a traitor had he not succeeded. We knew that in England and France, great civilized empires as they were and are, treason was punished with loss of property, exile, or death. We risked property, life, and honor on the Trial by Battle. We lost. As we risked all, we lost all. Stephen A. Douglas said at Jones's Wood, New York, in 1860, "*Individuals may commit treason, but States never.*" Yet States are aggregations of individuals; and if all the individuals in the South who were in sympathy with the war were punished, the States would have a hard time. We lost every thing. Yet State rights, local self-government, personal liberty, property, and political rights have been restored to us, on conditions. The States accept the conditions. If they are not glad and grateful, be it remembered that defeat and humility are not conditions of great joy.

What of the death of Mr. Lincoln? No man in gray struck the blow; and the wise among us mourned for the fall of one who was known to feel kindly disposed to the South, more than they did for the surrender of Lee. Nearly all felt regret that the little page of glory left to a defeated people should have written across it the red word, *Assassination.*

How do we feel toward the Union? More pride and love than is supposed, even where it is not deemed in good taste to boast of it. When the stately temple of government grew up, statesmen of the North and of the South laid the wondrous stones; and patriots there and here cemented them with blood. In the war of 1812, and in the war with Mexico, some of the glory was yours, some ours. Our dead rest in its dust; our

children are fed from its soil; we sleep in safety beneath its power. When we see the old flag unroll on the dome of the Capitol, and count the stars, those of South Carolina and Texas burn as brightly as those of New York and Ohio; unerased by revolution, undimmed by carnage, they shine there yet. When we stand by the sea, the cannon of the forts thunder forth the national salute,—a gun for a State. We count the deep-toned voices that proclaim Pennsylvania, Illinois, and all the Northern sisterhood; and then, full and strong, there comes a gun for Georgia. There are yet those in the South not ashamed to say, "Our glorious Union!"

What is our political creed? Something like this:—

There is a spot where ill should never come,—
The "child-fenced corner" by the hearth of home.
Our hearts, like children's, tire of their toys—
Of trade, the strife; of politics, the noise.
Cunning or hate are taxes on the mind,
The soul's "free trade" is love of all mankind.
Then leave the North to doubt us if they will,—
Ours the great right to suffer and be still:
And when distress or persecution come,
We'll kneel and pray, beside the hills of home;
Ask heaven's God to make us wise and true,
Forgive our foes,—"they know not what they do."
"His will be done," from centre to extreme,
Though wrecked our empire, and our flag a dream.
With but one creed from hills to ocean strand,—
Undying love to this, our native land.
That creed we'll tell to children by our sides,
Tell matrons old and newly blushing brides;
And keep to cheer us, what Heaven left to man,
When Eden's exile, with his fall, began,—
That unlost Paradise of human life,
The holy love of mother and of wife.
The humblest floor, by such dear angels trod,
Rivals the splendors of the hills of God.

New York City, Oct. 22, 1868.

Art. II. — ON GIVING NAMES TO TOWNS AND STREETS.

To give a true name to a town or a street, is not so easy a matter as it may seem. Great blunders are constantly made, because it is thought a matter of very little consequence. Therefore, in this paper, we shall endeavor to show how important it is that care be taken in selecting the proper designation, not only for a new city or village, but even for a new street. We shall also try to show that such designations ought not to be merely as pretty sounds, but as memorials of the past.

Ought we not to regard such names as historic monuments, and select such as will commemorate the events and persons belonging to the history of the place? This appears to us to be a matter of no small importance in a country like this. In a nation which grows with such unprecedented rapidity as ours, there is frequent need of giving names to new States, towns, streets, and public buildings. Thus far these appellations have been given almost by accident. It has been a happy accident when a State, or a town, or a street has received a good name: as for example, in States, Minnesota and Iowa; in towns, Canandaigua, Chicago, Milwaukee; in streets, Bowdoin Street, Federal Street, Chauncy Street. More commonly, the names given have been taken at random, without any selection, by some ignorant or careless official, who took the first appellations which occurred to him, or which met his eye in a classical dictionary or on a map of Europe.

But what those who have this work to do ought to know, is, that to give a name to a place is a very important action, involving no little responsibility, and should therefore be confided to judicious and enlightened persons; and, secondly, that there are certain rules to be followed and objects to be secured in giving names.

Before giving a name to an infant, we hesitate and consider, and very properly; for the name is one which is to designate him through life, and every time it is uttered will make an impression on the hearers corresponding to the character or association which belongs to it. When a child is named "Praise God Barebones," "Be Thankful Maynard," "Lament Willard," or "Search the Scriptures Moreton," is it not evident that the poor little baby has been saddled with a burden which will weigh him down through life? For such phrases were not, as Hume erroneously supposes, assumed by the parties themselves, but have been found by Mr. Lower (as he tells us, in his work on English surnames) in the baptismal registers. Every time the man who has such a name is spoken to, or spoken of, a slight sense of ridicule attaches to him in consequence of his name. But, finally, every man dies, and his name goes with him; but a city, a town, or a street may live a thousand years. During all its existence, if it have an insignificant appellation, or one suggesting unfavorable contrasts or disagreeable associations, the town or street is injured. It may be no great injury, not much each time; but multiply the slight injury its bad name inflicts on each occasion by the number of times the name is spoken, and you see that a poor name may do a place a good deal of harm. If a little rural town is called Rome, Paris, or London, the word inevitably suggests unfavorable comparisons; whereas, if it was entitled Riverside or Greenfield, it would pleasantly suggest its true characteristics.

A name is a matter of much more consequence than we are apt to suppose. Lord Bacon says, "Name, though it seem but a superficial and outward matter, yet carrieth much impression and enchantment: the general and common name of Græcia made the Greeks always apt to unite (though otherwise full of divisions among themselves) against other nations whom they called barbarians. The Helvetian name is no small bond, to knit together their leagues and confederacies the faster." *

* Bacon's Works: Union of England and Scotland.

If you were about to move into the country, and were hesitating between two towns, in other respects having equal attractions, and one of them had a pleasant name, while the other was named Squash End or Muddy Creek, would not that decide you? I think so. I have no doubt that many places have been seriously injured, as to their population, by unfortunate titles. The same is true of streets. In the town where I spent my boyhood, one street was called "Poverty lane," and another "Burying-ground lane." I do not think a man would willingly select either for his residence.

It is worth while, therefore, to consider what constitutes a *good* name. It is one which individualizes, with which there is no bad association, which has nothing trivial, nothing ridiculous, but which leaves a pleasant impression.

"Unhappy," says Salverte, "is the man whose heart is cold at the name of his country, heard in a foreign land." But can his heart beat with much delight at the name of his native town or street, if the town be called "Painted Post," or "Passykunk," or "Rattlesnake Bar," or "Gratis," "Scipio," or "Treddyfinne" (all in the census); or the street be called "Petticoat lane," "Leg alley," "Stinking lane," or "Snore hill," each one of which has been borne by some unfortunate locality?

The qualities required for a good name seem to be individuality, character, and agreeable associations. A name is intended, first, *to distinguish the individual from all other individuals.* Hence all names are bad which are common. Those of us whose surnames are frequent, are unfortunate therein. Mr. Lower gives a list of sixty of the most common surnames in England, taken from the registers of births and deaths. The Smiths stand at the head of the list, 5,588 having been born to that name in Great Britain in the year 1837–8. Next come the Joneses, 5,353; Williamses, 3,490; and others following in this order: Taylor, Brown, Davies, Thomas, Lewis, Evans, Roberts, Clark, Johnson, Robinson, Jackson, Walker, Wood, Wright, White, Turner, Thompson, Hall, Greene, Baker, and Hughes.

These cannot help themselves. But what shall we say to

those who deliberately repeat the same word over and over again in naming counties and towns? For example, in the United-States Census for 1860, we find these curious facts. The same appellations are repeated over and over again in every State; every name of any consequence occurring a dozen or twenty times; many going up to forty or fifty. Some of the least common, like Pittsburg, Plainfield, Butler, Canaan, Carroll, Buffalo, Huntington, Windsor, Rutland, occur nine or ten times each. There are twenty-four Fairfields, twenty-six Adamses, twelve Adamsvilles, thirty-nine Salems. There are nine Roxburys, twelve Bostons, five Baltimores, two Philadelphias, and one New York. There are forty-five towns named Richland, thirteen named Rome, and eleven Paris. The insignificant name of Centre has been given to forty-seven towns; nineteen have been called Brown; ten, Smith, beside many Smithfields, Smithlands, Smithburgs, and Smithvilles. There are ten towns for which no better name could be found than Settlement. Of statesmen and heroes, we have fifty-seven towns named for Perry, fifty-two for Wayne, twenty-seven for Van Buren, fifty-seven for Harrison, eighty-three for Franklin, eighty for Jefferson, one hundred and twenty for Jackson, and one hundred and thirty-four for Washington. There are in the Union, ninety-nine towns named Union, and sixty-five named Liberty; from which we may possibly infer that our people love Union about one-third more than they love Liberty. The worst circumstance about this endless repetition is that there are often many towns of the same name in the same State. Thus, there are thirty-nine towns named Jackson in the single State of Indiana; eight towns named Pike, and thirteen named Springfield, in Ohio; six called Sugar Creek in Indiana; thirty called Union in Ohio; and thirteen called Union in Arkansas.

Such repetitions are very bad. They destroy all individuality and character. It would have been better to have called New York by the name Manhattan, and to have called Boston either Shawmut or Trimount, as at first. When the Court resolved, on Sept. 7th, 1630, that Trimountaine should be called Boston, and Mattapan, Dorchester, they made a mistake.

The original names were more individual and characteristic than the new ones. There is scarcely a town in Massachusetts but has borrowed its name from some English town, instead of retaining, as it might have done, the old Indian word, or taking a name from its situation. The names lose their significance when thus transported. Our Suffolk (a place of the south people) is farther north than our Norfolk. Our Dorchesters, Worcesters, and Lancasters have no remains of Roman camps; our Salisbury has no cathedral; our Melrose no ruined abbey. There was something affectionate in thus covering the new continent with the familiar patronymics from dear old England, but it would have been better to have kept some of the Indian names. It has always been so, however. Emigrating hordes drop all along their route the names of places brought from their native country. Thus Mr. Pococke's "India in Greece" tries to show from what part of the Punjaub the inhabitants of each section of Greece came, by means of similarity of the appellations of mountains, rivers, and towns.

Insignificant names, also, are bad ones; that is, those which are merely convenient, but have no meaning and no association, historic or otherwise. Such are alphabetical titles of streets, like those at South Boston, A Street, B Street, C Street, &c.; and the numerals which prevail in so many of our cities, as New York and Philadelphia: 1st Street, 2d Street, 3d Street; where your friend lives in East 18th or West 35th. These names are objectionable, because they fail in individuality and character, the two essential conditions of a good name. Even the convenience of such name is doubtful. It seems easy to find a person if he lives in 12th Street, because you can begin and count till you get to twelve. But, on the other hand, you are more likely to forget a number than a name; and, again, it is hard to recollect the location of a number. A Bostonian knows just where Water Street, Milk Street, Franklin Street, Summer Street, Bedford Street are; but suppose they were numbered 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, would it be so easy to remember their exact position? But it becomes more difficult when this is repeated over and over in half a dozen

cities. Drop me in London, in the Strand, and tell me to go to High Holborn; put me down in Paris on the Italian Boulevard, and tell me to go to the Rue de Seine or the Rue Taitbout, and I should know the direction I ought to take; but put me in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and tell me to go to the corner of Eighth and Pine, and I am more confused. These numbers bear no picture in the mind.

A name, good in itself, is bad when it is insignificant, — when it means nothing. The Continental Hotel is a good name, but it means nothing. That hotel in Philadelphia is no more a continental hotel, than the Astor House in New York, or Willard's in Washington. Will it be believed that the sponsors of that building rejected the fine historic and strictly Philadelphian designation of the "Penn Manor House," which was suggested to them, for the sake of taking this high-sounding but unmeaning word, "Continental"? I am told that this "Continental Hotel" actually stands on the ground once belonging to William Penn, which fact, if true, would have given a perfect propriety to the proposed and rejected designation. Suppose our Faneuil Hall had been called City Hall or State House, how much less famous would it be! But its individual and purely local name enabled it to take on its historic associations easily.

Second-hand names are always bad. The "Tremont House" was a very good name for a Boston hotel; but when applied to a hotel in Chicago, where there is not even a single hill, it becomes insignificant. So "Revere" is a fine name for our hotel; for it brings up associations of our famous Boston mechanics, and of the time before the Revolution, of which the poet sang, —

> "When I was bound apprentice to Colonel Paul Revere,
> Oh, what a lot of knick-nacks the British sent us here!"

But if a hotel in St. Louis is called the Revere House, it seems impertinent.

On a board in front of a stage-office in Buffalo, we once read: "Stages start from this house for China, Sardinia, Holland, Hamburg, Java, Sweden, Cuba, Havre, Italy, and Penn-Yan."

The last name, by the way, is one which has individuality and character, but is wanting in taste. It was a town settled by Pennsylvanians and Yankees, and therefore named Penn-Yan. A name originally commonplace or second-hand sometimes succeeds in getting an individual character in course of time. Our Boston has become so large and important a place, and has so much history connected with it, that it has displaced the original Boston from the minds of men, and has itself become the chief town of the name. Lyons, in France, once shared its name with several other towns. It was called *Lugdunum*, which means a hill by the water, and so Leyden and Laon had the same name; but now Lyons has an independent nominal existence. So Milan at first meant merely "in the middle of the country," and was Mit-land, a name of German origin. Now Milan, or Milano, stands alone. Naples means only the New City, or Newtown (Neapolis); but no one now thinks of that commonplace etymology. No one thinks that Naples is the same as Newton, Neuville, Neustadt, Newburgh, Villanuova, Villeneuve. Still less would any one imagine that "Carthage" means the New City, *Carthada* in the Punic having this signification. Tyre was the old city, — Carthage, the new one.

Names of places should be in good taste. All pedantic names and grotesque names should be avoided. We all know how singularly the State of New York was sprinkled with classic names by some travelling schoolmaster, and what ridicule has attached to the poor places ever since. Those which have become important, like "Syracuse" and "Utica," have conquered the ridicule; but how poor are such names of towns as Homer, Ovid, Marcellus, compared with Skeneateles, Canandaigua, and Cazenovia!

The original name of Cincinnati was a barbarous one, composed of four languages, Greek, Latin, French, and English. It was *Losantiville*, — meaning the town opposite to the mouth of the river Licking: *L.* for Licking; *os*, mouth; *ἀντί*, opposite to; and *ville*, town. Pedantry could hardly go further than this.

Names which are picturesque, which have a pleasant sound

and pleasant associations, are in good taste. The Indian names are generally very agreeable, and it is much to be lamented that more of them had not been preserved. Perhaps it is not too late to restore some of the beautiful Indian names. It would be a pleasure to be able to date one's letters from "Winona," in Minnesota; or from "Osceola," in Iowa. In Michigan we have Kalasca, Oscoda, Iosco, Alcona, Tuscola. Sometimes a simple incident or fact gives a pleasant name, like "White Pigeon" in Michigan, or "Swan Rivers" in Wisconsin. "Mad River" is the name of three different towns, all in Ohio: it is not a very pretty name; but it is in reality identical with "Fontarabia" in Spain, which has an interesting sound enough.

In naming the streets of a city, it is desirable to make the names historic monuments of the men and events of past history. We erect, at considerable expense, statues — not always most pleasing — to Webster and Franklin and Everett. But, at no expense, we can preserve, in our streets, the memory of wise and good men, whose feet have formerly walked in them. Something of this has been done; but why should it not be carried out more systematically, and not be left to accident? We have in Boston, Hancock and Adams, Bowdoin and Boylston, Chauncy and Channing, Endicott and Leverett. But many of the most eminent of our historic characters are not thus remembered. Salverte, whose essay, in French, in two volumes, on the "Names of Men, Nations, and Places," is classical, says, "The history of the names of streets belongs to the history of a town; they often recall the periods of its enlargement and decoration. These names are also a sort of monuments for the history of manners and of civilization. . . . In our day, we in France have followed noble inspirations. The names of our streets have recalled our victories, our artists, our distinguished writers, our heroes who died fighting for their country. Such is the charm of this method that we wonder why it is not adopted wherever social man has a sense of his dignity. In London, I should involuntarily ask for the street of John Hampden, and that of Algernon Sydney. And I would go a step further. In the streets

which have an historic name, I would place on the wall a simple inscription, recalling to all minds the memorable occurrence, the services of an illustrious man, or the labors of a man of genius."

If M. Salverte were to come to Boston, being somewhat acquainted with its early and revolutionary history, he would ask, but ask in vain, for "Sam. Adams Street," "Ferdinando Gorges Street," "Miles Standish Street," "John Endicott Street," "Richard Saltonstall Street," "William Vassall Street," "Isaac Johnson Street," "William Pynchon Street." Nor would he find any suitable memorial of Governor John Winthrop, John Wilson, the first minister, or Mr. William Blackstone, the first inhabitant of Shawmut. Concerning the last, Mr. Drake, in his work on the History of Boston, says, "To this memorable man, as to others, before his time as well as since, justice will eventually be done. And though the noble city, whose foundation he laid, be the last to honor his name, it will one day, it is not to be doubted, pay the debt it owes his memory, with interest. Shall not the principal street in the city bear his name?"

Other names, of men distinguished in the early history of Boston, come up as we turn the pages of Mr. Drake's book. There are Roger Williams, proto-martyr of religious liberty in New England; John Eliot, first missionary to the Indians; William Bradford, John Cotton, Sir Henry Vane, Anne Hutchinson, Governor Bellingham, John Leverett, Cotton Mather, Jonathan Mayhew.

If these names are to be used for street appellations, as historic monuments to these early Boston pioneers, it seems necessary to give the whole of them. "Vane Street" would hardly suggest the great Puritan, but "Harry Vane Street" would carry with it a whole history. Doubtless, it would seem awkward at first to give the whole name. But, in a month's time, the awkwardness would pass by, and it would appear quite natural. Besides, we are not proposing to give such titles to all our streets, but only to a few. For example, on the new land now being made at the west of the city, how well it would be to have a series of such old historic streets.

The present purpose of those who name them seems to be to give fancy titles, such as Arlington, Newbury, Marlborough, Clarendon. The only distinguished person who ever bore the name of Arlington was a member of the Cabal, "the worst ministry," says Hume, "that England ever saw." Macaulay describes the character of Arlington as that of a man profoundly indifferent to all forms of government and all forms of religion. It was hardly necessary to give the name of such a man as that to one of our streets, nor that of "Marlborough" to another, — one of the basest statesmen England ever saw, who was ready to sell any master or betray any government. But these are probably fancy names, and given to the streets from a kind of school-girl taste, just as country people call their children Seraphina Betsey, or Gloriana Mary Jane.

It seems to us that a series of streets like this would make the city more interesting: Roger Williams Street, Harry Vane Street, Cotton Mather Street, John Eliot Street, John Winthrop Street; but, if this cannot be accomplished, if those in authority prefer pretty and romantic names to historic ones, may we not at least hope that the name of ARABELLA, which is both historic and beautiful, may be given to the principal avenue of this addition, now called Commonwealth Avenue? "Commonwealth Avenue" means nothing; but *Arabella* or *Arbella* was the name of the vessel which arrived in Salem River, June 12, 1630, with Governor Winthrop and some of his assistants, bringing the charter of the Massachusetts colony, and therewith the Government transferred thither. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts came over in the Arabella; on her deck was held our *Great and General Court*, before it was held on this continent; and she brought to America those who were to found our city of Boston. And in this vessel came with her husband, Isaac Johnson, the noble lady after whom the ship itself was called, — the Lady Arbella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, one who left the luxury of her English home, to come to what seemed then a howling wilderness. She died within three months after her arrival, and was buried in Salem; but no monument has ever been

placed over her grave. Can we not afford to her the monument of a chief street in our city, of which her husband was one of the chief founders?

We have pleased ourselves with the idea that the magnificent avenue which is to go from the Public Garden to Brookline, shaded by rows of trees, and with stately homes on either side, is to bear one day the name of this generous and devoted woman, and is to be called ARABELLA AVENUE.

Is not, then, the naming of new streets a matter of some importance? and if so, ought it not to be done with judgment, and by persons of information and education?

How shall this be accomplished? Suppose that the Massachusetts Historical Society should petition the City Government of Boston to appoint a Commission, who shall have in charge the naming of new streets, and of proposing alterations in the names of old ones. These Commissioners should have no compensation, and should be selected by the proper authorities from among the members of the two Historical Societies. They ought also to be requested to propose Inscription to be put up against the walls of the streets to designate localities which have been distinguished in the history of the city by any memorable events. We shall thus be doing only simple justice to the past; we shall awaken in the minds of strangers and our own people the memories of great men and great deeds; we shall take from life something of its bare, hard outline, and fill the atmosphere around us with rich associations. With these records of the past around, life becomes more interesting. When the names of our heroes and martyrs are thus attached to the soil by a permanent record, their blood cries from the ground to their children, calling on them to imitate their virtues.

The antiquities of Boston are disappearing. The old Hancock House has been suffered to go. Very probably the Old State House, and perhaps Faneuil Hall, will soon be replaced by tall granite stores, their heavy walls resting on pipe-stems of slender iron. Let us, at least, have a few names of our streets, to show that Boston has a history, and is not as new as Chicago!

Art. III.—THE COMING ADMINISTRATION.

The eighty years that have passed since the United States became a nation may be divided, politically, into two nearly equal periods, separated from each other by the "era of good feeling" of Monroe's second administration. The first of these periods, great as were the names that it boasts, and intense the party feeling during its existence, really decided very little that is of historical importance. The party issues were nationality and State rights, a strong and a weak government; but when the fight had been fought, and the "strict construction" party had obtained undisputed possession of the government, it turned out that the contest had been about a shadow after all, and that the Republican administration was obliged in self-defence to be as vigorous, as national, and as broad in its constructions, as that of its Federal rival. The second period, which has just closed, has, on the other hand, been marked by the most earnest struggle; and has determined the most vital issues of our history. In this period, the seeds of democracy planted by Jefferson sprang up to a vigorous, and even rank, growth; and the party which Jackson founded, taking its name and its principles from democracy, easily obtained control of the government. How far its claims to pure democracy were genuine, and how far spurious, need not here be discussed: it was by virtue of these claims that it attained its supremacy.

The supremacy of the Democratic party was neither an unmixed good nor an unmixed evil. It was necessary that its crude theories should for a while supersede those which inspired the old aristocratic institutions of the country; it was well, perhaps, that popular sovereignty, pure and undefiled, should have full swing for a while, that its true sphere and real power might in the end be determined with precision. It is certain that its generous and lofty, if somewhat impracticable, ideal, inspired many a young man with a love for right

and justice, which stood him in good stead in the dark days when the party from which he learned them proved false to its own teachings. On the other hand, we owe to this party of idealists a lamentable decay of political morality and a growing inefficiency of administration. With all their loud protestations of reverence for the popular will, and faith in the popular judgment, its leaders seem to have looked upon the people, after all, rather as their tool, than as the real sovereigns. Some genuine enthusiasts there were, no doubt; many cool heads, who honestly believed that the people were incompetent to judge for themselves, but could safely decide in whose hands to place power; many were self-seekers. In whatever proportion these classes were, it is at any rate the fact that the party, as a whole, may be well described as consisting of a body of ardent believers in radical democracy, led by a set of cunning demagogues.

The Whig party was not much better. If Democratic leaders flattered and cajoled the people to their support, their rivals were too timid to trust the people heartily, too deeply imbued with aristocratic ideas ever to gain their confidence. The Whig politicians were perhaps the most honest, and certainly the most thoughtful; but they were neither honest enough nor clear-sighted enough to profit by the blunders of their opponents. They eagerly adopted all the infamous political practices which came in with Jackson: they copied servilely and awkwardly every thing that was dishonorable and corrupting; and when the great historical party of justice and freedom committed the fatal mistake of volunteering in defence of slavery, the Whigs, in their folly, threw away the last chance of power. They might have won the free sentiment of the North by a frank and manly stand in behalf of freedom: they preferred, instead, to compete with their rivals in trafficking for Southern support, and tried to make the South believe that they could be equally well trusted to do its shameful work.

That the party of justice and freedom chose the side of oppression and slavery, is not perhaps so unaccountable a fact as it at first seems. With the leaders, of course, the only ques-

tion was, what would give them power; and, with the habitual short-sightedness of mean and selfish men, they preferred the temporary gains of treachery and insincerity, to the lasting reward of faithfulness, which might have been theirs. Had the Democratic party acted as its theories and antecedents demanded, its power in the North could never have been shaken; the North would have been a unit against Southern encroachments, the great struggle would have ended twenty years ago in the absolute prohibition of slavery extension, and slavery would gradually have died of itself. And while the action of the Democratic leaders is easy to explain, that of their followers is hardly less so. The party was not to be sure then, as now, made up almost wholly of the ignorant and brutish masses, who follow their leaders without question. Besides these, there were hosts of intelligent, solid men throughout the country, who were Democrats by conviction, and intensely attached to the democratic name. It was not hard to convince those who wished to be convinced, that the principles of democracy demanded an acquiescence in the existence of slavery; and from acquiescence it is not far to approval. The strength of the party has always consisted in its "mind-your-own-business" policy; and it was easy to apply this principle to the affairs of the South. What if my neighbor is a slave-owner? It is his sin, not mine. What if my neighbor is held in bondage? Am I my brother's keeper?

By this reasoning, the Democratic party suffered itself to become false to the principles which had placed it in power; and, being false, it forfeited the confidence of the country, and lost its hold of office. There are few more striking instances in history, of the retribution which want of fidelity brings upon itself. At three successive presidential elections, it has been decisively rebuked, and with increasing emphasis. With all its protestations of love for the people and faith in the people, it has shown the most incredible ignorance of what the people really require. It has acted upon the assumption that there was nothing too mean or selfish for the people to accept: events have shown that the party which

believed that the people wished honesty and justice, showed more sagacity, as well as more integrity.

The election which we have just gone through was the last and, we believe, final effort of the principle of slavery, to possess itself again of the government. It was defeated in the war, and this would have been the end of the contest but for President Johnson's treachery. In the summer of 1865, the leading men of the South were ready to submit to any terms that should be offered them, and to give any required guaranty of their accepting the situation in good faith. But having succeeded in gaining over the President to their side, they have spent four disastrous years, at an enormous expense of money and life, in increasing efforts to undo what the war had done. More than once the indolence or indifference of the North, the incompetence of its leaders, and the mismanagement of public affairs which could plausibly be laid to the Republican party, gave the Democratic managers reason for hope. Within a year, we have felt that nothing but the possession of so trusted a standard-bearer as General Grant could secure the victory to the Republican party; that it was a movement in behalf of him personally, not of his party, which was carrying him into office. But, as the time for the election drew near, the nation felt, as it had felt so often before, that whatever might be the shortcomings of the party in power, nothing better at least could be expected from its rival; that whoever was to rule the destinies of the nation, those men who had once so nearly ruined it, should not. If any thing was needed to strengthen this resolution, the Southerners themselves afforded it by the atrocities which abounded in their section; and we imagine that many an honorable Democrat shrank from casting a vote which should place Frank Blair high in office, and give the government to men of the stamp of "Brick" Pomeroy.

What the South needs above all things is peace; and to this there is no path but by recognizing frankly the changed condition of society, and learning its requirements. When this is done, the Forrests and Wade Hamptons will lose influence; and men like Longstreet, Maynard, and Holden will be in-

trusted with the work of reconstituting political society. Emigrants will throng to these attractive regions; manufactures will spring up, education will flourish; and the South will at last understand, to its astonishment, that it has all these years been living in a middle age of its own, and that the nineteenth century is something very different. The late election gives us the first sure promise of this consummation; for it is the first event that has proved to the Southerners that the North was really in earnest, and would turn its attention seriously to no other political question until this one was fairly disposed of.

The nation has spoken, then, for a last time; has declared it to be its will that the re-organization of the South, as established by Congress, shall stand, and that order and security shall reign through that portion of our country. At once, as by magic, violence and bloodshed cease; rebel politicians confess that they have played their last card, and lost the game. All parties and all classes throng to hail the coming man. The past is gone and buried: a new era is at hand.

We believe, indeed, that the past is gone, and that its issues are dead ones. Whether a new era is before us, and the third period of our history upon which we are now entering shall be honorable and glorious, rests with the present generation to determine. Not that one man can undo all the mischief that his predecessor has done, or can, single-handed, exorcise the spirits of evil that are now running riot in the land. The hope that we have, comes from a faith that the election of General Grant is a sign that the people are determined to put an end to this present condition of things; and, if they are so determined, it will be done. Neither do we dare to prophesy another "era of good feeling," to divide the issues of the past from the new ones that are to arise. There are indications that all the best elements in the land are gathering around our new chief, ready to give him all the support he needs in a truly unpartisan administration. But the power of names is enormous, and there are Republicans enough who will stand aloof from an impartial executive; Democrats enough who will oppose any thing that bears the

name Republican. And if all the best elements are ready to welcome the new era, we must remember that the evil elements are numerous and powerful; and that, if they cannot gain the control, they will be active and unscrupulous in opposition. Never were such diabolical sentiments openly professed as in the recent campaign; never were corruption and fraud so audacious; never was the government of a civilized country so at the mercy of thieves as ours at present; never, in short, was wickedness so busy and defiant in the face of an enlightened public sentiment as now. We have no right, therefore, to expect harmony; we shall be fortunate if the new administration meets with only patriotic and honorable opposition.

General Grant's administration will find work enough to its hands, and it is curious that its real work was hardly foreshadowed by the issues of the canvass. The issue upon which the battle was fought was, as we have said, a purely negative one; not whether any thing should be done, but whether the work of Congress should be undone. No doubt some matters of minor importance still remain to be attended to, to finish the work of reconstruction. Among these minor matters, we should almost be inclined to reckon the amendment to the Constitution, which is now under discussion, forbidding any laws which discriminate on the ground of race or color. Four and a half years ago we urged such an amendment, in this journal,* as imperatively demanded by the situation. We believe that then it could have been carried, and would have prevented vast mischief. Now it would be salutary, and ought to be adopted. Still, the battle has been fought without it, at great odds; and we can dispense with it still longer, if we choose.

It is fortunate, if there is any prospect at all of a lull in party warfare, that this is so. It gives hope that sincere patriots, without regard to old party lines, may be willing to work together for the new and vital issues. Men who have worked stoutly against the Republican party and its recon-

* Christian Examiner for July, 1864.

struction policy, may with perfect consistency abandon resistance when it has become hopeless, and turn with impartial minds to consider new questions as they arise. No sincere men of any party will resist measures which look towards the restoration of honest and efficient administration; no man who understands the laws of finance, can favor crude and ignorant financial measures; no lover of peace, in any part of the country, can help longing to see our Southern States peaceful and prosperous.

We look, therefore, to see General Grant supported by great numbers of his present opponents, and perhaps deserted by many who now rank as Republicans. If we should attempt to guess the future, we should say that many conservatives of the North, who have until now deprecated sweeping legislation, and many veteran statesmen of the South, who naturally enough held back as long as there seemed a possibility of regaining any portion of their old privileges, will accept that genuine conservatism which aims to preserve all there is honorable and worthy in our politics; and that many impatient radicals will be disgusted with a radicalism which stops short of their theories. It would not surprise us to see Mr. Orr and Mr. Stanbery friends of the administration, and General Butler and Mr. Ashley affiliating with Mayor Hoffman and Mr. Pendleton.

This is, however, but idle conjecture; it is better worth while to cast a glance at the principal questions of policy that lie before the new President, and of which he and the Republican party must take the responsibility.

Chief of all, is corruption. We can live as a nation with high taxes and unwise laws, we can endure very well some elements of aristocracy; but we cannot but fall into national ruin, unless some check is found for the awful corruption of administration. This is a matter in which good men of all shades of opinion ought to unite; and it is the lasting shame of our politics, that the party in opposition have so far resisted reform, because it was proposed by Republicans; and the party in power, because it would put an end to their own profits. The practice of placing the public offices at the dis-

posal of Congressmen, as a means of reward and source of emolument for active partisans, is as well established in the Republican party as the Democratic. We have hardly a right any longer to plume ourselves on our freedom from English abuses; it is none the less nepotism, because the office is given in return for favors received; it is none the less a sinecure, that the work is really done by clerks and assistants. And in England these abuses are every day disappearing; here, they are constantly on the increase. Members of Congress do not wish a reform that will deprive them of the power of getting "fat" offices for their brothers, cousins, or nephews; that is the reason that Mr. Jenckes's and Mr. Patterson's bills were passed over at the last session of Congress. But this will not do much longer. The country is beginning to be alive to its own perils, and to demand some hopeful measure of reform; if the present Congress will not give it, the next must.

The question next in importance — first of all, we would say, if the corruption of the government were less horrible — is that of the finances, and, above all, the currency. It is hardly an exaggeration to say, that to the disordered condition of the currency, we owe the chief part of the extravagance and dishonesty in mercantile circles, and so much of the corruption in public offices as is not due to our imbecile method of filling these offices. Opportunity is the great incentive to crime; and it is our inflated and unstable currency that gives opportunity for such wholesale swindles as have become habitual in our business community. It is not for us, in the general glance at the political situation, — which alone we attempt, — to discuss the various financial schemes which are before the public. This alone would require a long article. It is enough to say, that, until the currency of the country has returned to a specie basis, there can be no stable prosperity, and no recovery from the fever of speculation which has been raging ever since the currency became diseased. Whatever policy will most speedily and surely restore the specie standard should be the policy of the Republican party, if it will earn a right to continue in power.

The currency is, however, only one of the financial questions which are pressing for solution. The whole subject of taxation and public indebtedness is in a condition most disgraceful to the national intelligence. The internal revenue system needs to be thoroughly revised; the national bank system should be examined, and its defects at least remedied. The entire abolition of the credit currency — the so-called "paper" money — is perhaps too much to hope for at present. As for the tariff, that question, so fiercely debated still, will, we believe, settle itself in due time. What the country needs, is stable and consistent duties, rather than high or low ones; what manufacturers want, is rather certainty than high protection; they can adapt themselves to any scale of duties, but are ruined by constant change. For the present, at least, we must have as high duties for revenue as the condition of trade will admit, and the sober sense of the country will not allow them to go much higher. By the time the pressing needs of the Treasury are satisfied, the country will, in all likelihood, be ready to acquiesce in practical free trade.

A third question, is that of the corporations. It was one of the genuine instincts of the Democratic party, in its better days, to distrust corporations; at present, it is almost as unequivocally their tool as it once was the tool of slaveholders. In those early days, to be sure, it was an almost unreasoning, and certainly unreasonable, dread of corporations of every form; it did not distinguish between those which menaced our liberties and those which did not. At present, moneyed corporations wield a power hardly second to that of slavery in its best days, and even more threatening to the prosperity of our Northern communities. One man, under the name of a corporation, is even now the strongest power in the State of New York; and his power is increasing every day. Elsewhere it is still the corporation, not yet subdued by one man. We look back with complacency to the days when freebooting barons levied black-mail in all parts of Europe, and of a sudden we wake to the reality that they are doing the same thing by us. We contrast our freedom with the servitude of the old monarchies; and, lo! we are ourselves the bond sub-

jects of railroad companies, express companies, and professional politicians. We mention this question of corporations among the national issues to be met by General Grant's administration, because it has already a national importance; and it is the belief of many that nothing but the strong arm of the nation can put an end to the present abuses of corporate power. If we were to undertake to prophesy what will be the next question upon which parties will split, now that slavery is dead, we should be inclined to say that it will be this. Like slavery, the corporations are a giant power in the land; like it, they control legislatures and bribe judges. Unlike slavery, they have every man and woman in their power; they can plunder at their will without redress or punishment. And because their power is so subtle and intangible, because their oppression consists in numberless petty acts, not in an outward despotism, it will be all the harder to shake. For this, there must be an effort as determined, and perhaps as long continued, as that which overthrew slavery.

The three subjects which we have enumerated — corruption, the finances, and corporations — are the three which demand immediate and vigorous action; the first two will not admit of delay. To be sure, General Grant was not chosen as the candidate of reform, but of conservatism, of maintaining the present law; but none the less his election means reform: this is the one thing nearest the popular heart. We have firm faith that he will infuse into the civil department of the government that strong sense of integrity, honor, and fidelity, which distinguish his own profession; and if the rumors are well founded which look to placing in the Treasury the one functionary who has made the subject of finances in all its aspects a special study, we may have the most cheerful hopes for the future.

While the above are the reforms of a *national* character which imperatively demand consideration, it may be worth while to cast a glance at certain other questions of less distinctively national importance, which have attracted much attention, and must soon be met in some way, whether by State

or Federal action. We refer to the discussions which have been so widely carried on, as to the true theory of representation, and the method of making nominations. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the theory of personal representation the only true theory. It is the people that are represented, and not any special locality or district; and by the principle of personal representation, the people would be fairly and adequately represented, while by the present system they are represented most unequally and unsatisfactorily. By the present method, we can neither expect all shades of opinion to have their due proportion of influence, nor — which is the chief thing after all — to have the party in power itself represented by its best men, because the district system restricts unnaturally the power of selection, and gives undue authority to local politicians and party managers. Somewhere we hope to see the experiment fairly tried of choosing some legislative body, — a State Senate or City Council would be well adapted to this on the principle of personal representation, — in order that it may be fairly tested whether a theory, so perfect as a theory, will work satisfactorily in practice.

If the system of representation were organized as it should be, the nomination of candidates could be left very much to itself; for the overweening power of professional politicians would then be destroyed, and they would have no such temptation as now to pack and manipulate caucuses. Until then, we may look with hopeful interest to the experiments which are making in Pennsylvania to procure better nominations. We understand that they are working very well, and have already resulted in a marked improvement in the character of the nominations. And, however it may be with these experiments and theories, we may be sure that when the broad stream of corruption is checked by an upright administration and a wise organization of the civil service, it cannot fail to re-act healthfully upon the petty immoralities of primary meetings. At least, the principal temptation will no longer exist; and the "small fry" of wire-pullers — bad as they are — are not bad enough to engage in corruption for mere pleasure, without expecting any gain to themselves.

Art. IV. — THE WITNESS OF PAUL.

In the momentous controversies that are going on in the theological world respecting the real truth and nature of Christianity, it would seem just that more importance should be attached to the testimony of this apostle than is generally given to it. All things are indeed providential, and no event or incident is more specially so than another. A divine purpose runs through all things; but now and then the purpose is more distinctly visible to us than at other times. And so it is here. It seems to have been necessary that, after Jesus had died, and the new religion was to set forth on its conquering march, some mighty independent witness should appear, who, by his character, education, experience, and circumstances, should be qualified to bear testimony to the marvellous events that had recently taken place, interpret to the ages the essence and genius of the rising faith, and inaugurate the grand missionary movement by which, in time, the gospel should establish its universal empire. The need was there; and there, too, was the man to supply it. No one, it may be truly said, who has ever trod the earth, the Master himself alone excepted, has exerted a more powerful influence on the spiritual thought and life of Christendom than he. No one, of all the sons of men, has presented to the world a higher type of intellectual and moral greatness. And what is the testimony which he gives us?

First, he is a witness to us of *the general truth of the Gospel narratives, and of the sacred historic reality of Jesus Christ.*

The ground of the controversy, to which we here allude, has been shifted not a little during our own century. The question is not so much now whether miracles are possible, or whether Christianity is a divine revelation. It is rather, whether the four Gospels are substantial and genuine history, or a collection mainly of fancies and legends; and whether the august personage whom they present to us is a reality or

a myth. For, says the author of a recent publication, "Of the real Jesus we know but little with certainty." The writings which claim to be the productions of the Evangelists, were composed, it is declared, some time in the second century, — no one knows by whom, no one can tell where. They are filled with uncertain traditions and incredible stories, with gross superstitions and irreconcilable statements; they only contain "a kernel of fact," and it is absurd to rely upon them as a generally authentic account of what actually took place. The Christ whom they reveal to us, moreover, is not a real historic personage, but is only, at best, a fictitious, idealized product of the human mind, which, craving some deity in mortal form whom it could somehow worship, thus itself created the object it demanded.

Grant, then, for a moment, that the Gospels *were* written some time during the second, or near the close of the first, century, — just when, where, and by whom, no one can say, — although it is of course a concession which the Christian world is not prepared in truth to make. What is the witness of Paul?

The apostle's conversion Renan assigns to the year 38. The three subsequent years were spent in Damascus, and in Hauran, a province of Arabia, in both of which places he doubtless preached that Jesus was the Son of God. Returning to Damascus, he goes to Jerusalem, and thence to Antioch. Again he revisits Jerusalem with Barnabas, to carry alms to the Christian community there. Still later, he once more sets out from Antioch, with the same companion, on his first great missionary tour. In the year 52, both are sent together a second time to Jerusalem; now, however, to consult the apostles in relation to the subject of circumcision. It was during the decade which immediately followed, that, as Renan says, Paul's Epistles were, for the most part, written; and the accomplished Frenchman adds, that "not the slightest doubt has been raised by serious criticism against the authenticity of the Epistle to the Galatians, the two Epistles to the Corinthians, or the Epistle to the Romans; while the arguments on which are founded the attacks on the two Epistles to the Thes-

salonians, and that to the Philippians, are without value." The objections against certain others of the Epistles, he declares, are equally indecisive. The general voice of the ablest critics and scholars, of whatever school, respecting the date and authenticity of these various writings, has been substantially the same.

Here, then, we have one who, not in the second century, but only twenty years after the close of Christ's ministry, began to pen these immortal Epistles, and to testify of what he himself had seen and heard and felt; a witness in regard to whose existence, identity, labors, productions, and career we are as well assured as we are of any chapter of human history. Here, rather than upon the Gospel narratives, the critics might be challenged to commence their destructive work; for, as James Martineau aptly says, "If it be a just principle in historical criticism to proceed from the more known to the less known, — to begin from a date that yields contemporary documents, and work thence into the subjacent and superjacent strata of events, — the elucidation of Christian antiquity must take its commencement from the Epistles of St. Paul."

But not alone the position of Paul in respect of time, but the experience he had, and the circumstances in which he was placed during the twenty years that elapsed from the death of Jesus to the production of the first Epistles, served to qualify him for the word he was to speak to the Christian centuries. He had not indeed enjoyed, like the twelve, the daily society of the Master. He knew not the Christ "after the flesh." His acquaintance and intimacy with the apostles themselves was limited. Indeed, he claimed not to have received from any man the new light that had come to him. Yet still it was through his relations with the disciples, that he must have largely acquired the fresh spiritual treasures which he now possessed. At Damascus, immediately after his conversion and on his subsequent visit there, he was with the Christians, whom persecutions at Jerusalem had driven thither, and whom he himself had so recently pursued, to bring them back, bound, to the chief priests, but whom now

he recognized as "brethren in the Lord." From these exiled disciples he must have learned not a little of Jesus and the apostles. He has a growing desire to meet some of these bosom companions of Christ; and he accordingly, on his return from Arabia, repairs to Jerusalem, and spends "fifteen days" with Peter, and sees also "James, the Lord's brother." Repeatedly he visits the holy city, associating and consulting with the rulers and elders of the Church established there, receiving from James and Peter and John the right hand of fellowship, mingling and conversing with many who had seen and known the Christ, and who had been the witnesses of his wonderful career, and interesting himself, as we can easily suppose such a convert would do, in all that related to the new religion, and to the extraordinary personage who had introduced it among men. For here at Jerusalem was the very centre of influence and operations for the new faith; here the whole story of the Master was well known. It was only a few brief years ago that he here lived, labored, suffered, died. Living testimonies were to be found at every turn. A mind like that of Paul, and having such a profound concern in the things that belonged to the Christian religion, would readily learn under such circumstances, not only the leading, but the more detailed, facts of the life and character of his Lord.

It is more than probable, also, that various written memoirs of Jesus were already in existence, containing sketches of his life and collections of his sayings; memoirs which, perhaps, served as a basis for the narratives of the Evangelists. For it was an age of historical composition; and it would have been strange indeed if faithful disciples had not asked for, and competent friends had not prepared, some such memorials of one whom they all loved and reverenced so deeply, and whose history had been so strange and unearthly. It would seem, in view of his various quotations from, and allusions to, the words of Jesus, that Paul must have had access to some such sources of information.* "There can be no doubt," says

* Compare 1 Cor. xi. 23, seq.; Rom. xvi. 19; 1 Cor. xiv. 20, &c.

Neander, "that Paul made use of written memoirs of the life of Christ." The Gospels, as we now have them, were confessedly not yet in existence. The original historical records and traditions, to which we have referred, evidently furnished the apostle the germs of his future instructions, and were the foundation of his extended usefulness, although the communication of the divine Spirit was necessary to make them effectual to their proper purpose and end.

Taking into consideration, then, these sources of information which were open to Paul, and also the time and circumstances in which he lived, and his acquaintance with the scenes and the companions of his Lord's ministry, it may surely be said that (to say nothing of more miraculous visions and experiences) he must have gained from it all a substantially correct knowledge of who and what Jesus was, of the nature of his spirit and life, and of the general events, labors, and details of his history.

But the mental and moral character of the apostle is such as to assure us that he will be, altogether, a competent and trustworthy witness. It has perhaps been the unbiassed, concurrent testimony of the Christian ages, that, in all the essentials of a strong, educated, upright, disinterested, and heroic manhood, Paul stands without a peer. His intellectual powers were of the highest order; his mind was disciplined in the best schools and under the most accomplished teachers; and he was well versed in Jewish, if not also in Gentile, lore. By nature, he was endowed with a lofty imagination and a lyric fire, that could rise to the grandest poetic conceptions and to the sublimest eloquence, and with a power of logical thought and a skill of argumentation, by which he could reach down to the very depths of mightiest problems. Said Coleridge, "I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence." Great in ability and eminent in learning, he was equally remarkable for his moral qualities, having an unusual measure of candor, charity, unselfishness, purity, courage, and rectitude. It is not conceivable that such a man could have been actuated by unworthy motives and base designs. It was not possible for such a

one, thus endowed and thus ennobled, to be a morbid enthusiast, a fiery fanatic, or a wicked impostor. Here was one who knew well how to weigh evidence, and who was just to use it to legitimate ends. A divine health breathes through all his writings. Earnest sincerity, clearness of vision, strength of soul, unconquerable trust in eternal things, and the highest, richest life of God in humanity, are here disclosed to view. This is the very witness in all the world whose word we would hear; and what does he say?

His Epistles, whose authenticity no reasonable critic, rationalist or orthodox, questions, and which were written by the person and under the circumstances described, give us, in themselves, the great cardinal facts of the history of Jesus, and a vivid portraiture of his spirit and character. They teach us that he was born of woman, and was of the seed of David; that he was "made under the law;" that he was clothed with miraculous power; that he commissioned the apostles to preach in his name; that he was betrayed by his enemies; that the rulers of Israel compassed his crucifixion; that he died and was buried; that the third day he rose again; and that he ascended into heaven. The great fact of the resurrection which is recorded in the Gospels, and which so gloriously unveils to us the future life, is here sealed by testimony as strong as that which confirms, we had almost said, any event in the history of the past. Paul tells us that Peter and James, whom, as we have before remarked, he had met at various times, had seen the risen Lord. The twelve, others of whom he had also met, had beheld him. The returning conqueror of the grave had been seen, too, by five hundred at once, of whom the greater part were still living when Paul wrote his sublime chapter upon this subject. Last of all, he was seen by the apostle himself, "as of one born out of due time." How shall we explain this evidence, which thus comes to us from such a date and from such a source, except on the hypothesis that what is related is credible and true?

Paul, moreover, testifies not only to the principal facts of Christ's life as narrated in the Gospels, but also to the exalted

divine character and spirit of the Master. "Who knew no sin," is the language of the apostle concerning him. "Now I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," he says again. "And being found in fashion as a man," he also writes, "he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." And such is the testimony that runs through all the Epistles, witnessing abundantly, as it does, to the holy temper and heavenly beauty of the soul and life of Jesus. "Of the real Jesus we know but little with certainty," is it said? Paul, in virtue of his conversion, circumstances, character, and words, as also of his deeds, is himself a standing and impressive rebuke to such an unwarrantable assumption. They who deny the truth and credibility of the Gospel history, must first get rid of that monumental fact, Paul himself; Paul, in all that he was and said and did; nay, Paul, in all the influence which he has exerted upon the centuries that have succeeded him. Nay, more: they must explain the existence of the Christian Church, the rise and progress and triumphs of the religion which came by Jesus Christ, which numbers to-day hundreds of millions as its votaries, and extends its sway into every land all over the earth, and which is the strength and consolation of countless souls, as it is the light and hope of the future of mankind. These better fortunes of the race are not builded upon a myth or a legend; the foundation on which they rest is not a delusion and a lie. Their existence demands a more rational explanation; and the only rational explanation which can be given them is, that the sacred witness which Paul has bequeathed to us, and which is in such general harmony with the witness of the Evangelists, is substantially true. These vast and glorious results require an adequate cause; and the records of the apostles are the justifying prophecy of all that has happened in the ages which have since elapsed. No: there stands yet in the extended landscape of the past the central, colossal figure of the historic Christ, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and near him also stands the form of the majestic witness, Paul, pointing to him the passing and endless processions of those who believe on his name.

Paul, secondly, is a witness to *the doctrine of a divine Redeemer, and to the progressive, expansive nature of the gospel;* showing us that *Christian faith* and *spiritual freedom* are consistent with each other, and are most harmoniously and most naturally united in a true disciple's belief and experience.

The apostle preached that Jesus was the Christ, but not that he was God. With him the Messiah was a created, subordinate being. He was "the first-born of every creature." He was "found in fashion as a man." He was "the man Christ Jesus." Yet no low humanitarian view can find countenance or support from Paul's Epistles. The twenty years' interval we have spoken of, and all the scenes and society in which our witness moved during that time, could not have allowed the picture which was thence transferred to his mind to become so idealized that he might say that the "real Jesus" was "lost" to him. Grant that a certain degree of idealization was inevitable from the lapse of a score of years, yet it may also be said that it required some such remove from the crucifixion to enable one to form a just estimate of him who had lived and died. What was lost to Paul in one way was made up to him in another. We know our friends better after they have passed away than while they are with us. Paul stood at the right point, was in the right conditions, had the right experience, and was furnished with the right endowments and training, to apprehend the true spiritual Christ. The real Jesus needs to be made known to us in his *divine*, as well as in his *human*, aspects; for the two words, we think, may be properly used to describe things, which, if not essentially different, are yet somehow dissimilar. If the Synoptics present him to us as the Son of man, Paul reveals him to us as the Son of God; and Christ was both of these. The Epistles declare to us that he is "the image of the invisible God," that "it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," that "in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and that God "hath highly exalted him, and given him a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven,

and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." And, in the apostolic form of benediction, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ" is associated with "the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost." From the friends and companions, the places and the associations, the remembrances and traditions, of the Master, there arose before the clear, unclouded vision of Paul this perfect image, now passed into the heavens, but evermore commanding his deepest reverence and his most adoring love. Sitting at the right hand of God, the Christ was pre-eminently in spiritual union and oneness with the Highest, yet dwelt richly by faith in all believing, consecrated souls on earth, and was the leader and the hope, to the end of time, of the redemptive mission of the Church and of the fortunes of the race. So beautiful and glorious was this ascended and transfigured object of the apostle's faith and love, that it more and more enthralled his senses, fired his heart, kindled his enthusiasm, commanded his energies, and subsidized every power of his body and his soul in the most heroic and undying service of God and man.

Yet in this thraldom to God in Christ, by which every thought and imagination was "brought into captivity," there was the largest liberty and the noblest progress. The hour of Paul's conversion was the hour of his emancipation. Henceforth, he exulted in the most unbounded freedom. To him the gospel was the synonym of all that was broad, liberal, untramelled, and expansive. Christianity was something that was to unfold in ever-enlarging proportions and ever-growing beauty as the generations should roll on. He himself amplified its truths and doctrines, gave it fresh and multiplying applications to duty and life, and increased its fulness and power. Not that he introduced into it any new, essential element. He found rather, in the gospel, the vital germs of all its future growth. His was the mission, in part, to assist mightily in quickening and developing these germs into the magnificent life that awaited them, and to make them the priceless possession of all the children of God. Christi-

anity must claim universal scope and beneficence. It was not the religion of a nation, but the religion of the world. Christ had died for all, and God was the Father of all. Paul felt the moral oneness of the race. God had "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." And in every soul, which was thus created in the divine image, the apostle recognized the law which Heaven had implanted there. To that sacred law he ever appealed. Each man was to be a king and a priest unto God; every principle of caste or privilege must perish; all partition walls must crumble; the reign of exclusiveness, alienation, and intolerance must come to an end; and the kingdom of liberty, peace, and love must be established for ever.

The Jews, who had been converted to the new faith, generally passed out from under the yoke of their bondage by a gradual process, and for a long time wished to see no rupture between the law and the gospel. But Paul, quickly apprehending the nature of the dispensation that came by Jesus Christ, broke the connection which bound it to the ancient Judaism, and gave it the needed wide and gracious sweep. Was there a party that contended that only such as had been circumcised should partake of the blessings of the Messianic kingdom? Paul regarded the inherited rite as worthless in the presence of the transcendent good that all were now permitted to make their own, declaring, "Circumcision availeth nothing, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature." The Mosaic dispensation, with its authoritative rules respecting sabbaths, feast-days, meats and sacrifices, and ceremonial observances, was abrogated. The perfect law of liberty and love was ordained. Not this portion of time nor that, not these interests nor those, were alone to be consecrated; but all time and all interests were to bear the seal of sanctification. The sharp distinction between the heavenly kingdom on the earth, and the domain of secular things which we call "the world," was to be done away by the resistless march of Christianity into the outlying realms, until they, too, should confess its triumphant sway. The vision that enraptured and inspired the soul of the great apostle was that of a redeemed humanity,

a regenerated world. And it was in the advocacy of these grand, eternal truths, which we have here hinted at, that Paul exhibited a tenderness and liberality of feeling, a spirit of candor and magnanimity, and a greatness of courage and power, that stamp him as the noblest chieftain of the Church militant.

But, be it observed, no boldness of innovation, no free, progressive thought or action, no effort at reform, or dream of his aspiring soul, ever for one moment abated his faith in Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. Every brave, advancing step in the direction of liberty and growth carried him not away from, but only nearer to, the Christ. When he forgot the things which were behind, and pressed on to the things before, it was only to follow hard after the Master, and to be more and more like him. Although he never put the Son in the place of the Father, yet as years went on, and his life grew and rounded out into its full-orbed splendor, he seemed to gain a higher and still higher sense of the majesty and loveliness of the glorified man of Nazareth. All that he continued to hear about him from those who had seen him, listened to him, walked with him, dwelt with him, and loved him, as well perhaps as from those who rejected him, had no effect to diminish the strength of his attachment or the ardor of his reverence, but only to make this celestial being still more and more the object of his loyalty and the wonder of his soul. His faith waxed and not waned to the end, while yet he was true, to the last, to the great principle of spiritual freedom. He illustrated in himself, and impressively commends to us, the truth, that faith and freedom are not only compatible with, but are properly inseparable from, each other, — the immortal truth, that if the Son shall make us free, we shall be free indeed. Larger liberty than that which Christ gives none of us need. Limitations there must always be. They are recognized by those who would shut out from their fellowship dissidents from the creed involved in the phrase "the kingdom of God," as well as by those who exclude from their ranks persons rejecting the name "Christian." Atheists, positivists, and materialists, however pure and benevolent, are debarred

from co-operation with the theist by this requirement of a belief in a personal God, who is at the same time declared to be a King. We all act within limitations of our own making, and cannot well help it; and none are more surely inclosed within these circumscribed boundaries than those who claim a monopoly of the freedom of the Spirit. When, with the vision and play of our souls, we have swept the theatre of Paul's action, and fathomed the deeps of his thought, and mounted to the empyrean of his faith, it will perhaps be time to ask for more that lies beyond. The Christ of Paul is the Christ of Liberty, — the Christ of Progress.

Thirdly, Paul is a witness to us, in his own character and life, of *the sanctifying, exalting influence of the Christian faith upon the soul that truly accepts it, and of the service which the soul in turn may render to Christianity.* He shows us what the gospel may do for us and what we may do for the gospel.

Such an illustration of the power of Christianity to energize, ennoble, and redeem, as we have presented to us in the case of the Gentile apostle, is no slight evidence of the divine origin and inestimable worth of our holy religion. Grand were the qualities and talents with which nature endowed him. But, under the rule and discipline of his Jewish education, he had become narrow, prejudiced, bigoted, and cruel, — living in the letter rather than in the spirit of the law; confining his fellowship and sympathy, as "a Hebrew of the Hebrews" might be expected to do, to the sect of the Pharisees; breathing out "threatenings and slaughter" against the disciples of Jesus, whom he persecuted from city to city, "haling men and women to imprisonment and death," and making havoc of the Church. What was the particular method or nature of his conversion, it is not important here to inquire. The fact is the great and essential thing. Whatever explanation we may give of the remarkable occurrence, it is undeniable that, from being one of the "straitest sect" of the Jews, he became suddenly an ardent convert to the faith which he had contemned, and a most potential force in advancing its spread and conquests. It is equally true that a radical change was introduced into all his temper, thought, and life. His

previous narrowness of mind and exclusiveness of sympathy gave place to wider views and more generous affiliations. His harsh judgments and vengeful deeds melted down into tender pity for human weakness, a yearning, subduing love of souls, a never-dying devotion to others' weal. Still preserving all the lion-like courage and puissant strength of his nature, he was yet as gentle as a woman and humble as a child. Filled with plans and purposes that embraced in their scope no less limited a field than the planet, and were bounded by no briefer duration of fulfilment than eternity itself, his almost every aspiration, hope, prayer, and effort was redolent of the very grace of God. Living in the world, he was yet lifted above it. Earth had lost its power over his mind and heart. He dwelt in communion with the Eternal Spirit, kept his eyes steadfastly fixed upon his risen and adorable Master, and held in a firm and adamantine grasp the unseen and eternal realities. So exalted at times he appeared to be in thought and contemplation; so borne aloft by the power of love and on the wings of faith above the grovelling and transitory things of this lower sphere; so lost in his supreme, transcendent devotion to the work and to the will of God, that he might well feel that he was ready to be offered before his hour of departure came, and so to be translated evermore to be with Christ. Paul's was the pure and practical wisdom of the best of the ancient sages, — Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus. But he had also that which they had not, the rich and sanctifying grace of God, which fills the soul with holy love and anchors it securely in the spiritual and everlasting.

If this is what Christianity did for the apostle, see what the apostle did for Christianity. For him, in truth, "to live" was "Christ." Having caught from the new faith and its risen Exemplar their all-informing spirit, — the spirit of disinterested love, of willing self-sacrifice, and of entire consecration to the service of God and humanity, — he henceforth devotes himself, body, mind, heart, and soul, to the furtherance of the great cause that was intrusted so largely to his care. To redeem the souls of men from sin and sorrow, and to convert the world to truth and righteousness, and to fill the whole

earth with peace and praise, — this, so far as he may be able to accomplish it, is the one commanding object of his life; the key that explains the career which awaits him. That he may promote this sublime work and end, he counts nothing dear to himself. For this he becomes houseless and homeless. For this he is content, while fulfilling his apostolic mission, to earn his support as a tent-maker, and to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." For this he accepts wandering and weariness, cold and nakedness, hunger and thirst, shipwreck and imprisonment, stonings and scourgings, perils in the city and perils in the wilderness, care, discouragement, misrepresentation, and enmity. For this he penetrates the inhospitable deserts of Arabia, and is in danger of assassination at Damascus; encounters the hatred of the Jews and the jealousy of the Christians at Jerusalem; flies on his missionary errand to Syria and Cilicia; hastens to plant the cross at Antioch, "the eastern centre of Greek fashion and Roman luxury;" speeds next his way to the island of Cyprus, and proclaims there the crucified One amidst the blended systems of Oriental idolatry; sails on to the shores of Pamphylia, visits the temple-crowned city of Perga, strikes into the mountainous and robber-infested regions toward the north, and announces to the thronging crowds of the Pisidian Antioch the advent of the Messiah's reign; presses on to Iconium, whence he is driven forth by hostile Jews and Gentiles alike, — to Lystra, where he is first worshipped as Mercury, and then insulted, stoned, and cast out as dead, — and yet to Derbe, where a brief rest from persecution is only a continued toil in his ministry; retraces his steps to Syria, and thence to Jerusalem, to contend with his brethren for a free, unfettered faith; revisits the distant cities of the Gentiles, in which he had sown the heavenly seed, to see that the harvest shall not be lost; extends his travels into the remotest provinces of Asia Minor; beholds the vision and hears the voice of the man of Macedonia, saying to him, "Come over and help us;" crosses the Ægean Sea, in obedience to the celestial summons, and, setting the first Christian foot on Western soil, claims Europe as the destined possession of the world's

Redeemer. Time fails to recount his scourging and incarceration at Philippi; the tumult and mob which were excited against him at Thessalonica and Berea; his dispute with the Stoics and Epicureans in brilliant Athens; his labors and trials in profligate and wealthy Corinth; his contests with the beasts of Ephesus; his arraignments before Felix and Festus at Cæsarea; the disaster at Malta, and the cruel fate at Rome, where martyrdom closes the scene, and where again we seem to hear the words, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." It is hardly a wonder that Lord Lyttleton should exclaim, "The conversion and apostleship of St. Paul alone, duly considered, is of itself a demonstration sufficient to prove Christianity to be a divine revelation."

What the Christian faith did for Paul, and what Paul did for it, may somehow be illustrated in our own characters and lives, if we only will. We may all of us, in some humble yet worthy way, penetrate into the essence, comprehend the genius, and manifest the power, of the religion of Jesus Christ. What we need as individuals, and what we need as a denomination,* is to catch more of the faith and fire of this great saint and apostle of the Christian Church; to have more of his martyr-like spirit; to be more baptized, like him, into the divine life; more fully to die with him to self and the world in the love of souls, and in our hold upon the cross; and to run, with his swift feet, to do God's will. With the large and genial views, the glad tidings of great joy, that are in no small measure committed to our trust, what might we not be and do to the honor and praise of our God, if only some of these all-powerful inspirations of Paul were to descend and fill our souls! What boundless, beneficent results might we not reasonably anticipate, were we only to take the precious words of our debated Preamble, and transmute them into deeds! What an ample and lasting share it would be ours to realize of the glories of the Church triumphant, if we, too,

* These pages were delivered as an address before the "New-York and Hudson-River Conference" at Troy, N.Y., Nov. 17, 1868.

would practically bear *our* faithful witness to the verities of the gospel history, to the united faith and freedom of our holy religion, and to the blessings and burdens of Christianity! Thanks for all the new life that has come into our body. Let it be, under God, the earnest of a still nobler future. And "unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Art. V.—THE MISSION OF AMERICA.

There is no inconsistency between a warm and glowing patriotism and a cosmopolitan and philanthropic largeness of sympathies. Moses was not less a prophet for all time, and a citizen of the ages, a glory to the race, and a noble servant of humanity, for being an enthusiastic leader of the Israelites. Nor are we less citizens of the world, and less truly concerned in the general fortunes of mankind, for being hearty and devoted Americans. When amid the early snows of our northern border, and the late flowers of our southern skirts, our vast territorial expanse sends up one burst of praise and gratitude to the God of nature, the ordainer of seed-time and harvest, and the original author and steadfast upholder of all our temporal and spiritual blessings, we may innocently indulge an honest pride in our country,—a country belted with such varied climates, and diversified with such dissimilar products; as smooth in plains as it is ribbed with mountains; as out-spread in fertile meadows as inlaid with domestic seas; intersected with navigable rivers, and eaten into by great gulfs and beauteous bays, and studded with safe and roomy harbors. How agricultural its interior; how commercial its circumference; how inexhaustible its mines of coal and iron, copper and lead, silver and gold; how rich and productive its soil; how healthy its climate; how busy its streams with the whirl of manufacturing industry; how alive with steamers its coast and rivers; how widely check-

ered with roads — that greatest proof of civilization; how bound with railways, the ligaments of States; how strung with telegraphic wires, the vocal chords of the national utterance! Not that, in these respects, other nations are not blest. But they have their blessings in their old age, and we in early youth. "What," exclaimed a country pastor, as he entered the elegant and luxurious home of a brother-minister of large private fortune in the city, "This, and heaven too!" and so might a European ejaculate, as he visited our country, and saw almost every triumph of capital and experience, and the accumulated labors of a hundred generations reproduced in our new-born land, — the work of a dozen generations, only, — "What! wealth and luxury, and all the last conveniences of European civilization, and youth and freedom and an undeveloped and unmortgaged future too! Is it not too much for mortal man to possess, and remain unspoiled and undone by prosperity?"

It is, then, of this favored country that we desire to speak now, and of its mission to humanity. And we preface the discussion with affirming that there is no country in the world where national pride, strong as it is, is so little characterized by narrow, local, and accidental partialities, as our own. Our national pride is not yet a pride of race, and in that respect is distinguishable from the Anglo-Saxon self-glorying. We have as yet no national blood. The curious mixture we sometimes call such is a distillation from the veins of all peoples, with an English base, and tinctures of Celtic, German, and Scandinavian flavor. Doubtless, we shall have an American blood by and by, after the vast emigrations of Europe and Asia have ceased to flow into our cistern, and it has had time to settle. The Irish emigration has already nearly exhausted itself; and, without examining the reports of the commissioners, we are prepared to hazard the opinion that the German emigration will hardly outlast one more generation, in any such copious stream as we have hitherto received it; simply because the advantages of life are equalizing themselves by great political changes in the Old World; and the whole tendency of swift interchanges

of products and ideas, of mutual intercourse by travel and literature, and the beating of universal pulses and tides of feeling throughout the civilized world, is to do away the necessity or the attractions of great emigrations, by developing the advantages of *all* lands, and placing freedom and opportunity and hope at the command of all peoples. America, once the asylum of oppressed peoples, is fast becoming the unconscious redeemer of nations, by the example of her liberties, the democratic equality of her children, and the inspiration of her national life; and, perhaps, not less so by the immense contribution she is now making to the territorial and material wealth of the world.

And this is the first point in which America's mission is to be regarded, — its mission to make material comfort and abundance general, or to bring nature and man into union. "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is." It is a great truth and a neglected one. The earth and its products, its wealth and its resources, have hitherto been regarded, not as the Lord's, but rather as the devil's. But America, when her colonists came to reclaim a hemisphere, came to give to humanity what God recognizes as his own and theirs, because they are his children. They came to add unknown wealth to the world, by just doubling its habitable space and all its material resources; and their unconscious influence has been to break the sceptre of that old tyrant, Poverty, — the worst and widest monarch of misrule and oppression that ever abused our race, and managed to get his kingdom smiled on by sages and saints! The New World broke that bad dream, and gave humanity hope that the earth, which is the Lord's, should also become, for universal man, the source of general enrichment, and emancipation from want and material oppression. It is the first triumph of our national life As a people, we are characteristically above poverty; and it is the first case in history. Poverty, in its various forms, is the chief oppressor of humanity and of nations. When people have to think only how to keep soul and body together, they can give little attention to education, or moral and political reforms. A poor population is an ignorant one, and

one easily oppressed. It is very much the economic progress and enrichment of the world which has really emancipated the mind and liberated the nations of our era. And, next to her free spirit and self-governing example, America has given nothing more valuable to humanity than the wealth of her long-unknown soil, the products of her mines, and the vast resources of her hemispheric riches. She has more than doubled the wealth of the world, by the commercial enterprise she has stimulated, the foreign labor she has drawn into productiveness, and the new and buoyant hope of progress and comfort she has excited by her example. Thus she has raised the universal standard of human existence; created a new set of popular wants, and with wants the means of gratifying them, and in this way tended to develop not only the universal soil of the earth, but the inner capacities and faculties of the human race; until the globe spins with a new cheerfulness, smokes with millions of happier hearths, carries an infinitely more diversified and costly burden of comfort and luxury; is white with new cities, and green with new farms, is making gardens of old deserts; planting wheat in ancient jungles, driving roads over mountain chains and through the lairs of wild beasts, and subduing the savage front of nature until civilization shall lead it, as calmly and happily as the little child of prophecy leads the lion and the lamb. This is the true account of the much-abused materialism of our era, from whose dominion our country suffers such a superficial censure, as the ringleader in the assumed defalcation of the nineteenth century from higher ends. Wealth is the first necessity of a world to be redeemed. The old monkish theory that virtue and piety are allied only to poverty, was the invention of those who turned the sweat of mere toiling millions into the diamond coronets on their own selfish brows.

If materialism means the development of all the physical riches hidden in soil and sea, and mine and air; if it means the unriddling of all the labyrinthine secrets of matter, the enlistment of the unyoked forces of winds and gases, the conscription of all the nimble electric and galvanic imps of nature to the service of man, he must be a stupid victim

of words and musty saws, who does not see that man is never vindicating his intellectual and spiritual sovereignty more perfectly than when he is most heavily assessing nature, taxing her every capacity and compelling her service to the utmost in the enrichment of his manhood, and the largeness, variety, and beauty of his lot. It will finally prove that the only cure for the evils of wealth is more wealth and in more hands.

Make plenty, comfort, luxury common, and you will not only do away with any imaginary evils or curses connected with their partial possession, but you will oblige men to seek distinction and honor in higher ways than by gloating over accumulated silver and gold. Riches nowhere have so little blinding and deluding power as where they are familiar. They are vastly more tyrannical over the imagination and the rights of men in communities where they are exceptional than in places where they are usual. They have more undeserved weight in the country than in the city; in poor communities than in rich ones. Nowhere, perhaps, can they do as little to give a man social position as in London itself, the richest city in the world. And we rejoice to believe that, even in New York, the best and most exclusive circle of influence, position, dignity, and social opportunity is one created by mind and heart, by moral and intellectual and spiritual worth, not by the income tax. Let us, then, while we are scrupulous how we make our money, pay little heed to criticisms, whether from abroad or at home, which would make us less active and earnest in building up either private or public wealth. The immediate misfortune of America is that her educational system is too steadily directing the attention of her sons and daughters to the speculative, literary, professional, and commercial pursuits of life, and too little to productive industry, agricultural, mechanical, and manufactures. We have twice as many people as are wanted for all its work in this city, and one-half the population are a tax on the other half. Our schools educate too much the critical, fastidious, and speculative faculties; excite a love of dress and music, and do not increase respect for manual labor and sober industry. Our public opinion, by its eight-hour agitation, is really weakening

production enormously, simply because the costly machinery that does at least ten thousand times the work the men who govern it can do, stops when the men stop, and so multiplies our loss of time and production by ten thousand. The want of production is the cause of high prices; and is fast making the rich richer and the poor poorer. But this is a malady that by its severity will soon correct itself. Spite of this, we are fast growing rich as a nation; and it is no disadvantage, but an immense blessing, to the country, that we are on the track of productiveness, and the accumulation and diffusion of wealth.

For the time being, selfish capitalists and corporations, and conspiracies of greedy aspirants to rapid fortunes, will curse and stain the country with their immoral and selfish policy and their outrageous acts. But all the evils they can inflict are as nothing to the blessings of which they are made the unconscious and unwilling instruments. These vast fortunes, how soon they are destined to melt away and revert to the people; these great enterprises, selfish in origin and ruinous to so many immediate victims, how speedily they settle into great public possessions and conveniences! Shocking from the moral and religious point of view, and as it affects individual offenders, as it all is, it is less serious, considered from a national point of view, and with reference to the prospects of the common people, that our great railway enterprises are made the occasions of pecuniary ruin to thousands of petty speculators, or innocent victims of companies, in the hands of selfish schemers, who make their fortunes out of the losses of deluded millions. The great highways are built. The wealth, though in bad hands, cannot but do its work for the common good. It supports the government; it opens and settles new States; it brings millions of waste acres into market; it keeps thousands of hands at work; it enriches every man, spite of the wishes or aims of its apparent owners, by the conveniences, the wants, the improved standard, the universal stimulus it promotes or furnishes.

Those who see the almost utter hopelessness of restraining or guiding the business activity and money ambition of this

country, will be wiser men and truer prophets of God's providence when they come to see that the infinite shaper of hearts and energies has a deeper plan, and a far nobler one, in the spur which he has furnished the American people in their enormous material opportunities, than any petty measuring-tape of a feeble philosophy of life — created by despairers of the world and the race — can apply to its gigantic proportions. If any man deplores and weeps over American follies and crimes, — over business corruptions and municipal sordidness and baseness, over many of the hateful developments of Wall Street and State Street; the stuffing of ballot-boxes by the ignorant cat's-paws of political adventurers, whose chestnuts are aldermanic opportunities of pilfering, or official chances to steal with impunity, — we will sit and mourn with him all day and all night. For such humiliation and grief can seldom be forced upon the intelligence and worth of any community, as we have lately, nay for twenty years, been forced to drink in bitterness of spirit. But let not these rank and ugly tares keep our grateful eyes from seeing the golden wheat that American institutions and American liberty and American soil and the American spirit are sowing and reaping over the land at large. Alas, it is our very blessings that keep us so wrongly tolerant of these evils! It is our prosperity that lames us from the pursuit of these banditti that hang about our fields and treasures. It seems to be felt that we have enough for ourselves and the robbers too. We are too busy and too successful to stop and catch our thieves. They count safely on our easy good nature and abundance. They defy such happy and comfortable people to put their threats, or mild murmurs of dissatisfaction with robbery and wholesale plunder of place and profit, into any practical rebuke, much less into the form of penal correction. It is, meanwhile, a burning shame, and a source of wide-spread demoralization, and infamy; but it must be set down, not to the nature or the perilous constitution of our political freedom or theory of government, but to the enormous margin of immediate prosperity which attends their operation, and at which these gigantic maggots and mice are gnawing in such unrebuked and safe voracity.

Our second point is this: A barrier to human progress, second only to poverty and want, has been the long-established jealousies of races, nations, colors, ranks, and classes. The old-world civilization was all based on the theory of a natural, an unconquerable, even a beneficent, jealousy and antipathy among the different divisions of humanity, political, social, and physical. The Oriental despised, or hated and resisted, the European, and *vice-versa*. The Greek fought the Assyrian; the Roman detested the Gaul; the German threatened and overran the Italian; France and England blessed the narrow channel that kept such natural enemies as themselves apart; and stained its waters from time to time with the blood of their mutual hatred. Meanwhile, the white man discussed the question whether the negro was more an ape or a fellow-creature; and man doubted if woman had a soul. We will not go further into the familiar history of the prejudices that made men so long regard the prosperity of each as dependent on the failure of all the rest; that supposed a nation's wealth to be chiefly derived from a diplomatic outwitting of other countries, and the gain of one land the loss of others. America, by the union of so many once independent States in a common nation, and the victory obtained at the very start over sectional jealousies, began a work of unification, the full meaning of which she did not herself fully understand, but which has eventuated in the most magnificent results. The theoretical elevation at the outset, of man above his circumstances, man above class, above title, above education or even enlightenment (fearfully contradicted as it was by slavery and caste), was the unconscious planting of a seed from which the whole harvest of our democratic life has grown. "Humanity is everywhere equal to itself," it said; "humanity, whether it knows it or not, is its own friend. Mind must recognize mind; heart, heart; man, man; and, whether humanity be black or white, male or female, instructed or ignorant, pure or stained, it is still humanity, and deserves recognition and respect." The logic of this principle has triumphed over all the misgivings, reluctances, and doubts of past experience, — class, antipathy, and cultivated prejudice; triumphed, not in-

deed over all their secret disgust and latent disrelish, but over all their practical resistance. Man, good or bad, violent or peaceable, informed or stupid, each man is soon to become a recognized factor in our American life; and so precious and powerful is the great idea, for the first time in our institutions to be made an organic principle of the State, that we bear all manner of temporal evils and disgusts and offensive contacts; all manner of threatening political experiences in places where the principle works at greatest disadvantage, for the sake of its general truth, benignity, and glory. What reconciles us here in New York to the rule of a wretched mass of ignorance and sensuality and cupidity, forged together and hurled, like a slung-shot, against the forehead of our municipal pride and prosperity? Only the fact that it is part of the general honor due the principle of universal suffrage, — a principle, doubtless, abused, corrupted, and falsified by political tricksters and leeches, but which it is our business not to deny the general value of, but simply to perfect the machinery for its more exact application. The real vote of this city, were only every actual voter at the polls, would have nothing terrible in it. It might not suit one party, but it would another; and no party in America, as a party, is to be considered as really hostile to the permanent interests of the country. The worst party is as likely as not to have the *best* theoretical principles; for bad men have to put the noblest and more American ideas upon their banners before they can hope to carry the country. So long as the American people is merely deluded and betrayed in its present interests by the abuse to which schemers turn its own holy and eternal principles, there is no permanent harm done, great as the immediate sacrifices must be. It is better to make a thousand mistakes than to commit one crime against humanity. While just principles are recognized, there is a fixed tendency to correct practical errors. Fearful as the local abuses in our municipal government, the day of judgment will come for those men who "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." They will be broken on the very stone with which they have sought to destroy us, — universal suffrage! Ply

the free schools, the free press, the free church, a free public opinion, and how long will it be before the very votes that now threaten our security and well-being, will turn to the side of honesty, justice, and truth? Are we told that we have waited thirty years for the change? And how long did we wait in seeming despair for the evils of slavery to arouse the resistance of the American people. Thirty years is a moment in a nation's life. We shall not wait five years longer, we believe, to find the roused virtue and intelligence of this metropolis casting out the reproach of our abominable misgovernment, and giving us back our good name. But let not a few great cities, with the evils that have always boiled and seethed in their smutty cauldrons, outbalance the glorious success of popular suffrage in the country at large. If the success of a political system is to be measured by the general intelligence and worth of the people, by their prosperity and happiness, we claim an enormous preponderance for America over any country on which the sun shines, or has ever shone.

It is enough to say that in no other country is man honored as man as among us; that nowhere is man so universally conceded to be greater than his circumstances; nowhere have such tremendous sacrifices been made to and for the glory of the sentiment, "A man's a man for a' that;" nowhere is self-respect so assured; dependence made so exceptional, independence so common. Here is a nation indeed; a people whose government is really its agent and clerk; which has no ruling class, no aristocracy of wealth or name; which makes Presidents of rail-splitters and tailors, and sends the sons of day-laborers to its Senate! The sublime deference paid to the dignity of mere humanity in such facts as these *we* may not fully appreciate, but history will. This, with all the immediate drawbacks of the evils which give ignorance and folly such a mighty vote, and such a terrific opportunity among us, is still what, as a people, we believe in, and what excites the wonder, yes, and the following, of the world. If we did not believe that humanity is, on the whole, less a wild beast than a tame and safe creature, with more tendencies to

right than wrong, with more love than hate in its breast, it would be madness to trust it as we do. But, repelling the idea that what was originally made in God's image can be radically depraved and wrong-hearted, we go on, in our American politics, upon the theory that "vox populi" is indeed "vox Dei," that the people are honest and right-hearted, and love justice and truth. It is a sound principle, and here, for the first time, applied to political life; and we dare to point to the war itself as an illustration of its beneficence. There was on the conquering side, in that terrible struggle, next to no hatred, next to no vindictive feeling, after the strife was over. There is none now. The ill-feeling is all on the other side, and is a relic of that old-world feudalism which the South had wrought into its sectional system. But even *that* is, after all, not intense nor implacable. What sort of students of history can those be who, forgetting the wars of the Roses, or the long strife between England and Scotland, not to speak of the thirty-years' war in Germany, think that our war, swift and terrible in comparison, has been slow in gathering in the peaceful harvest of its bloody seed, or in closing up its ghastly wounds? The magnanimity on our side will not seem more wonderful fifty years hence, than the rapid submission on the other side; for nowhere in human records has so tremendous and fearful a struggle accomplished so much for humanity, and left so few permanent evils or ineffaceable scars behind it. None know better than we the present cruel abuse of the black man by the white trash of the South; the still interrupted commerce and trade between the two sections, the scattered fortunes of the planters, the suffering and poverty of the present generation there. But it is a drop in the bucket compared with the blessings the nation has drank of, and which will overflow North and South in one generation. We anticipate the greatest help for the American character from the commixture of Northern and Southern temperaments and qualities, and here raise a special note of thanksgiving for the improvement which even the recent election has made in the prospects of Southern peace and order.

But great as the indications of the respect for humanity, which the American democratic principle furnishes, and great as the illustrations of it, which the abolition of slavery and the facilities of naturalization afford, it is chiefly because this American principle is becoming the glory of our age and the animating idea of the civilization of the whole globe, that we ought to rejoice. Humanity is not bad, but good; not inimical to itself, but tending to harmony and love, for God made it; that is the starting-point. It is ignorance, bodily lusts, hereditary feuds and jealousies, mere prejudices and weaknesses, that keep up the wars and selfish cupidities and embodied and instituted hatreds of humanity. More light, more general intercourse, more self-knowledge, even a more illuminated selfishness, banishes those chimeras, and shows men that they have been, without knowing or intending it, slaying and hating their own brothers, and quarrelling with their own business partners. If the highest and most instructed men in the world think and know this, why may not others, below them, come to know it too? And has not the number who either suspect it to be true, or really feel it to be so, become so large, that we may hope that nations will not, many generations longer, think it their chief duty to watch jealously against each other's greedy and ferocious malevolence, to keep each a half million of men standing idle against their muskets, — the worst stake to which to tie the human plant? May we not believe that it is not a vain dream of the blessed Christ, that men are brothers and children of one Father? It certainly does seem as if the last generation, spite of our war of emancipation, had done more to make the race a unit, and the globe a friendly habitation, where nations circulate along each other's halls and through each other's dwellings, as in a common home, than all the previous ages. The Christianity of the world has actually gone out of the visible Church, and entered into the political life and the economic enterprises of States and peoples. There is a thirst for peace, for free and swift intercourse, for free trade, universal expositions, international councils, uniting lines of steamships, oceanic wires, and whatever else can convert

the earth, once so dull of hearing, into a common sensorium, one great whispering gallery, one explored, safe, and united residence of the race. Let us think of what is happening in Germany, Italy, and England, to show the suspension of war policies, or commercial and industrial hatreds and antipathies; let us think of the peaceable attitude of Great Britain and America; let us think of the bloodless revolution in Spain; let us think of the Cretan persistency in resisting the Mohammedan power, and calling to itself the powerful sympathy of our own country, and feel that this era may fitly celebrate the mission of America as a unifier of human interests and a cosmopolitan power in the world; a proclamation of the union, not only between man and nature, but between man and man.

And now, as our third point, — while it has been the mission of America to show, first, the unity between man's material resources and his inner life, in short, to redeem and consecrate wealth and comfort to political and moral freedom and well-being, the union of man and nature; and, second, to unite States, and by their example, nations and races, in the unity of a recognized common interest and sympathy, or man and man, — it is its last and greatest mission to identify the *general* life, economic, educational, secular, — with what is usually set apart from it; *i.e.*, the *religious* life, to bring God and humanity into practical and immediate relations, and make the earth itself a common altar; political and social life, its highest sacrifices; the love of humanity, a practical act, and not a theoretic sentiment; and the worship of God, a real enjoyment of his character and spirit, as manifested in his works and ways, and in his Son Jesus Christ, the Saviour, not of private souls only, but of humanity and all that concerns humanity.

He must be a dull observer, who does not see that America is going to give the world a new type of the Christian religion; a fresh faith, the offspring of its own peculiar experience. The breadth of the ideas on this subject, working half consciously in the people's mind, is too great to allow, just yet, any marked convergence of the tendencies of

the national experience. But religion cannot be, and ought not to be, in this new hemisphere, just what it has been anywhere else. The discovery and peopling of a hemisphere is an occasion so unique in man's history, that it is worthy of a complete revision and new editing of his economic, political, and religious fortunes. We have completed the first and grandest revision; *i.e.*, the economic one. We have abolished the peasant class, and its poverty and ignorance, alone in the world in that wonderful achievement. There is no proletary class in America; and we must be careful that we do not, as by our present financial system, the chief burden of which falls on the poor, tend to bring it back. There is no small danger of this, if present policies prevail in monetary matters. If we hold on in our abolition of poverty, the world will and must follow our example in this. Then we are rapidly completing the second step, — the abolition of artificial, moral, and political distinctions of class or race, seen in the coming up of the negro, and in the tendency to make even sex no longer a political distinction, — a unitary movement, which will finally, in all countries, result in making confidence, a sense of common interest, mutual trust, and mutual service the ground of human relations, and not mutual hatred, jealousies, and suspicions. But the final achievement is this: to disclose the inner meaning of the Christian religion, and prove that "the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, which is the Lord's," is not more God's residence than "the earth" itself, which, "with all that therein is," is *his* also; that secular, social, political life are parts of God's ways and of man's religion; that faith is not related merely to things remote, but to immediate duties and opportunities; that ordinary common life, ordinary matter, and ordinary interests and concerns have a spiritual significance, and require religious interpretation; and that this religious interpretation is not ghostly and shadowy, but very practical, real, and useful.

Every thoughtful man must see that the characteristic secularization of religion — which in our day so many justly deplore, because sought sometimes by denials of its celestial

significance, and even of historical Christianity itself — is nothing but a strong and necessary reaction upon the absurd and useless divorce, which the past ages have kept up between *faith* and immediate life. It is no wonder that, as the springs of life changed their beds, the old well-sweep, pulled so far down to reach the low level of the waters, should have swung back with some violence. When the next world, in the interpretation of visionaries and fanatics, is made *every thing* for mortal men, and their immediate abode *nothing*, the time is not far off when *this* world will be made every thing, and the future nothing. Such are the revenges of the moral whirligig of time. But neither in one nor the other extreme can humanity possibly rest. And America is destined to prove that the old questions of time and place, now and then, here and there, have really nothing to do with God or religious duty; that God is not a geographical or topographical fact, and heaven not a subject of trigonomic or telescopic survey, but a kingdom, possible wherever God is — and where is he not? — and eternal life a frame of spirit and character, which is neither effected by being in or being out of the flesh, on this planet or some other. A heathen could say, "We change our sky, but not our minds;" how much more a Christian!

All the religious, dogmatic, ecclesiastical struggles in this country, are mere adjustments, or conflicts, or preparations for a new interpretation of the Christian religion, in the light of the vast original experiences of the American mind. This is the whole cause of what is called the failure of Protestantism, as it is the whole cause of what is pretended to be the re-beginning of a new life for Romanism. Until the religious mind of this country — and a very religious mind it is, and will yet prove itself to be — has thoroughly digested and expelled the refuse of the dogmatic theology which it inherited, not from Christ and the apostles, but from the doctors and schoolmen of a scholastic and politically and socially considered dark age, it will not be fully aware of what is disintegrating, alienating, secularizing, and reducing to theoretical infidelity and atheism so many millions of its once easy-going

and credulous believers. People nowadays will think for themselves, and will have a reason for things; and religion is no safer than politics, or banking, or mechanics, from their inquiries. The people of America want to be Christians, if Christianity is a rational, credible, and practical religion; otherwise not. They will run all risks and encounter all trials, sooner than be permanently deceived by their own fears and hopes, or by priests and ecclesiastical bodies. They have living faith enough to believe, that, beneath all the ashes of our theological and Christian pretension and show and make-believe, there is real, living fire. They believe that Christ and his life and death and character have some great relation to them; but they are not satisfied with the account their teachers give them of what this relation is; and their teachers are not satisfied themselves. This is all as it should be. There is always unrest, discontent, and threatening signs when new spiritual eras are struggling into birth. The Roman Church, long-headed and of great experience, comes in just in this state of things, and says, "See your American Protestantism all breaking up and going to pieces, — nothing fixed, settled, authoritative about it. Don't you see that all its teachers confess that there is nothing really conclusive coming out of this right of private judgment, this application of reason to faith? It fritters away all faith; it challenges the very existence of Christ; it makes immortality itself doubtful. Come, then, back to the old Mother, who has the precious traditions, the old spirit of trust and devotion, and who will softly blind your eyes, and lead you, more surely than any vision of your own could do, across the gulf that separates man and God, time and eternal bliss." Well, the invitation is an attractive one, and seems to be heeded by a few in default of a better call. From 70,000 Romanists in the United States of America in 1796, there are said to have been over 8,000,000 in 1866, just one man's natural life. To be sure, eighty per cent of these were foreign emigrants, and the remainder are mostly their descendants; for intelligent Romanists do not claim more than 10,000 positive converts from *bonâ fide* Protestants, — a very small victory. It is not,

therefore, the present converting power of Roman Catholicism, considered as a religious faith, that alarms us. It is the immense political power that it is obtaining, by its consolidated constituency, and its centripetal hierarchy, which is rapidly enabling it, with its admirable organization, to centralize and move its forces with the most solid front upon our political parties, State governments, and the General Government. The loose, divided sects of Protestantism, with their mutual jealousies and emulations, are, with three times their numbers, no political match for Romanism, which may really be said to have carried our State at the last election through its municipal machinery. Whence came the several millions of property the Romanist arch-diocese of New York now possesses, except from leases and lands and grants of the city and State, secured by the adroitness of politicians, who make over valuable property to the Catholic interest, and take their pay in votes?

There is a whole class of politicians in this country, Protestants in opinion and origin, whose stock in trade is a carefully studied acquaintance with the Catholic vote. Some men join the Catholic Church, or make their wives join it, for political ends. Now, there is no blame to be attached to the Catholics for all this. They have a right to their own influence, and to all they can get out of the country, by their well-known policy and tremendous organization. Only, are Protestants to stand still and squander themselves in mutual jealousies and bickerings, and present a divided front, and allow Romanism to obtain political control of the country? Is Romanism to become a political power, and Protestantism to remain only a moral and social one? We may be sure that Romanism will encourage this folly, so hurtful to us, so helpful to her. But what is to be the way in which Protestants are to become a political power? Not by uniting Church and State, or by making religious questions common at the ballot-box; but by recognizing the folly and pettiness of their sectarian squabbles, and the unreality of their division walls, and the existence of a common ground of sympathy among all Christians who believe in the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the right of individual judgment, or, what is more, the safety and ne-

cessity and duty of liberty, or freedom of inquiry and freedom of opinion within the bounds of Christian faith. The Christian Church cannot live outside its own walls. Christians have humane relations, civil, political, social, spiritual, with all human souls; but the Church is gathered about Jesus Christ, and is an express organization of his believing disciples. Let, then, such believers, whatever else they may believe, recognize their unity in this central faith in love for and obedience towards Jesus Christ, and build up a national Protestant Church — the American Church — upon the simple yet all sufficient article of faith, the sole original dogmatic requirement of the founder of Christianity, and of his great apostles. Let the Protestant Christians of this country feel that they are one body, and that their faith is large and broad, and yet not vague and unstatable; and there will soon arise a mighty Protestant power which will check Romanism, as the aroused national conscience and intelligence checked slavery, just as it was meditating new and sweeping triumphs.

But what then? Has not Protestant Christianity failed to give us a satisfactory religion? No. It has done wonders, in a religious point of view, to meet the wants of millions. Its great sects are growing still. It was never more active and earnest than now. But it has alienated, or failed to attract, several millions of the American people, by the fact that it has a theology which is not the original simplicity of the New Testament, nor the growth of American experience. To that theology we owe a great debt of gratitude for past services; and it has a holy fragrance about it, from the unction of the saints who have lived and died in it. But, unquestionably, the characteristic American mind is outside of tritheistic Calvinistic, Episcopal theology. The literature, science, politics, economics, the press, the magazines, the general experience of the country, its instincts and its life, are somehow antagonistic, or only decently friendly, to any widely existing type of Protestant Christian faith. It is astonishing how deep and general the discontent is, and how alarming to the immediate prospects of churches and the gathering in of the energetic and shaping portion of the population. And even

within the churches of all creeds, there has been a wonderful suppression of the written dogmas, and a resort to all sorts of social *succedaneums* to secure the interest of the people. The amount of social, literary, dramatic, secular expedients now in use in churches of the stricter faiths, and made necessary to hold their constituencies together, is very instructive. What is it all tending to? Is it not foreshadowing the rise of a Christian Church of simpler dogmatic faith, wider sympathies, a more social and æsthetic worship, in which life and human affections, instincts, wants, and tastes, shall receive a truly Christian recognition; and that unity be reached between the secular and the sacred, the other parts of human life, and the religious affections, which will be the last and noblest victory of American ideas and experience?

If such be the mission of America, have we not cause to bless God for our country and our lot; and to make this a season of marked thanksgiving that so many signs of promise for the Church and the State are hanging in the stormy sky! May God grant us faithfulness to our opportunities and duties, and use us and our Church and our whole civilization to advance his glory and the kingdom of his Son; for this is "a land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year."

Art. VI. — AMERICAN POETS: T. W. PARSONS.

1. *Poems.* By Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1851.
2. *The Rosary.* By T. W. Parsons. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son, 1865.
3. *The Magnolia.* T. W. Parsons. Cambridge: John Wilson & Son, 1866.
4. *The First Canticle* [*Inferno*] *of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Thomas William Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1867.

Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, are the four men everywhere recognized in their own country, and widely known in Europe, as the chief American poets. Emerson has written poems which must live until the most incorruptible parts of English speech perish; poems which, by their creative originality, their audacious height and fire of genius, cause all who are able to appreciate these characteristics, to rank him in some respects above every other singer who has appeared in this land. But that peculiar adaptation of qualities which gives metrical compositions popularity, is quite wanting to him. The many will not read his verses, though the few lavish pre-eminent praise on them.

The poems of Holmes are not only of lasting weight and worth, they are also extensively known and enjoyed; they win general favor by their manly vigor, cultivated thoughtfulness, deep pathos, sparkling humor, graphic precision of language, and ringing melody of rhythm. Not to name other pieces of different sorts, his "Many-Chambered Nautilus" is as perfect a poem in its kind as exists in literature. Embalmed afresh in the delighted memory of successive generations, it will be oblivion proof.

The gay point and wit, the taking banter, the pungent and telling morals, the narrative felicity, the polished conciseness, of Saxe, have given him, too, an exceptional reputation, with

large sales for his books. The other leading national poets — Percival, Halleck, Poe, Boker, Taylor, Read, Simms, Street, and the rest — exhibit their particular merits. Each occupies his special niche of renown, and has his larger or smaller circle of admirers. Too long for enumeration is that list of American versifiers, which at one end shows the names of Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth and Joel Barlow; at the other end, Julia Ward Howe, Alice Cary, Lucy Larcom, and a bevy of fair women besides; with Tuckerman, Stoddard, Aldrich, Piatt, and a score or two of other brave men. It would require more space than we can afford to describe, by their proper qualities, the writings of each of these authors. Our purpose is to call attention to the works of one who, if among the less celebrated, is also among the truest and most artistic of all the American poets. We wish to do something towards securing for him that meed of fame which is his due. We refer to Thomas William Parsons, whose fine patient genius and exquisite workmanship, for years fully appreciated by the few who are critically familiar with our literature, still remain little known to the great reading public. His poems stand out in relief from the mass of American versification, by the ripe accomplishments of mind they show, by the artistic atmosphere they breathe, and by the rare combination in them of fulness of matter with finish of form. The strength of his thought, the genuineness of his humor, the delicate sureness of his touch, the profound tenderness of his feeling, the completeness of his artistic skill, the perfect vitality of his work, now appreciated by one and another, soon by more and more, will finally enroll him among the select classics of his land; destined to be honored ages after the mediocrities who at first surpassed them in fame have been forgotten.

> "His lines, reformed, and not composed in haste,
> Polished like marble, will like marble last."

Those who have read Dr. Parsons's principal poems over and over with thoughtful study, until they know them by heart, with a distinct feeling of each beauty, find it hard to explain

why they have not won their way into wide popularity, despite the fact that publishers and critics have done so little for them. But the secret is, that the quality of their merit prevents this; they lack something rough, pungent, sensational. Their quiet and unobtrusive charms escape the coarse and hurried observer. They require a more full equipment of mind, a more trained maturity of taste, more tenderness of emotion, more sustained patience of attention, than are furnished by the unscholarly, restless reader, who can feel nothing less harsh than a stab, and will bestow scarce a hasty glance on a sentiment or an idea. The dulcet notes of the lute can hardly be expected to work any charm in a rhinoceros, however choicely they are distilled into his ears. So we ought not to anticipate that any strong or permanent impression would be made on the minds of the average frequenters of the shop and the street by lines like these, no matter how profound their truth, how superlative their beauty: —

"There is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

"In that pure city of the living Lamb
No light shall shine, of candle or of sun,
Or any star; but He who said 'I Am,'
Shall be the Lamp, — He and his Holy One.

"Nor shall we longer spend our gift of time
In time's poor pleasures, doing needful things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme:
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

"That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
The saints and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them, and walk with them anew.

"In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows,
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day."

The simplest and the greatest works are most slowly appreciated. The tawdry, the superficial, the vehement, are quickly

and loudly praised. Patient, discriminating attention to things worthy of it, is the virtue least practised and most needed in our country and age. Were this virtue common, Parsons would soon be renowned wherever American literature reaches. As he himself says, —

> "Learn patience first; for patience is the part
> Of all whom time records among the great;
> The only gift I know, the only art
> To strengthen up our frailties to our fate.
> Through long endurance comes the martyr crown
> That makes the hero blush for his renown."

We confess to a delight in verse, and a fondness for the poets in all their variety, from the miraculous spontaneity of Shakespeare, on one extreme, to the proverbial platitudes of Tupper on the other. It is a profitable exercise to study to fix with accuracy the relative ranks of all these, enjoying the gifts while perceiving the deficiencies of each. We do not ask that every poet shall be an original genius, or a consummate artist; we ask only that he shall be in his kind a genuine poet, thinking sincerely, feeling earnestly, having something to say which is worth uttering, and saying it in a manner pleasant to hear. The prevailing fault with our verse-makers is lack of valuable meaning. To make smooth lines, with nothing in them, is so easy an accomplishment, and practised so copiously, that we are threatened with a deluge of fluent and melodious slush; a musical mixture of bombast, nonsense, and fog.

Another phase of vicious poetic literature very common, in our day is the opposite of this; namely, the gorging of the mind with raw and fierce excitements, the revelling in horrible tales of revenge, seduction, robbery, and murder. Miss Braddon, in her reeking novels, even Mr. Browning, in many of his dramatic pictures, seems to commit the mistake of supposing, since the end of life is the fulfilment of function, and the business of art is the heightening of function, that if a torrent of strong action be poured through the soul, it matters not whether it be a torrent of bilge-water or of nectar. But it does make all the difference in the world. Even if it

heightens life for the moment, the reading of an adulterous and murderous story, told with the terrific realism of Browning, is an evil. The torrent of mud and blood jars, perturbs, vulgarizes the soul through which it rushes. The poet should seek to heighten life purely, and by pure means alone, adding to the degrees of tenderness, aspiration, energy, faith, joy, and peace experienced by ordinary souls, his transcendent experiences of them. Parsons stands this test well. Endowed with larger and sharper consciousness than common men, he has a clearer intelligence, more sensitive and hungry affections, more cultivated taste, more soaring aspirations, than they; his disappointments have been deeper, his griefs keener, his knowledge of the beauty and mystery of nature greater, his feeling of the glory and tragedy of life more profound. The intensity of temperament which raises all experiences to their extremes, and makes the ideal world more real than the actual one, gives its possessor a native impulse to imaginative creation. When his moods of exaltation or depression become overpowering, they instinctively seek relief in poetry. So it was with his great master, Dante, who says, "When my eyes had for some time been bathed in tears, and were so weary that I could no longer give vent to my grief in weeping, I thought to find an outlet for it in verse." His favorite themes, whether humorous or pathetic, are of a gentle character, never laceratingly sensational; and, even when they are most melancholy, his genius sheds a golden light on them, and breathes a calm music through them. Thus he closes his verses on Sleep: —

> "Well, I can wait a little more,
> A little longer wait and weep,
> Until the welcome grave restore
> The bliss of an unbroken sleep.
>
> "Let me remember Him that, while
> His tired disciples round him slept, —
> The sinless born that knew no guile! —
> Watched in Gethsemane, and wept."

Again, with a —

> "Good-humored wisdom that can read the lie
> Of the false world, nor be enraged thereby,"

he prophesies the time when —

> "Our world shall grow a less distracting scene,
> And life, less busy, wear a gentler mien."

In his tribute to Crawford, — a poem whose richness, pathos, perfect ease, and simplicity of expression make it a wonder of nature and art, — he says, —

> "Ah! there be many histories
> That no historian writes,
> And friendship hath its mysteries
> And consecrated nights;
> Amid the busy days of pain,
> Wear of hand, and tear of brain,
> Weary midnight, weary morn,
> Years of struggle paid with scorn.
> Grief stirs me, and I must be stirred.
> O Death, thou teacher true and rough!
> Full oft I fear that we have erred,
> And have not loved enough."

Then he ends the poem with these exquisitely fine and sweet lines: —

> "Good mourners, go your several ways!
> He needs no further rite, nor mass,
> Nor eulogy, who best could praise
> Himself in marble and in brass,
> Yet his best monument did raise,
> Not in those perishable things
> That men eternal deem, —
> The pride of palaces and of kings, —
> But in such works as must avail him there,
> With Him who, from the extreme
> Love that was in his breast,
> Said, 'Come, all ye that heavy burdens bear,
> And I will give you rest!'"

Sainte-Beuve says, "The revery of the poet is an enchanted ennui." This experience of genius is a continuous sameness filled with beauty, love, and joy; but the disenchanted ennui of the earthling is a continuous sameness made empty by disgust. Then, as Parsons expresses it in a happy line, —

> "The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes."

The mission of the poet is neither to deceive nor to undeceive us, but to glorify and sweeten existence, throwing all over the

landscape lines of light which steep it in ideal hues, and drawing streams from Castaly to irrigate our arid days. He burnishes the rusty, beautifies the ugly, associates the disconnected, and animates the insensible. Sometimes, surcharged with joyous life, the electric saltations of power run off from his brain in dancing dithyrambs. Sometimes, like an Æolian harp, wailing in the twilight, his responsive soul gives the dumb sorrow of the world a plaintive tongue. Sometimes, he so inoculates careless and hardened souls with the tender melancholy which freights his temperament, that they, too, grow susceptible to generous sympathies. Always his proper influence is to purify, enrich, and expand the consciousness that communes with his creations.

> "An auxiliar light
> Comes from his mind, which on the setting sun
> Bestows new splendor: the melodious birds,
> The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on,
> Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obey
> A like dominion, and the midnight storm
> Grows darker in the presence of his eye."

The poet is in the world of imagination almost what God is in the world of reality. In the perfected poetic mood, thought takes the place of the sun, and love fulfils the office of gravitation. We shudder, when in the hovel we see Crabbe holding out his bleak tray of tears; but when we read the gorgeous lines of Longfellow, —

> "And through a sapphire sea the sun
> Sails on like a golden galleon,"

we feel as if our nakedness were suddenly clothed with a warm robe of gleaming satin. If all that the poets have added to the scenery of nature and the sum of human life were taken away, every thing would be impoverished into the haggard semblance of what it is now. Men like Turner are born with a prism in their eyes. With men like Wordsworth, the prism is fused through the soul; the revelation they make of the glory they see and of the bliss they feel puts subsequent generations in their debt.

A striking quality of Parsons, as a poet, is the pronounced

individuality of whatever he does. Every product is cast in the mould of his personality, stamped by the direct, honest, patient action of his own nature and experience. There are writers whose productions, though not unfamiliar in general substance and form, come from the fresh and strong exercise of their own faculties, and thus have a charm of originality; that is to say, their works abound in the marks of original thinking, if not with results of original thought. Such is the case with Buckle. Even this is no slight distinction in an age when so many books are effects of chirography, rather than of insight and emotion. The sensibility of Parsons, susceptible to the least impressions of the most imponderable agencies, seems ever to have been wax to receive, steel to retain. One consequence is that nothing comes from his pen which has not been made thoroughly his own. His poems have the sincerity of genuine experience and truthful art. Another consequence is, that his thoughts and feelings hold him in their prison, and keep him conscious of them. This indicates his defect as a poet; namely, a morbid confinement to personal experiences. He wears a subjective chain which prevents the freedom of a broad and wholesome objective range. He often remains bound and sighing in accidental associations and individual limitations, instead of travelling at large with exhilarating liberty amidst universal truths and eternal conditions. He seems to have suffered too deeply ever to be merry with all his heart. Such refrains are constantly recurring as this: —

> "Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
> Sad thoughts and sunny weather,
> Ah me! this glory and this grief
> Agree not well together."

It is as if, in a pre-earthly state, he had been drugged with the spell of some strange melancholy incantation, and then for ever as —

> "Through many a verse life's poem flows,
> Yet still, though seldom marked by men,
> At times returns the constant close;
> Still the old chorus comes again."

His Muse breathes the calm of resignation, despair, the grave, rather than the peace of trust and contentment. This brooding burden of the sin and pain and mystery of the world, if a noble fault in a poet, is yet a fault. His genius ought to brighten the lot of men by radiating the happiness of his gifts. Imagination should lift and clear and free the mind it inspires, rendering life not only serene, but sublime. The bruised and weary poet should bathe in Castaly in preference to Lethe; for although the latter heals wounds the most effectually, it cures them with death instead of immortality.

However attached and personal our poet is in the subjects he treats, he is singularly detached and objective in his style, which never drones or languishes, but vivaciously varies in accordance with the demands of the treatment he chooses to give his themes. He is never flat, never stilted, never verbose, never bombastic, never affected. He is one of the truest of the humorists who have set pen to paper in this country. Nothing ridiculous escapes his keen and competent eye; and he portrays it with a smiling ease, a sound judgment, and a polished brevity, comparable with those of the best workmen in this department. Those who would rather laugh in their minds than by explosions of the organs of cachinnation, will search far before they can find a more delightfully enjoyable satire than the "Saratoga Eclogue." The two Yankee cockneys, Tityrus and Melibœus, discuss the relative attractions of town and country: —

"TITYRUS.

"And as for air, what air can equal ours?
Do you admire the sweetness of the flowers?

"MELIBŒUS.

"Not I: these breezes are but pap to me;
I love the ham-like relish of the sea.
And, oh! that any flower, tree, shrub, or grass,
Might imitate the perfume of the gas!

"TITYRUS.

"Ah! could I change for that aroma now
These hateful smells, this execrable cow:
Fain would I change for any stench of Art,
This mawkish Nature ———

"MELIBŒUS.

"Wherefore do you start?

"TITYRUS.

"What grateful steam along the corridor
Steals to my sense? and what persuasive roar?
Hark! 'tis the dulcet thunder of the gong."

Humor, as a quality in literature, is both rare and admirable. Parsons has it in a degree which few can rival. He shows it most prominently in that remarkable series of poems which he calls "Letters," a series as Horatian in spirit as any thing produced in our time. To appreciate their merits of matter and manner, they must be carefully studied many times, as Horace is. We cite a passage, not by any means one of the best, in which he speaks of Boston:—

"This town, in olden times of stake and flame,
A famous nest of Puritans became;
Sad, rigid souls, who hated, as they ought,
The carnal arms wherewith the devil fought:
Dancing and dicing, music, and whate'er
Spreads for humanity the pleasing snare.
Stage-plays, especially, their hearts abhorred,
Holding the muses hateful to the Lord,
Save when old Sternhold and his brother-bard
Oped their hoarse throats, and strained an anthem hard."

We know of no American poet whose expression has such unpretentious and piercing pathos as that of this author. In the midst even of his most satirical and humorous strokes it appears, sometimes suddenly penetrating the soul with a sharp smart of pain, sometimes stealing plaintively to the inmost fount of our sighs and tears. He said once, when he heard a lady sing,—

"Strange was the pleasure that over me stole,—
It was made of old sadness that lives in my soul."

Comparing human life to a race, rushing on through vales and woods and deserts, over bridges and mountains, he exclaims,—

"Whither? whither? ah! who knows?
Let us hope to some repose."

What can be more affecting in conception or felicitous in expression than the last line of this allusion to a bereaved husband? —

> "Lonely through life, but looking for the day
> When what is mortal of himself shall sleep;
> When human passion shall have passed away,
> And love no longer be a thing to weep."

With what simple power the feeling is transferred from his soul to that of the sensitive reader in his lines "On a Magnolia-Flower"!

> "Memorial of my former days,
> Magnolia, as I scent thy breath,
> And on thy pallid beauty gaze,
> I feel not far from death.
>
> "So much hath happened, and so much
> The tomb hath claimed of what was mine!
> Thy fragrance moves me with a touch
> As from a hand divine.
>
> "Lady, who sendest from the South
> This frail, pale token of the past,
> I press the petals to my mouth,
> And sigh — as 'twere my last."

Among the best things of the great Elizabethan bards there is absolutely nothing better than the "Dirge" written by Dr. Parsons for the burial of Henry Wales. Could all the martyrdoms, all the funerals, of the poor unhappy children of humanity be concentrated into one piteous lament and memorial service, this dirge were fit to be chanted there.

One of the highest excellences of Parsons is that he trusts for effect to the intrinsic substantive value of his work, and never tries to eke out hasty and shallow thoughts by artifices of style. It is a supreme merit of style to be a transparent medium of ideas and emotions, beauty not being added as ornamentation, but transfused as life. Parsons never attempts to hide intellectual poverty with verbal iridescence. His ornaments are a vascular growth and native bloom of his matter, like the purple on a plum and the perfume in a rose. Nothing can be more graceful and lovely than the following lines, though there is nothing like an ornament about them. The richest beauty lives and breathes in their very substance.

All the ethereal lightness, delicacy, purity, worship, belonging to the soul of a poet, are here transmuted into musical words. And the same praise is due to "The Last Gentian," and to the "Vespers by the Shore of the Mediterranean:" —

"Brush not the floor where my lady hath trod,
Lest one light sign of her foot you mar;
For where she walks, in the spring, on the sod,
There, I have noticed, most violets are.

"Touch not her work, nor her book, — nor a thing
That her exquisite finger hath only pressed;
But fan the dust off with a plume that the wing
Of the ring-dove let fall, on his way to his nest.

"I think the sun stops, if a moment she stand,
In the morn, sometimes, at her father's door;
And the brook where she may have dipt her hand
Runs purer to me than it did before.

"How I dare to speak to her, scarce I can guess,
But the courage comes, for she makes me strong;
What *is* in my heart? Is it love? Oh yes;
But a love with worship that knows no wrong.

"Under the mail of 'I know me pure,'
I dare to dream of her — and by day;
And as oft as I come to her presence, I'm sure
Had I one low thought she would look it away."

The translation by Dr. Parsons of the first Canticle of the Divine Comedy is of such extraordinary value that it makes us look with eager desire to the same hand for the other two. We are glad to learn that these are already in a state for publication. We are confident that no other piece of metrical translation so difficult and so prolonged was ever done so well. The most competent and impartial judges, both in this country and in Europe, have already decided that, totally estimated, it distances every rival. It will always stand as one of the solitary masterpieces of literature. The exact verbal rendering by Longfellow is often faint, feeble, prosaic, dropping to the level of conversation. Parsons, while almost as faithful in closeness to the text, rises to the height of song, and stays there. His version keeps all of Dante that can be kept, yet reads like an original poem in English. It teems with power, and with all those verbal felicities of which the art is so consummate

that it seems simple artlessness, a happy knack of nature. Its fire and energy are immense. As a study in the vernacular strength or the idiomatic richness and flexibility of our language, we know of no single poetical composition equal to it. The very great preponderance of Saxon monosyllables is amazing. The lithe and sinewy vigor of the lines thus formed, the power with which they carry their freight of meaning, is wonderful. We are made to see the sights, feel the touches, hear the sounds, live the experiences they suggest, — so sharply cut, so vividly colored, so strongly struck are the verbal dies: —

"Here, at the scowling precipice's base,
I stopped, intently gazing, and beheld,
Plunged in that bog, a smeared but naked race,
With wrathful eyes and features passion-swelled.
These not with hands alone each other beat,
But headlong rushed, butting and striking sore,
Met breast to breast and fought with furious feet,
Yea, piecemeal with their teeth each other tore."

The study of a great man is an education. Dr. Parsons has been an unwearied student of Dante for thirty years, and has reaped commensurate benefits from the familiarity. His lines to the immortal Florentine, by common consent, are ranked with the very noblest efforts of the American muse. Among the other traits in the matchless style of Dante, are his unique conciseness and precision. His descriptions are coined rather than painted; his metaphors are not pictures, but medallions. This artistic horror of slovenly work, this conscientious finish of severe simplicity and force, the apt pupil shares with the great master. How few poets could handle the magnificent image, descriptive of the summer aspect of the world, with the effective ease and certainty shown in these verses? —

"Like some fresh marble, the sublime
Work of immortal hands,
Nature before us in her prime,
Almost completed stands.

"And now the dreaming eye foresees
The sculptor's final stroke,
The golden heaps beneath the trees,
The purpling of the oak."

Parsons's pages also abound in those impressive and memorable aphoristic lines which are the portable treasures of scholars, condensations of the wisdom of a lifetime, as the Orientals are said to distil acres of roses into a drop of attar. Thus he alludes to persons who are —

> "Deep-read in volumes deeply writ."

Every one, too, will feel the large suggestiveness of these words, —

> "That fine freemasonry that is not earned
> By bookish toil in colleges at home,
> Nor all the schools from Göttingen to Rome."

No thoughtful man can heed this apostrophe, unmoved by its weighty solemnity: —

> "O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
> The only righteous judge art thou."

Speaking of an aspiring and reverential scholar, he says, —

> "His heart was written o'er, like some stray page
> Torn out of Plutarch, with majestic names."

He sighs our departed youth as —

> "That early time
> When the fresh heart could vulgar life sublime,
> And all the prose of our existence change
> By magic power to something rich and strange."

But we must cease from these citations with one more specimen. With reference to the rapidly spreading rule of educated man, he writes, —

> "So swift its course, some prophet may contend
> Its very progress bodes a speedy end.
> No! like Niagara's changeless current driven,
> It moves, yet stays, eternal as the heaven.
> That mighty torrent, as it flows to-day,
> For ever flows, but never flows away;
> The waves you gazed at yesterday are gone,
> Yet the same restless deluge thunders on."

As an American poet, Dr. Parsons has done good work, which entitles him to the gratitude of his countrymen. Nothing of the kind in our literature is superior to his

"Ballad of the White Hills," or more imperishable. His "Dirge for one who fell in Battle" is original, beautiful, and tender, to the last degree. The patriotic pride, the rich reflections, the melodious march, the splendid imagery of his "Hudson River," give it a foremost place among the poems written by great poets in celebration of their favorite streams: —

> "Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
> Glide past green Eden towards the unknown South,
> Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
> And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth."

His "Ode on the Death of Daniel Webster," beginning, —

> "Comes there a frigate home? what mighty bark
> Returns with torn but still triumphant sails?
> Such peals awake the wondering Sabbath — hark!
> How the dread echoes die among the vales!"

is full of solemn and massive grandeur, like that of the imposing personality it celebrates: —

> "We have no high cathedral for his rest,
> Dim with proud banners and the dust of years;
> All we can give him is New England's breast
> To lay his head on, — and his country's tears."

His glorious verses on "The Flag," we trust will stir the exultation of American hearts when the thrilling ensign shall have played with the battle and the breeze for a thousand years, and every man on the continent looks up to it with loyal love: —

> "Still proudest emblem on the seas!
> Bright banner of my new-born land!
> The time is near when every breeze
> By which thy stainless folds are fanned
> Shall bring the name of freedom clear —
> More clear than ever heard before —
> To each expectant bondsman's ear,
> On every tyrant-trodden shore."

The late attempt to sever our Union he fitly characterizes in these few lines, whose tremendous meaning loads them with more weight than belongs to whole volumes by some authors: —

> "Some of these weapons have made rebellion reel,
> In days when rebels threatened kings alone
> And spared Republics — for that word was known
> Only in monarchies, — among the free
> 'Twas called conspiracy, and so *shall* be
> When this conspiracy, from age to age
> Shall thunder down through History's damning page."

Yet his patriotism does not blunt his perceptions of the truth. He sees all our limitations, knows well what we have still to do in refining our life and balancing our subjection to material utility with devotion to ideal pursuits. According to his view, —

> "Hesperia's muse is but a lagging bird,
> By whose low flight small rivalry is stirred;
> On ostrich wings her dull career is driven, —
> Half-tied to earth, half-hopping up to heaven, —
> For seldom here has genius found in art
> Spontaneous utterance for a flowing heart,
> Or sought by night, in forest or in glen,
> The tongue of angels for the thoughts of men."

And now we must take leave of the bard whose "Lilac," "Altar," "Rosary," "Page of Conchology," "Intellectual Republic," "Shadow of Obelisk," and their mates, have been our beguiling companions in many a lonely hour. Such is the grateful earnestness of our own appreciation of his literary deserts, that we shall willingly bear the censures of those who are ignorant of what he has written, or but passingly acquainted with it, and who, no doubt, will deem the estimate here presented an exaggerated one. Of however little worth our praise may be, it comes honestly from the heart; and if we have hinted any blame, we trust it has been done with a gentleness which will prevent the poet from saying to us, as he said to that reproachful bird of dusk who sang at him up at Sudbury, —

> "Why whip poor Will? what sin of mine
> Deserves so harsh a word?
> How impudent! I half incline
> To quarrel with the bird."

Art. VII.—EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century: delivered in the Mercer-street Church, New York, on the "Ely Foundation" of the Union Theological Library. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

From this title, one might expect an exhibition of the evidences of Christianity in some sense peculiar to this century. There is no disguising that our age differs very widely indeed, in its whole style of thinking, from the so-called "Ages of Faith;" and is rapidly outgrowing, to appearance, most of the formal and dogmatic statements that have been put forth to interpret Christianity to the world. And yet, in a quite intelligible sense, there is an interpretation of it which belongs in a very marked way to this era. Ideas claimed as Christian are made very broadly the common possession of mankind. The notion of humanity itself—of a duty, a right, a destiny, which belongs to man as man, and is a bond of union among all races and nations of men—has at once its most vivid expression in the Christian Scriptures, and its most vivid illustration in the dominant thought of our own day. The "glittering generalities" of the New Testament became the avowed doctrines and policies of great States. A standard of justice, mercy, morality, whose only refuge from the corruption of a perishing empire was in the bosom of the persecuted Church, come to be the commonplaces of international law, and the received axioms of ordinary jurisprudence. A certain "enthusiasm for humanity," which the writer of "Ecce Homo" points out as the distinguishing thing in Christianity at its first promulgation, is illustrated by Catholic and Protestant missions on a wide scale; by great humanitary efforts, and labors of reform; by an ideal altogether new, which men in great numbers are seeking to embody in their political constructions; by toils of charity of the noblest order, such for

example as the grand "Commissions" of our late war; by the very existence of an ambitious and powerful republic, which in its code of fundamental law engrafts the principles of equal and impartial right. These are the works and these the thoughts which mankind has been slowly learning from that great word of inspiration which we call the revelation of Christianity to the world. In a very peculiar sense, it makes the aim, the ideal, the inspiration of our era, — at least of whatever is noblest and best in it. And surely, if in any way this nineteenth century is bearing its testimony to Christianity, and contributing its share to the mass of Christian evidences, it is in such ways as these.

We are disappointed, then, in taking up this volume, to find it only a re-threshing of a thrice-threshed sheaf; only the restatement of arguments long familiar; only the old, narrow, technical, dogmatic rendering of a divine and glorious word; only a new attempt to exhibit the old, familiar body of the "evidences," as viewed in the light of the nineteenth century. There is little effort to appreciate what is really the intellectual temper of this age, and what laws of evidence it is inclined to accept. Some show there is an acquaintance with a few of its leading names; but of what makes its ideas and beliefs vary from those of previous ages, no real analysis. The argument of the book, briefly stated, is this: such and such arguments were found satisfactory to confute the deists of revolutionary England; the sceptics and scoffers of infidel France have passed out of repute, so as no longer to be a recognized authority and force; those old controversies have passed, and still the Christian Church exists on the same foundation of belief, and the reasoning of its apologists remains undiminished in cogency; the whole doctrinal system abides, and the "evidences of Christianity," in the strict orthodox sense, are as good in the nineteenth century as in the eighteenth, or the first. One is surprised at the writer's unconsciousness of the latent force there is in the *drift* of human opinion, or that he is addressing a different public than that which was satisfied with the old theology. If he holds, as he seems to, that the sun actually stood still at the

command of Joshua,* or argues from the generation of the whole human race from Adam and their inheritance of his guilt, he does it strangely unaware that the minds he would convince are long past caring to listen to defence or confutation of such things. Such an argument — however skilful and plausible its setting-forth — is of the sort that does such deep discredit to theology as a branch of men's study and thought. It is wholly a stranger to the living, intellectual issues of the time. It is a voice from the eighteenth century, importunate and dull, claiming to be heard amidst the life and noise of this.

Still, though disappointed in the main argument of the book, it would be unfair to disparage the book itself. It is the work of an able, intelligent, honest man. Dr. Barnes has won an honorable reputation among his contemporaries for sincerity and intellectual courage. This volume does not lack variety of information, clearness and vigor of style, or logical directness and force. It not only shows a good knowledge of the subject as treated in other days; but it gives, amply and bravely, citations from such writers as Lecky and Renan, to illustrate the style of thought it would confute. But it would be too much to expect from one known chiefly as an eminent preacher, a faithful minister, a popular commentator, such treatment as should satisfy the critical judgment of this generation. It is giving this book a high rank, to class it with such works as Isaac Taylor's "Restoration of Belief," and Henry Rogers's "Eclipse of Faith." It is no disparagement to say, that it is not *the* book, which we trust will one day bring this whole matter of the Christian evidences upon the level of the thought and knowledge of the nineteenth century, while guarding, as earnestly as this, the essentials of Christian faith.

Something of the same judgment we inevitably pass on all the forms of argument, so frequent still among us, which seek to defend Christianity as identified with any schemes of theology, or as resting on any technical and exceptional

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* See page 166.

canons of belief. The confidence which a believer has in the forms of belief dear to him may be perfectly legitimate and valid to his own mind. They may have nothing in them to shock an intelligent reason; nothing to trouble a devout conscience; nothing which, in the great mystery of the universe, we have a right to pronounce absurd and impossible, even contrary to the established certainties of science. So it is with the current belief, as held by cultivated minds, in the miracles of the Testament. The evidence of them is very simple and clear. They are essential features in a narrative, written with transparent good faith by honest men who believed every word of it. These men, if not actual eye-witnesses of the facts,— which, most likely, some of them were,— were at least near enough the time and scene of them to get their account easily from those who were, at only one or two removes at furthest. The narrative is thoroughly wrought into the substance — they are the only account we have of the origin — of a series of historical events, conspicuous, grand, and momentous in their results upon human life, whether distant or direct, beyond any other. They have shaped the beliefs, and determined the most energetic motives, of the most cultivated and powerful races of man for nearly two thousand years. Moreover, accepting the postulates of theism, — that there is a living God, a divine Providence in human affairs, a moral order, under the control of infinite Intelligence, bringing good to a slow but certain triumph over evil, — there is nothing whatever incredible or unreasonable in the nature of the facts themselves. No theist can deny the power, or the motive for exercising the power. The character of the facts themselves, with one or two doubtful and inconsiderable exceptions, is in harmony with the beneficent purpose assumed. Nay, criticise them as we may, they have stood to the human heart and imagination, these eighteen centuries, as the express type of that gracious compassion, that tender mercy, which it is so grateful, yet to most of us so hard, to associate with the name of the divine Power that orders the course of human things, — the precious illustration of that might and love which together make up

our idea of God as a Father. The external testimony which confirms them is sufficiently straightforward and clear; it is at any rate strong enough to have convinced very many sagacious and able minds, abundantly skilled to judge of evidence; and, to one who has been educated in a belief in them, there would seem no ground whatever why he should be called to surrender that belief; no reason why he should not put it on the same level of certainty with nine-tenths of the opinions on which he acts with absolute assurance from day to day.

This is the argument, substantially, as Dr. Barnes repeats it, and as it is familiar to every student of the "evidences." It is an argument entirely sound, and one which completely serves its purpose; that is, to legitimate the common belief of Christians *to themselves*, on those general principles of evidence, and on the accepted views of divine Providence, which their education has made familiar. It is an argument that gives full satisfaction to minds which no one has a right to call narrow or weak, and is associated with the truest religious peace, the finest Christian motive, the purest lives and devoutest hopes that sanctify the Christian name. It is an argument appropriately named "in defence of Christianity:" it maintains a position already taken, and liable to attack; in nature, as in logical classification, it is the argument known as "apologetic." It does not make the actual ground of any one's belief in the system it defends: belief of that sort always comes into the mind, anterior to evidence, from sources that lie back of reason. Where the moral motive lacks, where the previous assumptions do not exist, it is vain to rely on any process of the understanding. The argument, which is ample for defence, is worthless for attack or propagandism. As long as it rests on its technical defences, Christianity may be safe in its own intrenchments; but may be, at the same time, completely a stranger to the intellectual forces that really move the world. As a matter of fact, it is plain to see that the argument, such as we have stated it, has no effect whatever on the class of minds which it is most important to convince; that is, minds educated in the thought and trained in the logic of the nineteenth century. Each age has its own

canons of belief; and the reasoning process which was held impregnable a century or two ago, may be utterly void of impression now. No device of argument, for example, could make credible now the two beliefs held surer than almost any other a few generations back, the reality of witchcraft, or diabolic agency, and an eternal hell for unbelievers. *The beliefs themselves do not make part of the intellectual furniture of this age;* and therefore, any one who should reason in defence of them, however earnestly and however powerfully, would seem "as one that beateth the air."

This intellectual condition is precisely what much of the common argument on the Christian evidences seems to overlook. Intelligent, able, and cultivated men, fully assured of their ground, and utterly sincere in their defence of it, are confounded and perplexed to find that their words make no impression whatever just where they expect and wish a candid hearing. We deal with the fact simply, not with any reason or justification of the fact. It is one very important for the student or expounder of the evidences to understand. It may help to understand it, if we look at an illustration of it a little aside from the field to which our eye is most accustomed. Mr. Kingsley is a clergyman of the Church of England, who would defend with as vehement a zeal as anybody her current doctrine of the supernatural. Well versed in history and literature, and in the popular side of science, with sympathies, too, that should make him understand the mental state of the great intelligent, unbelieving class of English working-men, he finds nothing too hard for his belief in that church creed, which takes in trinity, atonement, technical inspiration, the supernatural validity of church ordinances. Yet, off the beaten track of Anglican orthodoxy, here is the way he speaks of narratives which were once believed almost as widely and devoutly as those of the Gospels themselves; believed with a fervor of faith such, that the fact of the gospel story having survived it makes one strong and favorite point in the common statement of the Christian evidences. He is speaking of the wonders ascribed to the monks and hermits of the early Christian centuries:—

"There is as much evidence in favor of these hermits' miracles and visions as there is, with most men, of the existence of China, and much more than there is, with most men, of the earth's going round the sun.

"But the truth is, that evidence, in most matters of importance, is worth very little. Very few people decide a question on its facts, but on their own prejudices as to what they would like to have happened. Very few people are judges of evidence; not even of their own eyes and ears. Very few persons, when they see a thing, know what they have seen and what not. They tell you quite honestly, not what they saw, but what they think they ought to have seen, or should like to have seen. . . . Moreover, when people are crowded together under any excitement, there is nothing which they will not make each other believe. . . . Every one is ashamed of not seeing what every one else sees, and persuades himself against his own eyesight, for fear of seeming stupid or ill-conditioned; and therefore, in all evidence, the fewer witnesses the more truth, because the evidence of ten men is worth more than that of a hundred together; and the evidence of a thousand men together is worth still less." *

"Again, as for these miracles being contrary to our experience, that is no very valid argument against them; for equally contrary to our experience is every new discovery of science, every strange phenomenon among plants and animals, every new experiment in a chemical lecture. The more we know of science, the more we must confess that nothing is too strange to be true; and therefore we must not blame or laugh at those who in old times believed in strange things which were not true. . . . Experience, it must be remembered, is the only sound test of truth. As long as men will settle beforehand for themselves, without experience, what they ought to see, so long will they be perpetually fancying that they or others have seen it; and their faith, as it is falsely called, will delude not only their reason, but their very hearing, sight, and touch."

And so, in the face of evidence which he has declared to be as strong as that, for most men, of the existence of China, Mr. Kingsley does not hesitate to deny the tales in such terms as the following: —

"Some of them must be denied utterly, like that of St. Helenus, riding and then slaying the crocodile. It did not happen. Abbot

* "The Hermits," pp. 202-204.

Ammon did not make two dragons guard his cell against robbers. St. Gerasimus did not set the lion, out of whose foot he had taken a thorn, to guard his ass; and when the ass was stolen by an Arabian camel-driver, he did not (fancying that the lion had eaten the ass) make him carry water in the ass's stead. Neither did the lion, when next he met the thief and the ass, bring them up, in his own justification, to St. Gerasimus. St. Costinian did not put a pack-saddle on a bear, and make him carry a great stone. A lioness did not bring her five blind whelps to a hermit, that he might give them sight."

And so on. There is something, in truth, childish about these tales, which puts them far below comparison with those divine acts of mercy told in the Christian Scriptures. The point of comparison is, simply, the reason given by intelligent men for rejecting the supernatural element in them. For Mr. Kingsley fully agrees with Count Montalembert, in considering that these were no unworthy exhibitions of moral superiority, in the age of which they are recorded. Nay, he thinks that for most of them, both those telling the cure of strange diseases and those speaking of superhuman power over the beasts of the wild, there was a real foundation of fact. His whole argument, applied to them, is precisely such as the "rationalizing" critic applies to the Scripture miracles. Where is the difference, then? It does not consist in the nature and laws of evidence; not in the credibility of the witnesses, since the wonders ascribed to the ascetics are often attested at first or second hand by such well-known witnesses as Athanasius and Jerome; not in the intrinsic character of the incidents themselves, many of which are obviously imitated from the Scripture miracles. The difference is simply in the mental prepossession with which the accounts are read or heard. The Catholic believer, who still cherishes a devout faith in these and similar legends of the saints, and can give the date and place of miracles wrought in the Church's name in our own day, would find it vain to urge on Mr. Kingsley to be consistent, as a Christian supernaturalist, in applying his canons of evidence in this field also. And Mr. Kingsley himself could hardly have written the pages we have copied

from him above, without knowing in his heart how impossible it is for other men, who have *not* admitted those canons of evidence, to alter their whole habit of mind in dealing with the special class of facts which the Christian apologist commends to their belief. Within the circle of believers, the argument is held sound, and the facts it vindicates are unspeakably precious. Outside that circle, the argument is effete and worthless. And, from the nature of things, that circle must grow narrower and narrower, in proportion to the ranges of knowledge and thought in the world at large, unless it can breathe the common mental atmosphere, and share the common heritage, of the world's intellectual life.

It will greatly simplify the whole matter of dealing with these "Evidences," and will very much help to a fair understanding among persons of different views, if we accept the fact as we find it in the scientific habit of the day, without disguise, without misrepresentation, without alarm, — above all, without the weakness of "theological hate." Let us only see distinctly where the point lies. It is not that the Christian miracles are unreasonable, impossible, or probably untrue. The argument in favor of them, as Dr. Barnes sufficiently illustrates, stands as plausible and as strong to-day, as it did a century and a half ago. It is, that, to the mental structure developed within this century and a half, belief in them is for the present, with a large class of minds, simply impossible. They do not present, to such minds, an open question; or a question that, under present conditions, can be made an open one to them. There are laws of the human mind, there are habits of thought resulting from "constant and uniform association," against which argument is powerless. The scientific mind is obliged to accept, as axioms, principles of belief which appear to be in direct negation of the facts recorded as miraculous: — appear, we say, because it is quite conceivable that this present mental habit may be outgrown, and that a wider science may take in hereafter many a fact which now seems monstrous and incredible. But, while that habit lasts, the only right course for the Christian believer is to know it and respect it. Argument is meant for the full-

grown masculine intelligence of the world. The scientific thinker, the historical critic, — not the pious convert, or the wavering disciple, — are the class of minds which it is just now most important to convince. And, with them, such arguments as those of Dr. Barnes, we know, are mere weakness and harm.

That habit of mind, we say, cannot be done away by dint of reasoning. The scientific man — suppose a physiologist, like Brown-Séquard — is accustomed to a hard, uncompromising, pitiless style of experiment and proof, of which the gentle theologic temper (since Inquisition days) knows nothing. A medical lecturer in one of our colleges, a devout, honest, intelligent man, among the foremost, and a Christian supernaturalist, lately addressed his class in language something like this: "The true physician seeks simply the truth. It is nothing to him what prejudices it may shock, what theories it may explode. If it were possible, I say it reverently, he would apply the microscope to the risen body of Jesus himself, to ascertain its identity with that which died upon the cross. *He expects and demands the same absolute sincerity of the theologian.*" But the theologian deals with moral, not physical, evidences. He knows nothing of such terrible tests as these. It is a difficulty, not a help, it is a source of weakness, not of strength, when he is obliged to complicate the reality of moral and spiritual truth with that of a definite series of physical facts, to which there is no possibility of applying the ordinary rules of physical investigation, especially when they are facts of a class requiring one to suspend his most familiar maxims and axioms of investigation. The facts may be true; there is at any rate no proving them false. A man may happen not to question them, or may not care to question them. But the question *are they true*, once opened, can be closed, to no intelligent mind, by any process of argumentation, or by any array of testimony in the nature of the case attainable. To revive a corpse after disintegration of the tissues has set in, to feed five thousand men with a handful of loaves and fishes, to restore a withered limb, or heal a case of leprosy-blindness, may be easy acts of superhuman

power, but they involve physical antecedents and results which only the physiologist is competent to trace; and it is for him to say what degree of evidence shall satisfy his mind of the reality of them. The theologian argues in the realm of free spirit: the scientific critic must reason of conditions which he finds on the plane of biological law.

This is the actual state of the case; not as we have been taught to believe it, not as we have wished to believe it, but as we may all see plainly that it really is. The once accepted creeds of Christendom have long ceased to command respect from the leading intelligence or the most enlightened conscience of mankind. Christianity *as an existing fact* — its organized and powerful institutions; its majestic traditions; its eventful history; its agency in working out the grandest form of civilization yet known among men; the vast latent force it always commands in the homage of its disciples; the prodigious power it exerts directly, as seen in the toils of the missionary, and in many a work of self-denying charity; its spirit working indirectly, through a thousand forms of literature and art; the immense religious enthusiasm its name is still able to call forth — does command the homage of the world, in a degree in which it has no rival. Its strength and authority are here. Its own statement of its evidence, its own interpretation of the facts on which it rests, are listened to with respect and deference. Its doctrine is accepted, by multitudes even of the higher ranks of intelligence, as taught by an authority they admit cheerfully, without question; listened to with courteous deference by multitudes more, who do not find their account in questioning it; allowed its conventional place of precedence in state-ceremonies, in all the great secular empires of the day. But when that authority is once challenged, or when its alleged foundation of fact receives a different interpretation, it becomes a new and very difficult problem how the challenge shall be met. Silence is weakness, faintness of heart, betrayal of the faith, withholding of the testimony. Lofty assertion of prerogative may impose and impress at first, but presently becomes ridiculous. To enter the arena of debate is to abandon its position of

advantage, and invite a peril which cannot easily be measured or met; it is to quit the familiar and safe ground, to encounter strange antagonists, with whom it must contend with strange weapons, and dispute in an unfamiliar dialect. To once admit its claims to be an open question, means to appeal to the tribunal of the current thoughts and judgments of the world; it is to invite the jurisdiction of the accepted code of the world's philosophy. And we may be sure that, when its claims trespass beyond the boundaries of pure moral and spiritual truth, — when they are made to take in assertions that occupy the same field with science or history, and facts of the same order as those to which we apply the severest tests of physical experiment, — it stands at a very heavy disadvantage before the bar of the judgment it invokes. Its proofs are not such as were formerly heard with respect by the astronomer; they do not command the deference now of the geologist, the chemist, or the physiologist.

Religion has its own order of facts and verities, a court of its own, from which there is no appeal. It rules, without challenge, in the realm of conscience, of the highest motives and emotions of human nature. It deals with men's inward conflict and peace, with those hopes and fears which make, after all, the broadest, deepest, most universal things in human life. Christianity, as an organized religion, with an accumulated power of many centuries, deals with these things with resources of experience, subtilty of touch, and acquired skill of handling, far beyond the dread of any rivalry. When, as Christian advocates, we appeal to these, "we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." In the measure of our power and good faith, the world is obliged to accept our testimony; for then the world is dealing with an obstinate, an unyielding, an imperishable fact. Not so when we go beyond our beat, and attempt to confute science in its own domain; or to enforce, dogmatically, an order of assertion as to a circle of physical events, strange and abhorrent to the received philosophy. The best "evidences of Christianity in the nineteenth century" are those which say least of its preternatural facts and mysteries; which plant themselves on

its proved fitness to heal the wounds and soothe the griefs, and feed the hunger of the soul.

And, for their illustration, take the enormous moral power of Christianity as one of the forces in human history. In its feeble youth it met, undaunted, the terrors of an organized paganism, of a despotic and cruel empire. While its ranks were scattered and thin, it saw them diminished, year by year, by relentless persecution: the headsman's axe, the burning pile of martyrdom, the sheets of flaming pitch wrapped round their naked limbs, the horrible circus games in which their agony was the sport of a hundred thousand at once in the world's brutal capital, — all could not break the martyrs' steady courage, or wrest from them one copy of that blessed Gospel which they prized more than life, or overcome that horror of sin which was stronger than any tortures or terrors of death. That was the first, sublimest, triumph of the Christian faith; that was the new world of heroic courage, strength, and trust, of which the human soul became conscious during its martyr-age.

Next we see its victory over the corrupt and insolent despotism that strove to put it down; how it attained, gradually, a firmer footing in the world; how temples, altars, empires of a false idolatry fell around it in the decay of ancient civilization, leaving it only more large and strong; how, though distracted by rival creeds and court intrigues, and the corruption of the age which adopted it, its divine essence and heavenly mission were yet manifest in the lives of pious and saintly men, and in the strength and skill of the organization which became the embodiment of its energetic life.

Then we see it standing, alone solid and strong, amid the wreck of the ancient world, and the devastations of barbarian tribes. Amidst that great terror and overthrow, the Church of Christ not only holds and defends the faith it has received as a trust from the Master: it sends out its trained bands of saints and missionaries, heroically true through torture and death; it encounters the powers of barbarism in their own domain; it wins the allegiance of those fierce pagan tribes, Saxon and Scandinavian, Goth and Frank; and then, turning

their lawless and brute energies to some recognition of divine law and spiritual truth, it lays the foundation of a Christian commonwealth of States, — a civilization springing from deeper roots, destined to wider sway, productive of deeper wisdom, of richer, more abundant, more enduring fruit.

Then we look upon its modern enterprises and results. Though corrupted by the ambitious craft of a priesthood, and by centuries of sway, yet the divine spark of truth and faith in it remains. Its spirit is immortal; it survives all harm; it lives in the hearts of faithful witnesses still, and the needed reformation comes. Emancipated from the formalism and superstition that clung about it like a crust, it allies itself with the expansive energies of the world's modern life. It fills nations, like Protestant England of three hundred years ago, with new vigor and strength, that flame out in martial enterprises, or burn more steadily in the intellectual light and heat of an heroic age. Humble men and delicate women are inspired once more with courage to be sufferers, martyrs, exiles, for conscience' sake; and the new world revealed beyond the thick veil of ocean mist is colonized in the name of religious liberty.

Three centuries of discovery and enterprise have made us familiar with all the continents and every island of the main, — Christian zeal and sympathy still following in the track, — till now not a shore but brightens with the dawn of gospel light, not a tribe among the thousand millions of the world's population but is sought by some intrepid missionary, earnest to bestow on it some share in the gospel hope and privilege. The ever-enlarging scale of modern life is matched by the holy enterprises and ambitions of those who bear the name of Christ; each discovery in the crowded haunts of vice and poverty is followed by some fresh effort to relieve, redress, redeem. The institutions and laws of men are judged more and more by the standard of Christian equity and truth. Devoted Christian men appear from time to time in all departments of activity, seeming to give the promise that toil, trade, learning, art, statesmanship, shall be severally redeemed by the gospel power from low and base ends, and consecrated to

the service of a divine humanity. Literature, purged of the grosser faults of former times, is touched by the same spirit, and reflects broadly the same blessed and benignant light. Enterprises of humanity abound, fresh and vigorous, rivalling in their manifold energy what is bravest, freest, and strongest in the life of modern times. Not in a single direction can we look, without seeing signs of the universal presence, the manifold active energy, of that Spirit named of Christ, whose triumphs are the coming of the divine kingdom upon earth.

Unquestionably the living faith of Christianity has always been associated with its supernatural facts and mysteries. But that is only half the truth. So it has, nineteen times in twenty, with the superhuman authority of an organized priesthood. So it has, ninety-nine times in a hundred, with a theory of the divine government and a future state, which the world's conscience more and more rejects, spite of every accumulation of evidence, from its mere blasphemy and horror. These things, we say, belonged to the social necessities or the superstitious habit of a barbaric and half-pagan age. In other words, Christianity has found its strength in alliance with the received customs and philosophies of the day. If it is to continue its existence as a power in the world's thought and life, if it is to remain a light and guide to civilization, if it is to make good its claim as a world-wide religion for humanity, and not as a narrowing sect doomed presently to be outgrown by other forces, if it is to retain any thing more than a contemptuous tolerance from its once despotic empire, it must be by observing the same conditions in the future as in the past; in other words, by perpetuating its alliance with what is foremost in thought, and most certain in knowledge, and most fearless in enterprise, in the age in which we live.

We need better to understand the terms on which it is so to continue to exist. For quietness and confidence, in which is strength, for moral sincerity in the debates we are called to argue, we need, as Christian advocates, a truer notion of what the realization of the gospel in the world's history has been. We should accustom ourselves (as without any diffi-

cult and learned studies we may) to regard the large outline of Christian history, and the general stages of that advance which the human race has made under the guidance of Christian faith. Whatever carping criticism, whatever moody scepticism, whatever unfriendly judgment of irreligious or religious men may meet us in the tone of the times, or in the suggestions that steal into our mind unawares, — we do ungenerously and ungratefully when we refuse to look to the *positive side first*, of what Christianity has really done and been. We can no longer afford to regard the kingdom of God in the technical and narrow sense familiar to the first disciples, when the movement predestined to be world-wide and immeasurably vast was represented in a little sect, at odds with Roman, Greek, and Jew, braced to a stern endurance of persecution, marshalled in uncompromising strife with paganism, expecting the register of all earthly things to be closed before its own generation should be passed away. Christianity has diffused itself like air, like electricity, like light. It has become a subtile, unseen, pervading, inseparable element in all modern life and thought. We can no more escape its influence than we can escape the brightness of the day; that is, we can do it only by making ourselves wilfully recluse and blind. The world's thought and life have been lifted by that divine energy upon a loftier and nobler plane. That glorious hope of immortality it proclaims, — it has become part of the unconscious and habitual atmosphere of our mind; that confident promise it makes of a better future for mankind, in the coming of a moral kingdom, harmonious and obedient to the law of God as the visible and outward universe which, day by day, we are learning better to comprehend, — this also is taken for granted by all who have any generous hope or wish as to the fortunes of the race, in a way that Pythagoras or Plato could not possibly have understood. Unconsciously, we act in a hundred ways by maxims of conduct first enforced under the sanction of the Christian gospel; we judge of the characters of men and the institutions of States, on the basis of an experience of many centuries, rich with innumerable examples of Christian heroism, devotedness, equity, and

mercy. We are drawn by strange and new ties of sympathy to the depressed and outcast of our race, by the merciful words of Jesus, heard in the broad air of modern life; by the tone of modern Christianized literature; by those generous and hopeful enterprises (whatever their immediate result) which seek to make one Christian commonwealth of souls over the whole globe.

This religion has entered deepest into the heart and conscience of the energetic and conquering races of the modern world, who bear its banner victoriously, and make its name a name of strength and a presage of victory. We do not identify it with the sects and creeds, and ecclesiastical acts and policies, which personate it too often in the world's affairs. We identify it with the hope of the humble, and the heroism of the strong; with the cheerful trust that yields itself to do the Master's work, or bear the Father's will; with the larger horizon and loftier aims that characterize the life of Christian times; with the patience in suffering, the strength in disaster and defeat, the nobility in triumph, of the world's noblest men; with the new hope and earnest effort of humanity in our own day, developing a type of faith wholly peculiar to this century; with the heroic protest by which brave and faithful souls contend against the peril of reckless, godless energies in the New World, and a civilization sceptic and effete in the Old; with that realm of the inner life, silent and unseen, which works evermore the high counsels of Providence, and is the coming of that kingdom for which we daily pray.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

There are two qualities which give Mr. Martineau's writings a special value to the present generation, aside from their wealth of thought, and their large contributions to Christian scholarship. One is the steady, confident, positive temper with which he sets himself to check the materializing drift of modern science, making his essays, in a peculiar and most valuable sense, *complementary* to those of Mill and Herbert Spencer, while consciously in an attitude purely antagonistic to them. The other is the logical persistency and grasp, the keen, clinging, and aggressive temper, which makes each essay a study in itself of the higher forms of logic, and puts his writings in so strong a contrast to the loose dissertationizing into which so much contemporary thinking runs, even of the abler kind, such as we find in the "Essays and Reviews." This masculine grasp, this wholesome vigor, this polemic tone, is a high and rare quality, — one that grows rarer in the easy eclecticism of the day; and we trace to it some of the best of the *secondary* influences of Mr. Martineau's writings.

The former quality — the philosophical — was better seen in the group of papers making up the first volume of his "Essays, Philosophical and Theological," published by Mr. Spencer, about two years ago. The other — the agonistic or polemical — is more conspicuous in that recently published.* It is particularly seen in the two papers from the "Prospective Review," on Whewell's somewhat pretentious and unsatisfactory system of ethics; but it is a marked quality in all, perhaps, we may say especially the earlier, of Mr. Martineau's writings. This quality in them not only makes the reader's interest quick and keen, but it secures a fidelity of workmanship very rare in discussions of this class. The grasp is like the hug of a wrestler, who will not quit his hold till the game is thoroughly played out, and the question of mastery is settled. In the present volume, we should call the most interesting example of it, as well as the noblest in tone and style, — a masterly study in its way, — that which controverts Mr. Grote's

* Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Vol. II. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 430.

opinion on the physical theory of Plato concerning the universe. It is very rare, indeed, to find a paper at once so instructive as to the mental condition and habits of ancient thinkers; and with so fine an appreciation of what is loftiest in their speculations on divine judgments and human characters, so curiously blended with their daring and loose cosmogonies.

This volume has not the degree of interest which belongs to the former, which grapples directly with the most eminent and recent minds that seem to be forming the speculative habit of this generation; but, as a study of Mr. Martineau's own mind, and comparison of his views with those of such men as Hamilton, Mansel, Whewell, and Kingsley, it is a worthy and beautiful companion to it.

A GOOD many men in our time, in Europe and America, are looking round anxiously to know what to believe, to find a satisfactory religion. Some of these are moved to describe their methods, and to tell their experience. Of this number is the simple-hearted, not to say simple-minded, Dutchman, H. C. J. Krythe, who tells at length, in a fervent, gushing, and enthusiastic style, how he journeyed from Holland to Eastern Prussia in search of God's saving truth, what he found there, and in what frame of mind he returned to his home.*

He went to Magdeburg half a rationalist. Of his early orthodox faith, the only remnants were belief in a personal God and in the immortality of the soul. He was entirely discontented with the dogmas even of the mild Calvinism of his native province. He had heard of the free churches of the Elbe region, and of Uhlich, the long-suffering preacher, who had endured many hardships as the penalty for his bold rationalism. He resolved to visit this free-thinker and his brethren; and persisted in his resolve, in spite of the jeers of the Protestant pastors, who called him a fool, and said that he "would come back like a Don Quixote."

Herr Krythe's visit to Magdeburg was not long, but it was very decisive for his faith. He saw in Uhlich the noblest and purest and loveliest of men, — a saint, a sage, a prophet, and an apostle; the idol of the people for his honesty, his charity, his humility, and his self-sacrifice. The radical leader found it very easy to win over this neophyte to a full adoption of his negations. Herr Krythe's reverence for this

* Religionsreise eines schlichten Landmannes von der holländischen Grenze. Von H. C. J. Krythe. Gotha, 1867. 12mo, pp. 287.

good man soon smothered his scruples. A few conversations satisfied him that a personal God was at once needless and impossible; that the commonly assigned attributes of Deity were preposterous; and that it was far more delightful to believe only in nature and the laws of nature. He had as little difficulty in letting individual immortality go, and leaving man to share the simple eternity of the atoms of matter in their change. Prayer, too, in the teaching of this wise man, was demonstrated to be folly. Herr Krythe came home a happy devotee, with all the burden lifted from his soul, with all the darkness dispersed from his sight. He could live now for *duty*, without hope of heaven or fear of hell. He could live now as part of the grand universe, one with it, and so one with God. He could live now without any need of priest or church, or holy day or holy book. Miss Martineau could not be more joyful in her materialism and her atheism than this writer is in getting rid of soul, God, the future life, and all spiritual ideas. He writes this book to bring others to his comforting faith, though he has no faith in *faith*, or in any thing but knowledge and reality.

There is a beautiful earnestness in Herr Krythe's narrative. His rapture is almost contagious, when he dwells upon the charming character and fine influence of the martyr for conscience' sake. At times there is force in his argument; and the God whom he rejects is the capricious and arbitrary God of the Calvinist, rather than the humane and provident Father of the theist. His orthodox training has prepared him to accept and to rejoice in the dreary extreme of a world without God, and man without a soul. But cool and careful thinkers will not be moved by logic which is so largely sprinkled with interjections and entreaties. The singular goodness of his idol, Uhlich, will not blind them to the singular weakness of his religious philosophy. We feel that a man who could be convinced so easily in great religious negations, and could leap with such alacrity into atheism, as if it were heaven, is not a safe guide to follow. Herr Krythe writes sweet verses; and his hymns, both in his native Dutch and in his statelier German, are devout enough to be sung in the sanctuary. They might well be translated for that rare collection used in some of our churches, the "Hymns of the Spirit." But, on the whole, this artless narrative of a religious journey is what the Dutch pastors prophesied that it would be, a story of a Quixotic enterprise. It will take stronger reasoning than this of the Dutch enthusiast to bring the church of his land to a denial of God and of eternal life.

C. H. B.

THE most eloquent champion of the middle party in the Church of Holland, the Reconciliation party, is unquestionably the Utrecht Professor Van Oosterzee. No man better than he understands the arts of the pulpit orator, and no writer is more catholic and broad in his professions. He has charity for either side, and he deals his blows impartially upon the extreme men of all parties,— upon materialists and rationalists, as well as upon fossil Calvinists. He has the temper of the English Maurice; but his style is the reverse of the style of Maurice, in its sharp distinctions and its transparent clearness. The four discourses* which have been done over from Dutch into German by his admirer, Herr Meyeringh, are a fine specimen of his manner and his spirit. They are inspiring, fresh, ingenious in their argument, and very able in their criticism, — excellent discourses for young men to hear who are just entering on the study of theology. They encourage free inquiry, and warn against spiritual sloth. Yet they will hardly be found satisfactory. No half-way orthodoxy will answer now the questions which are stirred so vigorously in the religious debates of Holland. There is the suspicion, as one reads these brilliant discourses, that the author is held back by his position from the full avowal of his sympathies. Dr. Osgood, of Medford, once said that his position was defined by his residence, — four miles from Cambridge, and seventeen miles from Andover. And it is evident that Van Oosterzee is much nearer in his faith to the Leyden of to-day than to the Leyden of the Puritan time; that if he is in the middle, it is rather the "left centre" than the right, far on in the direction of Scholten and his colleagues. His principles contradict his profession, which is that of orthodoxy.

The titles of these four discourses are: "How shall Modern Naturalism be opposed?" "Shall we, or not, study Theology?" "What Theology is able to stand the shocks of the present age?" "From what Theologians may we expect any thing good for the future of the Church?" The tone of all the discourses is alike, and their theory is substantially the same. That theory is, that only an honest, earnest, scriptural, intelligent, Christian inquiry stands any chance of future strength or influence. Van Oosterzee plants himself upon the

* Zum Kampf und Frieden. Vier akademische Vorträge und fünfzig Aphorismen. Von Dr. J. J. van Oosterzee, Prof. der Theologie zu Utrecht. Ein Beitrag zur Charakteristik der gegenwärtigen Bewegungen auf theologischem und kirchlichem Gebiete. Uebersetzt und herausgegeben von F. Meyeringh. Gotha: Perthes, 1868. 12mo, pp. 180.

words of Jesus, interpreted in harmony with the spirit of the age. That is a wise and sound position; but that is a very wide variation from the Calvinism which rests on creeds and on the infallible letter of the whole Bible. Orthodoxy of this kind is refreshing. The advice of Van Oosterzee to Dutch orthodoxy is very like the advice of the present John Quincy Adams to the people of South Carolina, — good Radical doctrine softened and flavored by a few Conservative avowals and reservations. C. H. B.

SEVEN parts, 560 pages octavo, of the new Biblical Dictionary, edited by Dr. Schenkel,* have already been published, amply enough to show its quality, its merits, and its defects, and how it compares with other works of the same kind. The verdict, on the whole, of a careful examination, will be, that it is the best Dictionary of the Bible that has yet been issued. It is certainly far more valuable than any that we have in the English language; and it is eminently free from the faults which we had occasion to notice in our examination of Smith's Dictionary some years ago; faults which the American improvements of Messrs. Hackett and Abbot have not altogether corrected.

In the first place, it is up to the mark of the scholarship of the time, makes use of the latest discoveries, and is acquainted with the most recent criticisms. Then again it is critically brave, is not afraid to apply the rational method to any and every subject, has no temper of evasion or apology, but examines its themes fearlessly. In the third place, it has no dogmatic prejudices, holding back the writers from free and fair investigation. The writers aim to state facts, and do not write in the interest of a creed. Then, in the fourth place, there is an abundance of learning, and a great thoroughness in the discussions. In the fifth place, the references are very numerous, and, so far as we have examined, accurate, though they are to works in various tongues. And, finally, there is excellent proportion in the articles, no long dwelling on unimportant points, and not much irrelevant matter. These are the characteristics of the work as thus far published.

The style varies with the different writers, for the number em-

* Bibel-Lexikon, Realwörterbuch zum Handgebrauch, für Geistliche und Gemeindeglieder. Herausgegeben von Kirchenrath Professor Dr. DANIEL SCHENKEL. Leipzig, Brockhaus. 8vo, 1868.

ployed is nearly, if not quite, as many as the number of contributors to Smith's Dictionary, and many of them are names known in this country as most distinguished in the several branches of theological study. Dillmann, Bruch, Fritzsche, Hitzig, Holtzmann, Keim, Lipsius, Merx, Reuss, Schwarz, Schweizer, Schrader, Noeldeke, are all names of eminent scholars, whose competence none will dispute. Some of these are skilful in rhetoric; but they leave their rhetoric in this labor, and only set down in the most simple and straightforward way, so far as the German tongue will allow them, their facts and arguments. There is more pleasant and inspiring reading in some of the essays of Smith's and Kitto's ponderous tomes; there is more amusing reading in the lucubrations of McClintock's Cyclopædia. But for solid instruction, those who read German will go to Schenkel's Lexicon. The article on "Chronology" here, for instance, by Dr. Merx, is far more satisfactory than the long article on the same theme in Smith's Dictionary. Hitzig, in the two pages which he gives to the Chaldeans, says all that a Biblical student wishes to know. Dillmann's article of half a dozen pages, on the Cherubim, is a remarkable specimen of acute observation and curious learning; which we see also in the article on Chiun, mentioned only in the prophecy of Amos, though this is discussed very ably by Mr. Poole, in his article on Remphan in Smith's Dictionary. Bertheau's examination of the books of the Chronicles, with which he joins the books of Nehemiah and Ezra, is incomparably superior to Lord Arthur Hervey's article on the same theme. Mr. Howson ought to know all about Cyprus; and yet Kneucker here has added a good deal of valuable matter to Howson's notice in the English work. These instances are all taken from Part VII., which is by no means the most valuable or remarkable of the parts thus far published.

If some American house would undertake to publish a good translation of this Lexicon of Schenkel, it would render a real service to the cause of Biblical learning. We need something better than these Cyclopædias of the Bible, which shrink from the results of criticism, and only repeat the *dicta* of effete scholarship and orthodox dogmatism. It is embarrassing now for a liberal scholar to commend works which are partly excellent, and yet not up to the mark either of science or of sound doctrine. We need a better introduction to Biblical study than the work of Dr. Stowe, which peddlers are industriously hawking through the country, good in many particulars as that work is. C. H. B.

If simplicity, clearness, honesty, careful discrimination, affluence of Scriptural illustration, and brave indifference to theological prejudices and fears can make good sermons, the second volume of Bishop Colenso's Sermons deserve that praise.* Those who question his scholarship, and ridicule his folly, can by no means show such a series of Discourses as these, produced in a regular succession of weeks, two on every Sunday. They are more than liberal sermons, more than able sermons; they are practical, timely, common-sense sermons. Such sermons are in refreshing contrast alike to the dull utterances of the average English pulpit, the ingenious subtilties and sophistries of the Bampton and Hulsean lecturers, and the florid rhetoric of Dean Stanley, and the writers of his school, who hide their heresies in a cloud of brilliant words. Colenso has no compromise or concealment in his style, is not afraid to say what he thinks and what he knows, does not stop to consider how far his opinions are safe or are popular; yet, withal, his tone is gentle, reverent, and kind, even in its sharpest denials. In doctrine, these sermons are Unitarian. They deny the Devil, they demand freedom, they show us Jesus a human person, subject to the influences of nature, of society, of temperament, of education; they take such views of prophecy and creeds and inspiration as are found in the Unitarian books. In spirit, these sermons are broadly Catholic, and they assert a Church of Christ as wide as goodness, as large as the whole assembly of righteous men. They would be remarkable sermons anywhere; but they are the more remarkable when we consider that they were written for such an audience, as bringing the most advanced theological scholarship home to the comprehension of Zulus. We will venture to say that no Cathedral Church in England provides such spiritual nourishment for the hearers as the Church of St. Peter in Maritzburg, at the Cape of Good Hope. Here the Scripture is interpreted as well as read, and the "lesson of the day" becomes a true lesson for the hour. Bishop Colenso can use the order of the Church without finding it hardship or bondage to his free thought. Criticism is not his weapon, but his instrument, which he handles as gracefully as if it were a flute or a viol, from which sweet music should come. Of course we shall get these sermons in a cheap edition. C. H. B.

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* Natal Sermons, Second Series of Discourses, Preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter's, Maritzburg. By the Rt. Rev. John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. London: N. Trübner & Co., 1868. 12mo, pp. 349.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

THE second volume of Draper's "History of the Civil War" * has all the merits of the first volume, and very few of its faults. Dr. Draper's chief defect as an historian is a fondness for extravagant and inconclusive theorizing on premises drawn from physical geography; and there is less room for this when narrating the busy events of two or three years than in the preliminary discussions upon the causes of the war, which made up the greater part of the former volume. On the other hand, this very attention to physical geography which before so often led him astray, stands him in good stead when it comes to analyzing the perplexing details of a campaign or a battle. There was nothing in which the newspaper reporters during the war failed so generally, as in the power to convey a correct notion of the locality of any action. But without such a notion, the most detailed narrative of the action will be confused and incomprehensible. It is perhaps the most striking, not perhaps the greatest, excellence of the work before us, that it succeeds so well, by brief but graphic descriptions of scenery, in giving the reader a clear conception of the movements of troops, and the general course of engagements.

A single passage we may quote, indeed, as containing a sample of the theorizing habit we have spoken of. In the expectation which the South entertained that the North-western States would join the confederacy, he says, p. 596, that "it did not clearly appreciate that the influence of nature throughout those regions perpetually strengthens the tendency to Teutonic modes of thought." We suppose that by "Teutonic modes of thought" he means here a love of freedom (compare Vol. I., p. 183); but what in the world this has to do with the great rivers and lakes and vast stretching prairies of the Northwest, we cannot conceive. In the commonplaces of rhetoric we associate the love of freedom rather with the mountains of Switzerland and Greece; we do not know that the plains of Bavaria are special homes of liberty, — the steppes of Russia certainly are not. Sentences like

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* History of the American Civil War. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. In three volumes. Vol. II. Containing the events from the Inauguration of President Lincoln, to the Proclamation of Emancipation of the Slaves. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square, 1868. 8vo, pp. 614.

that quoted are to us, we must confess, pure nonsense; fortunately, the volume contains very little of it.

It appears to us to be a great mistake in Dr. Draper to give no reference to his authorities. He claims to have received special assistance from men who were themselves leading actors in the war, and often quotes passages contributed by them for his express use, — passages of the greatest value if emanating from certain sources, of very little from certain other sources. And if these were communicated to him under pledge of secrecy (which certainly would detract from their weight as historical evidence), there is at any rate no excuse for citing page after page of newspaper editorials or government despatches in quotation marks, with no precise clew as to source or date.

But these are slight defects. The book as a whole is a remarkable piece of historical composition, — remarkable at once for lucid and impartial unfolding of events, and for vivid and interesting narrative. The military portion, by far the greatest, will no doubt be examined by military critics; it will be appropriate, in a publication of this character, to confine our remarks to the history of political events.

These do not appear to us to be as a whole quite equal to those admirable chapters in the first volume, which analyzed the motives and the political events which led to the war. We have been indeed a little disappointed, not at any thing ill done, but because certain chapters are not surpassingly well done. And yet the last chapter, on the "Progress of the Anti-slavery Movement," is in Dr. Draper's best style; and the inner history of the Confederate government is exceedingly good, — tracing the process by which the doctrine of State Rights was thrown overboard as soon as it had done its work of secession, and a rigid despotism substituted for the mild ties of the Union; and showing how Jefferson Davis, so far from being the dignified model of a statesman which the English papers made him out, was a selfish tyrant, and a failure at that. Dr. Draper never blinks the shortcomings of his own side, nor fails to point out the magnitude of the perils through which the nation passed, — internal as well as external; and we cannot better close than with an extract, p. 444, which states the nature of one of these perils better than we remember to have seen it stated, and which may make us tremble at the recollection of a danger of which at the time we were hardly fully conscious. He is speaking of the time of Pope's campaign in Vir-

ginia. "Though there never was purer patriotism than that which actuated the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, that army had been brought, through the influence of officers who surrounded General McClellan, into a most dangerous condition — dangerous to the best interests of the nation — of having a wish of its own, and that wish in opposition to the convictions of the Government. In armies, it is but a very short step from the possession of a wish to the expression of a will. Perhaps at no period of the war were thoughtful men more deeply alarmed for the future of the nation, than when they heard of the restoration of McClellan to the command, and recognized the unmistakable constraint under which the Government had acted." W. F. A.

THE immense tide of Irish emigration which has been flowing in upon this country for the last twenty-five years, has made one of the most curious studies of our social science, and one of the most perplexing problems of our politics. Dispersed along the lines of public works, such as railways and canals, it has added enormously to our national wealth. Spreading by steady and slow encroachment among our country population, it has threatened the transfer of a majority of our farms and a preponderance in our town governments to a race and creed most alien from the genius of our earlier colonists. Gathering in great cities, it has made, more than any one thing, the element which greedy politicians have cherished and used, to the enormous corruption that makes the astonishment and scandal of our politics. The race is still, in a great degree, a stranger in a strange land. And, in the time of the "Fenian" excitement, two years ago, it menaced us with the great surprise, as well as calamity, of finding we had suffered an alien nationality to harbor and grow among us, utterly strange to the spirit of our institutions; of doubtful loyalty at critical moments; formidable enough to constrain the flattery of party leaders, even of those we had best right to trust as honest men; and likely, at an unguarded moment, to plunge us into a conflict, of which it is hard to say which were worst, — the blunder, the mischief, or the crime.

So powerful an element in the political and social life of America deserves to be studied with a different sort of attention from what has been given it, by either the ambition of party schemers, or by the fears and prejudices of the loyal. Some of the material for such a

study it offered us in the volume of Mr. Maguire, lately published.* It has the advantage of being an account of the Irish in America by one of their own race and faith, — a man of education and acquainted with public life; a loyal Englishman in politics, yet with strong sympathy with his countrymen; one who has been at home with them in their settlements, and shared their hopes, ambitions, and self-satisfactions, as denizens in a new country. His account of them is naturally colored by prejudice of race and religion. It flatters and glorifies the average Irishman, quite as much as "know-nothing" politicians have scorned and disparaged him. It rather magnifies than belittles the part which the Irishman, as such, is destined to bear in our industrial and political fortunes, — going to the wonderful exaggeration of implying that the Irish made the really heroic and indomitable element on both sides in our great civil war! The faults and dangers of the Irish — in the matter of intoxicating drinks, in political partisanship, especially in the latent animosity and easily roused frenzy which keeps them always ready to plunge into a hopeless crusade against England — are fairly, often forcibly, given; the last pages, especially, are an emphatic warning to England of the peril that lurks in their sullen, resentful, implacable hate. But, along with this, which we trust the Irish will lay to heart as a friendly counsel, there is a picture very interesting and instructive to us, of the patient and sturdy industry with which these poor emigrants have planted themselves in the bleak latitudes of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and among the hardships of Canadian forests; of the miseries of the dreadful forced emigration, in flight from the famine of 1847; of the immense, devoted toils of their priests, who have kept a heart of courage, morality, and faith among the forest exiles; of the astonishing thrift and prosperity that have come to be the portion of those who left the old country penniless, almost hopeless and friendless, whenever the temptation of strong drink has been kept away. The sympathies of the writer are almost wholly with the Celtic and Catholic Irish; and he bestows a great deal of unnecessary scorn and obloquy on the so-called "Scotch," or Protestant Irish, who certainly, in some quarters that we have known them, have been among the very best specimens of the name. As a matter of equitable judgment, these prejudices hurt the book in the eyes of the im-

* The Irish in America. By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. pp. 653.

partial reader; but, perhaps, make it the more valuable study of a race still more deeply saturated with them. At the same time, it gives credit to the Protestants and liberals for the completest justice and friendliness in dealing with these strangers; it details very instructively the efforts made to protect them from the knavery of city agents and cheats; and its counsel to the Irish themselves is, in general, entirely judicious and worthy to be followed.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

It is somewhat surprising that so entertaining a work as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Holy Land" * should not have been immediately republished on this side of the sea. But we have it at last in convenient form, though with far less luxury of type and margin than in the two octavos of the English original. It is at once a book of travels, and a history, yet not specially thorough in either of those characters. It might best be called Sketches of the Life of Jesus, studied on the spot, with illustrations and embellishments from the personal experiences and imaginations of the writer. For Mr. Dixon has a lively imagination, which assists him greatly in filling out his observations and his sketches. His mosaic of Josephus, the Talmud, and the Christian Gospels, is supplied and fastened into a picture by the easy devices of his own ready fancy.

As an account of the Holy Land, as it is, or as it was, the book, bulky enough certainly, is strangely defective. All that we have of the sea-coast is the sketch of Jaffa and Mount Carmel; and the short chapter on Carmel tells only about its convent. The Biblical story of the mountain is left almost untouched. Cæsarea, Askelon, Ashdod, Gaza, do not come into Mr. Dixon's narrative. He has a few words about Shechem, but nothing about Sebaste and its ruins, — the famous city of the great Herod. He expatiates on Latroun, the traditional home of the penitent thief; but has nothing to say of Nebi-Samuel, the ancient Mizpeh, except to put it on the left hand of a traveller coming into Jerusalem from the north, when it is actually on the right hand. He gets "on the road to Hebron," in the heading of one of his chapters, but does not get to the city itself. A Bedouin

* The Holy Land. By William Hepworth Dixon. With illustrations from original Drawings and Photographs. Third edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1868. 12mo, xii, pp. 418.

fight hinders him from reaching the tomb of the Patriarchs. Bethel, Shiloh, Gilboa, Nain, Endor, Mount Tabor, the Lake of Merom, and the upper Jordan, Kishon, "that ancient river," the pools of Solomon, and other places as notable, are left out of the narrative. The freshness of color in the story does not compensate this defect. Even in the description of Jerusalem and its environs very much is neglected which is essential to an accurate picture of the city.

There is no want of details and particulars in Mr. Dixon's story, and no want of variety. He flits from place to place in the most free and easy way: from Judea to Galilee, from Bethlehem to Carmel. He "eliminates the time element" in a style to satisfy the most transcendental mind; Cabouli and Akeel Aga come close to Boaz and David. In his graphic record, the Scripture scenes are the scenes of to-day. If his sketches are not absolutely accurate, they shall at any rate be lively and lifelike; they shall be dashed off with a bold and confident pen; and if rhetorical tricks will help them, he will use rhetorical tricks. Alliteration shall supply the lack of patient investigation. He calls Capernaum, for instance, "a busy, basaltic town."

In his carelessness of statement, Mr. Dixon may fairly be called reckless. He exaggerates numbers, he dislocates monuments, and he generalizes from very inadequate data. For instance, he says that in the Christian quarter of Jerusalem there are some streets "wide enough for a camel and a man to pass," intimating that this is an exceptional fact; while the truth is that nearly all the streets of Jerusalem are as wide as that, and several of them are wide enough for carriages to pass each other, if there were carriages in the Holy City. He sees Calvary and the Dome of the Sepulchre *south* of the pool of Hezekiah; though this change of the compass point is less remarkable than his glimpse of the Dead Sea from the Tower of David! He says that there are "Arabs in every quarter of Jerusalem," a very wide variation from the truth. There are no Arabs in the Jewish quarter, and very few in the Christian quarter.

In his picture of Jerusalem, there are "twenty minarets," while an accurate count would find not more than half a dozen. He gives the number of Jews in the city as four thousand; the lowest reasonable estimate is eight thousand, and many reckon ten thousand, twelve thousand, and fifteen thousand. He says that nobody is out in the night-time in Jerusalem; that, in this city and in the Holy Land, the bridal processions are all in the daytime. Any one who has stayed in Jerusalem a fortnight could correct him on

both these points. He calls the group of Mosques on the Temple Hill "the very noblest specimen of the building art in Asia"! He repeats, as a veracious tale, the foolish legend of Hillel being *buried* in the snow near Jerusalem, when he was lying out there one night in mid-winter. His description of the warfare of the sects in Jerusalem, and the influence of the Turks in keeping peace among them, is simply an extravaganza; he makes the frantic follies of the Greek Easter a specimen of the ordinary relations and dealings of the sects with each other. It is amusing to hear the bigoted and fanatical Turks praised for their *tolerant* and charitable spirit. A very doubtful compliment Mr. Dixon pays to his own countrymen, when he says that the Turks are the English of the East, and that the Turk and Saxon have many common traits. "The Turk is never mean," and "never lies"! Indeed!

These are specimens of Mr. Dixon's way of dealing with facts in his "sensation" narrative. His theological position seems equivocal. There is much in his descriptions that sounds like rationalism, and yet he describes the miracles with no question of their literal reality. He says, however, that the facts after the death of Jesus are of a kind which "scenery and books do not illustrate," and closes his story of Jesus with the crucifixion. Yet one would think that the post-resurrection narrative of the appearance of Jesus on the way to Emmaus, on the shores of the sea, and on the Olivet mount, as the Evangelists relate it, is of the kind which the scenery and its influences help to explain.

Mr. Dixon takes issue with Dr. Robinson in regard to the course of the Tyropœon, and the area of Mount Zion, and the place of the Sepulchre; and here we think that he is right. So his argument in favor of Kefr Kenna as the original Cana seems to us sound. He identifies Capernaum with Tell Hum. But he is not generally disposed to sift the traditions carefully; it is more convenient to take and use them. The fairest and the best part of his book is his account of the Jewish sects, the Pharisees and Sadducees. His account of the Essenes adds something to the authentic account of Josephus, and varies, too, from that account. We get a very faint image of the disciples of Jesus, and the treason of Judas is hardly mentioned. Mr. Dixon's portrait of Jesus is nearer to the evangelical story than Renan's portrait; but, on the whole, is not more satisfactory. His story is confused, with all its vivacity and brilliancy; and there is no evidence of any desire for critical accuracy. C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE seems to be no rest or loss of interest in discussions about the "soul" in the schools of France. Since the notices of the works on that subject were written for our last number, we have received the later discourses of M. Chaseray,* which give a somewhat novel view, unlike that of Laugel, and unlike that of Ramur de la Sagra. Chaseray is a materialist, and accepts the physiological method as the true method of spiritual investigation; yet he holds to the doctrine of immortality as the central and vital fact of the soul's life. He believes in metempsychosis, in a succession of new births, in the transformation of the life from one body into another, when it has finished its work with this first body. This transformation may be into some other earthly and fleshly shape, or it may be into a body fit for some of the celestial spheres, for some other planet than this earth. He adopts the theory of pre-existence, that the soul had a form and a frame before its entrance upon a human life, and that birth on the earth is only the waking from a sleep. He rejects as irrational, groundless, and hostile to the divine justice and wisdom, the idea that the short life of earth is to fix any future eternal, unchangeable state. "Eternal punishment" is preposterous and monstrous. He believes, with Leroux, in the solidarity of the human race, but differs from that communist in asserting the continuation and the eternity of the individual life. Strangely, nevertheless, he does not find memory necessary in this continuation of life: he thinks that one may forget in a new state of being all the experiences of the former state, and yet preserve identity.

There is ingenuity in Chaseray's view; and he pleads, in a most catholic spirit, with equal tenderness for the gross materialists and the most orthodox spiritualists. Yet we fear that his mild charity will not win either party to his opinion. The spiritualists will not be satisfied with his denial of some essential immaterial substance in the soul; nor will the materialists allow that any portion of the material body is exempt from the law of decomposition and diffusion. Christians will certainly not find in his opinion the doctrine of the New Testament; and, indeed, Chaseray has no care to show that it is contained in the words of Paul or Jesus. It fits better, however, to the spiritual sayings of the gospel than the sharp separation of the pres-

* Conférences sur l'Ame. Par ALEXANDRE CHASERAY. Paris: Germer Baillière, 1868. 16mo. pp. 171.

ent life and the life to come, in work and in experience, which the orthodox creeds set forth. There are sentences in these discourses which remind us of the letters and Gospel of John, though no allusion is made to those documents. The spirit of M. Chaseray is as reverent as it is brave. If he traverses some prejudices of the popular faith, he is less disposed to deny than to believe. C. H. B.

A LONG, fluent narrative poem — purely objective, sunny, healthy, like Chaucer; discursive and diffuse, after the manner of Spenser; almost unconsciously easy, idiomatic and melodious in its handling of rhymed couplets and stanzas — seemed the one poetical achievement which the culture and temper of this generation had made impossible. The excessive introspection, the fastidiously finished execution of Tennyson's verse, were after all, it may be, the best preparation for so wholesome a re-action as Mr. Morris has shown, first in his "Jason," and since in his "Earthly Paradise." * This re-action he has already run out to an excessive length; and one begins to wish he might be conscious of some mechanical difficulties in the verse, which reels from his pen like bright ribbons from a Jacquard loom. The thirteen tales in the compact and solid pages of this handsome volume are of unequal interest; some, as the first part of the Race of Atalanta, and of the Proem, admirable and perfect narration in their kind; most of them claiming a rather languid attention towards the close. Twelve more tales are promised within the year! The next harvest from so curiously fertile an imagination we cannot help hoping will be allowed a larger and mellower sunshine to ripen, and a severer revision to condense.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. 2 vols. 8vo. — Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by Rev. John McClintock, D. D., and James Strong, S.T.D. Vol. II. C.D. 8vo, pp. 933. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Moral Uses of Dark Things. By Horace Bushnell. 12mo, pp. 360. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Gropings after Truth: a Life Journey from New-England Congregationalism to the one Catholic and Apostolic Church. By Joshua Huntington. 12mo, pp. 167. — The Holy Communion: its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John B. Dalgairns. 12mo, pp. 440. — Cradle Lands. By Lady Herbert. 12mo, pp. 330. — Memorials of those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland in the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. 12mo, pp. 459. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

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* The Earthly Paradise. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Gleanings among the Sheaves. By C. H. Spurgeon. Cloth, gilt. pp. 228. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Twenty-five Sermons: a Memorial of twenty-five years' Ministry. By John Cordner. Montreal: John Lovell. pp. 395.

Religion and the Reign of Terror: or, the Church during the French Revolution. Prepared from the French of M. Edmond de Pressensé. By Rev. J. P. Lacroix. pp. 414. — The Parables of our Lord Explained and Applied. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon. — The Garden of Sorrows; or, the Ministry of Tears. By Rev. John Atkinson. pp. 203. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Theatrical Management in the West and South for thirty years, interspersed with Anecdotical Sketches autobiographically given. By Sol Smith, retired actor. With fifteen illustrations, and a portrait of the author. 8vo, pp. 275. — The Woman's Kingdom: a Love Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 8vo, pp. 183. — A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene, for Schools, Families, and Colleges. By J. C. Dalton, M.D. 12mo, pp. 400. — The Rightful Heir: a Drama in five Acts. By the author of "Richelieu." 16mo, pp. 61. — Wild Life under the Equator, narrated for young people. By Paul Du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries," "Equatorial Africa," &c. With numerous engravings. 12mo, pp. 231. — Adventures in the Apache Country: a Tour through Arizona and Sonora. With Notes on the Silver Regions of Nevada. By J. Ross Browne, author of "Yusef," "Crusoe's Island," &c. Illustrated by the author. 12mo, pp. 535. — The Gordian Knot: a Story of Good and Evil. By Shirley Brooks. 8vo, pp. 168. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Human Intellect. With an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul. By Noah Porter, D.D. 8vo, pp. 673. — Madame Thérèse: or, The Volunteers of '92. By Mm. Erckmann-Chatrian. Translated from the thirtieth edition. With ten full-page illustrations. 12mo, pp. 289. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. 12mo, pp. 186; Madame De Beaupré. By Mrs. C. Jenkin, author of "A Psyche of To-day," &c. 12mo, pp. 278. — Tobacco and Alcohol. I. It does pay to smoke. II. The coming man will drink wine. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. 16mo, pp. 163. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

I Will, and other Stories. By "May." New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 12mo, pp. 191.

Halloween: a Romaunt with Lays, Meditative and Devotional. By the author of "Christian Ballads." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 48mo, pp. 175.

Night Scenes in the Bible. By Rev. Daniel March, D.D., author of "Walks and Homes of Jesus." Philadelphia: Zeigler, McCurdy, & Co. 8vo, pp. 544.

The Child Wife: a Tale of the Two Worlds. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 12mo, pp. 402. — Spectacles for Young Eyes. By S. W. Lander. pp. 203. — Pictures and Stories of Animals: 1. Quadrupeds; 2. Birds; 3. Fishes and Reptiles; 4. Bees and other Insects; 5. Sea-shells and River-shells; 6. Sea-urchins, Star-fishes, and Corals. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 2 vols.

Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions. By Edward Everett. Vol. IV. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo, pp. 788.

The Farleyes of Farleye; or, Faithful and True: a Tale in three Books. By Thomas J. Potter. pp. 256. — Verses on Various Occasions. (J. H. N.) Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

Under the Willows, and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. pp. 286.

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THE

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MARCH, 1869.

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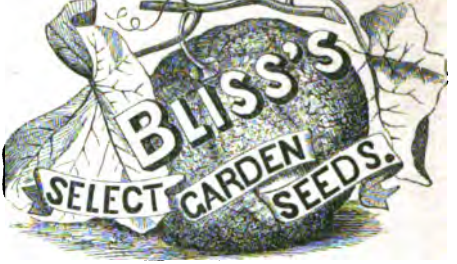

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THE

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Art. I. — CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM.

What is the essential difference between Christianity and the other religions of the world? How shall we account for that peculiar and wonderful influence which it has exerted over the life of mankind? These questions have already received a vast number of very unsatisfactory answers, and now, more than ever before, they are engrossing the attention of all thoughtful minds.

To answer them, we must first gain a precise comprehension of pagan civilization, or, rather, of two main tendencies to be traced in its development. One tendency is subjective, turning the mind inward upon itself, leading it to rely upon its own impulses and powers; the other is objective, turning the mind to the outer world to seek for support and guidance. And as one or the other of these tendencies may dominate, two generic types of character are formed. One is proud and self-reliant; the other is humble and reverent. One is conscious of human dignity; the other is weighed down with a sense of human weakness and unworthiness. One is filled with an energy that brooks no opposition, and chafes against every obstacle; the other is patient, submissive, and yields readily to the necessity that may be imposed upon it. One confides in its own intellectual powers; the other leans upon some external authority. The radical difference between these two types of character distinguishes not only individual

men, but races and communities of men. In particular, it is strongly marked in the different nations of the pagan world. Wherever a people has risen above the stage of barbarism, one or the other of these impulses has wholly controlled or greatly modified the development of the national life. And in every form of pagan civilization yet known, they have been unreconciled and almost unrestrained. Hence the necessary limitations of ancient civilization, and the causes of its inevitable decline. For both of these tendencies have in them elements of good; either, when pushed to an extreme, results in the maiming or else the deep corruption of the moral life. Each form of pagan civilization shows us a one-sided and fatally imperfect development. Neglecting one part, it went on abnormally developing the other, until the process culminated in the wildest and most ruinous exaggerations. Against such fatal excesses paganism could furnish no safeguard, and could offer no remedy; for it had no force outside of itself by which it could check its controlling tendency, even when some restraint was most imperiously demanded. Its fundamental law permitted of no reform, but only of a continued evolution of the original impulse into still wilder extremes and more fatal excesses; and thus a movement, begun in brilliant promise and effecting many noble results, ended at last in mere ruin and decay.

There are two nations which exhibit with especial clearness the workings of the two tendencies we have described; because each of them followed its particular line of development to its completest issue. These are Greece and India. Let us briefly examine these typical representatives of the two grand divisions of pagan civilization.

The religion of the Hindus, through all the phases of its development, was a worship of Nature, varying at different periods only in the subtilty of its conceptions. How that religion would naturally pass from the worship of the dawn or the sunset into a more cultivated worship of the Absolute One, — of an entity abstract and impersonal, comprehending all things within itself, — we cannot here describe; but, through all its variations, the essential character of the religion re-

mains unchanged. Its theology has no conception of the divine personality. It is the faith of men who have learned to seek for the divine in the universe around them, rather than in the silent witness of their own hearts.

The morality of Brahminism is of the same character as its theology. Its fundamental principle is the degradation of the moral sense and of the personality of man. There is but one universal soul, and human individuality is a mere illusion of the present. Founded upon such principles, Hindu morality has no conception of conscience; its distinctions between virtue and vice are derived only from divine revelation. So, likewise, the obligations of morality come only from without: men are to do right simply because the practice of virtue saves from punishment and leads to future happiness. Finally, virtue is not eternal or immutable, as the Greeks thought: it is simply a transient mode of nature, as merely phenomenal as color or sound. These three essential characteristics describe the Hindu system of morality, and reveal the spirit which produced it.

And so with the intellectual life of the Hindus. In the categories of Kapila, only three methods of proof are enumerated, — perception, inference, and revelation; and all other Hindu systems coincide with this. In the Hindu logic, revelation takes the place of intuition or pure reason, and this fact is the corner-stone of Brahminical philosophy. For the Hindu, the first principles of all science are to be found only in the sacred books, and to them he refers as the supreme authority. Hence come also that servile adherence to authority, that boundless credulity and implicit reverence for the past, which characterize all Hindu thought. Everywhere we see the same distrust of human nature, and the same intense longing for some external support upon which the belief may rest.

Another characteristic of Hindu thought is its idealism. We cannot here describe how the objective impulse inevitably leads the human spirit, step by step, into idealistic conceptions. Certain it is, however, that idealism is the logical development of the worship of Nature. It is the last refuge of the Hindu worshipper, who, in his search for the divine, is inevitably led

beyond the sensuous and the transitory into a universe ideal and eternal.

A necessary consequence of this idealistic spirit is the engrossment with the affairs of the future life. Hindu thought, disdainful of the present, is constantly fixed upon the realities of an unknown world. Its highest aspirations are for deliverance from the earthly; its supreme hope, the attainment of eternal repose. And this engrossment with the future has always been the incurable plague of Hindu life. It has made human life cheap and almost worthless. It has fostered a fatal indifference to all the practical interests of earthly existence.

Connected with this is the spirit of asceticism. The ascetic theory of Brahminism is complete and radical. It is not directed against the body alone. It seeks to destroy consciousness, volition, understanding,—all natural faculties; since they are parts of human individuality, that fatal illusion which separates man from the real universe of the spirit. In a word, Brahminism is a war against human nature in all its forms. It is the complete surrender of human personality, as illusory in itself, and the source of all the ills and illusions of life. Its final hope is the absorption of the individual into the Supreme Soul of the universe.

Turning now to the social organization of India, we notice two principles upon which the system appears to be founded. One is the supremacy of the spiritual power, which, being derived directly from revelation, does not permit of any doubt; the other is the repression, so far as possible, of all human individuality in social life. In India, the king is not the representative of the people or the state: he is the vicegerent of heaven. Indian government is a despotism by divine right. Under such a dominion, individual citizenship and its rights become the merest nullity. Even the right of individual property in the land is very obscurely, if at all, recognized in ancient Hindu law. Another and better known example is the institution of castes. Indeed, the caste system is by itself a most perfect expression in social life of the Hindu spirit,—a spirit which frowns upon every free impulse of the human

soul, and seeks to subordinate the individuality of man, even in the minutest details of living, to an external authority.

If we turn now to Greece, we find a system the exact counterpart of the Hindu one. Greek religion bears everywhere the impress of the free, proud, subjective spirit. Its divinities are not mere personifications of the forces of Nature, or manifestations of an abstract and impersonal Infinity; they are simply a race of immortal and invisible heroes, having the virtues, the vices, and every essential characteristic of human nature. As the Hindu had sought the divine in the outer world, so the Greek found it within the heart of man. For him the divine was but the human, freed from earthly imperfections, and gifted with transcendent powers. So in the Hellenic system of morality. It was Greece that first established the supremacy of conscience over human life, — made the moral intuitions the final arbiters in questions of right and wrong. The Hindu sought to make men better through the fear of hell and the hope of heaven; but the Greek had only the most vague and feeble conception of the retributions of a future state. In a word, the Hellenic spirit, true to the subjective impulse, bases its system of morality upon the inner life. It proclaims the Good as an eternal principle, not a transient expedient. Careless of all external authority, it installs the soul itself as, at once, the lawgiver and the judge of human life.

The same spirit prevailed in the intellectual life of the people. Greece has no official theology, no divine revelation. The idea of revelation it replaces by that of inspiration, — two ideas which, though often confounded, really lie at opposite poles of human thought. Against the Hindu principle of faith, it maintains the supremacy of reason. In place of the Oriental reverence for authority, it arouses the spirit of criticism and free inquiry. The Greek, furthermore, was the champion of moral as well as of intellectual freedom. He had no sympathy with fatalism, — the creed of the Oriental, awe-stricken by the majesty of Nature, and deaf to the voices of the human heart. In spite of certain philosophical vagaries, the old Homeric faith in human freedom never lost its hold

upon the Hellenic spirit. It never ceased to animate the poetry, the art, the religion, the public and private life, of the Grecian people.

As the tendency of Hindu thought is idealistic, so that of Greece is materialistic. The Greek contemplates the outer world only from the stand-point of practical common sense: he finds there what the senses reveal to him, and nothing more. Greek faith, wholly absorbed in the worship of a deified human nature, never pierced into that spiritual and eternal universe which Hindu Nature-worship had discovered. It had no power to carry the thought of men beyond the necessary limitation of the present: it inspired no faith in spiritual things; it taught to the human heart no lessons of the Infinite and the Eternal.

Hence came the ultimate decline of the religious sentiment among the Greeks. While by no means irreligious, the Hellenic system is always overshadowed by the possibility of becoming so. As the Hindu religion tended to superstition, the Grecian led naturally to scepticism: it carried within itself the elements of its own destruction.

More immediate results of this spirit were that worldliness and that fear of death which made Greek life so inexpressibly mournful. The Hindu faith in immortality was invincible; even the sceptical school of the Sankhya had no more doubt concerning the future life than the orthodox Vedanta. But it was the sad fate of Greece to have no faith in spiritual things, and no firm hope of the future. There is needed no other condemnation of Hellenism than the exhibition of this its primary defect. A civilization which has no hope of the future, and a religion whose final word is a lesson of despair, perish by the grace of God and for the welfare of humanity. We can only wonder at the power of that human genius which, by the formation of unrivalled political institutions, by its enchanting creations of poetry and art, by the grandeur of its moral teachings, was enabled to preserve, for so many centuries, a civilization which thus utterly fails to satisfy the inmost needs and cravings of the human heart.

The social system of Greece was the natural offspring of

that subjective spirit which believes in freedom and has faith in man; and the ultimate failure of it was the inevitable result from that one-sidedness of pagan development which we have been endeavoring to illustrate. Greece framed the ideal of popular liberty, but lacked the power to realize it in any enduring form. Before that could be done, it was needed that there should be incorporated into the popular life other elements which the subjective spirit could not supply.

Such, then, is the radical difference between the two representative civilizations of antiquity, — the Hellenic and the Hindu. It would be useless to attempt to decide concerning their relative merits; for they are the developments of the two opposite sides of our human nature. Each satisfies certain needs and aspirations of the soul which the other totally ignores. And thus each possesses elements of peculiar grandeur, which are absolutely necessary for the perfection of human life; while both, through the one-sidedness of their development, necessarily lead to the most disastrous results. If the civilization of India was more enduring, it was also less progressive; it turned men's thoughts away from the practical affairs of life into a world of reverie: it nurtured the most boundless credulity and the wildest superstitions; it inculcated the most slavish submission to the authority of the past, repressing the spirit of free inquiry, and crushing out all possibilities of intellectual improvement. On the other hand, if the civilization of Greece was more brilliant in its progress, it was also far more gloomy in its end. There are few sadder pages in human history than those which describe the utter loss of all faith in God and human-kind, the weariness of life and dread of death, the scepticism and despair, which characterized the final periods of classical civilization. And so in government. If the political ideal of the West was a nobler one than that of the Orient, it more completely failed of realization. And the most notable difference between the Hindu despotism by divine right, and the Roman despotism by right of force or usurpation, was, that the latter was rendered far more mournful by that memory of lost liberties which still remained in the popular heart.

Each form of pagan civilization, then, is essentially one-sided and imperfect. It abnormally develops one part of human nature, and paralyzes the other. But no people could remain entirely satisfied with this half-way development, especially in view of its practical results. Men grow vaguely conscious of needs which the prevailing system does not satisfy; and, in spite of every effort at repression, the other side of human nature begins to assert itself. Hence come revolts, protests, or attempted reformations. Of these revolts, we are permitted to notice only one, but that the most memorable of all. That revolt we call Buddhism.

Buddhism organized the opposition to the prevailing system in India around two great principles. The first principle was aimed at the institution of castes, the supremacy of the priesthood, — at the practical side of the Hindu system. Buddhism teaches the absolute equality of all men, without distinction of birth. It is a doctrine of universal charity. It proclaims a free gospel, which is to be preached to all the world. In the same way, the revolt arrayed itself against the speculative part of that system. The chief aim of Brahminism had been to degrade the human personality; and against that aim Buddhism opposed the astounding doctrine of Buddha. Never has there been so wild a glorification of humanity as this. It did not simply teach, as the Greeks did, that man might ascend to the rank of the gods: it taught that he might attain a position which the gods would envy, and would in vain strive to reach. Thus it became a revolution, striking at the very roots of the prevailing system. Brahminism, in its reverence for the outer world, had utterly ignored the capabilities of human nature: Buddhism proclaimed that a man, unaided by any external power, relying only upon the resources of his own nature, might achieve the absolute sovereignty of the universe.

These, then, are the two central truths which Buddhism proclaimed in India, and they clearly display the design of the new system. It was a mighty revolt, — a grand, popular uprising against that faith which for so many centuries had dominated over Indian life, and had culminated in such

deplorable results. By its proclamation of human perfectibility and its crusade against the institution of castes, it arrayed itself directly against the prevailing system, which degraded man, and trusted only in external authority. It gave, in some sort, a response to that other side of human nature, — to that subjective spirit which had been so long repressed by the objective faith of India. And so it received the cordial support, or at least the secret favor, of the royal and military class; it was welcomed gladly by the common people, the poor, the outcasts, — by all those orders of society which had been humiliated and crushed under the rule of the Brahmins.

And yet this Buddhistic revolt failed utterly to accomplish its purpose. It wrought no real deliverance for its followers; it left the old spirit of Indian civilization just as powerful and unrestrained as before. In its two cardinal principles, it made a specious show of opposition to the old system; in reality, the antagonism was only upon the surface: at heart, the two religions were animated by a common spirit. In a word, Buddhism was a revolt, not a reform.

For instance, the doctrine that a man may become Buddha seems to be directly antagonistic to the old faith, which degraded humanity; and yet the antagonism was only superficial. The Buddhistic conception, notwithstanding its specious appearance to the contrary, as completely destroys all genuine faith in human nature as did the older doctrine. For this supreme estate of Buddha is to be attained only by the complete destruction of all desire and volition; of self-consciousness, memory, and understanding; of every faculty and energy which belong to the human soul: and when, one by one, these essential elements of the human nature have been cast aside, — when human life has faded into simple abstract being, wrapped in absolute repose and indifference to all things, — then man reaches the summit of existence. The soul gains deliverance only by the sacrifice of itself. With all its efforts at reform, Buddhism could not cast off the primal curse of Hinduism, — the doctrine that self-consciousness, volition, conscience, and all activities of the soul, are

bonds which bind us to the painful illusions of Nature, and from which we must seek deliverance as much as from the miseries of physical existence. The new theory is only the old one under a strange disguise. The opposition to the old system exhausted itself in the creation of this wild dream concerning the future, which, after all, inspires no real faith in human nature; leaves conscience, free thought, and every native energy of the soul in as low esteem as before. Its ideal is not the development, but the annihilation, of all that which constitutes true manhood. Its dreams of deliverance are to be realized only through the sacrifice of human nature.

An equally careful analysis of the second principle will lead to the same results. And, beyond these two great rallying cries, Buddhism does not even pretend to make any radical departure from the older system. Its morality is founded upon the same false and narrow basis. Its intellectual life is cursed by the same slavish spirit; indeed, it exhibits, in a still greater degree, that fatal distrust of reason and implicit faith in revelation which characterized Brahminism. The fatalistic sentiment is no less powerful in the new religion than in the old; so that, in its doctrines of conscience, reason, and the will, Buddhism only reproduces the ancient system. Furthermore, it denies with equal boldness the reality of phenomenal existence, and accepts all the practical consequences of that doctrine. The morbid horror of the present life, the wild longing for deliverance, the engrossment of the soul with the affairs of the future, the intense love of the supernatural, the superstitious spirit which was never weary of framing new inventions concerning the hells and heavens of the invisible world, — all these features, especially characteristic of the Brahminical system, are reproduced with still wilder extravagance in the teachings of Buddhism. Last of all, the doctrine of metempsychosis — a doctrine so peculiar in its nature, origin, and results, that its presence alone would be sufficient to determine the character of any faith containing it — plays a more important part, if possible, in the Buddhistic faith than in the teachings of the Brahmins.

It would be instructive to consider those efforts at self-reformation which the orthodox Brahminical party made during their struggles with the Buddhists, and which led to what has been aptly called "the secondary formation of the Brahminical religion." The examination would only corroborate the conclusions already announced. The Indian people have rebelled more than once against some of the superficial features of the prevailing system, but have never been able to free themselves from its elementary spirit. Their attempts at reformation have proved to be only new phases of the original development: the doctrines which seemed so revolutionary were in reality only the old principles clothed in new disguises. In spite of all apparent antagonisms, revolts, or reformations, that peculiar tendency which develops one side of the human nature, but paralyzes the other; which fosters reverence, devotion, and a sublime faith in things eternal, but crushes out all freedom of thought, self-reliance, enterprise, and manly dignity, — has never for one moment lost its hold upon Hindu life. After more than thirty centuries of trial, the Hindu spirit has failed to draw from its own resources any principle upon which a true reform might be based, — has only been able to carry out the one-sided and abnormal development, begun so many ages ago, to still wilder and more disastrous conclusions.

On the other hand, we should find in Greece the traces of an equally earnest struggle against that subjective system which, since the days of Homer, had dominated over the popular life. We should discover a long series of attempted reformations, which sought to introduce the idealistic and reverent spirit of the East as an antidote to the materialism, the scepticism, and despair of the future, which were corroding the life of Greece. Such attempts were the labors of the Pythagoreans, of Plato, and of the Neo-Platonists. But these, and other efforts of like design, we are obliged to pass unnoticed.

All these inquiries would converge toward one conclusion. That conclusion we can afford to state again. The fundamental fact of every form of pagan civilization is the unre-

strained development of one of the two conflicting impulses of the human spirit. Paganism, whether of the East or the West, ignores, or rather crushes out, one of the two factors necessary for the formation of a perfect civilization. One impulse having gained the ascendency, totally excludes the other, and thus, without the restraint of any counterbalancing power, pushes on to the wildest extremes and most fatal excesses. And though the constantly increasing evils of such an evolution may produce a feeling of discontent and of vague longing for reform, which finds expression in popular revolts or philosophical protests, yet these attempts accomplish nothing. Still the original movement goes on without interruption, until it ends in the imbecility and unbroken stupor of Oriental life, or in that utter disintegration and downfall which was the happier fate of paganism in the West.

The recognition of this fact, we believe to be the first step towards a true understanding of human history. The second is a corresponding study of the nature of the Christian religion. And the aim of this study will be, to find some element in that religion which will fulfil the three following conditions: First, the element must be a *constant* one: it must be one which every true Christian, of every sect, will recognize as lying at the foundation of his faith, whatever additions he may choose to make to it for the sake of his peculiar belief. Secondly, it must be a *distinctive* element, — one which shall distinguish Christianity from all other religions. Thirdly, it must be an *efficient* element, — one which shall be able to account for that peculiar influence which Christianity has exerted upon the world.

Such an element we shall not discover among the moral or theological doctrines taught by Christianity. For it has not been found possible to show, that any of these doctrines belong distinctively to the Christian religion. Nor can it be supposed, that, while these principles may have been before communicated to the world, the proper co-ordination of them into a system fitted for the needs of human life, is the essential feature of the religion. For no body of doctrine has ever formed a constant element present amid all variations

of the Christian faith. The essence, then, of Christianity is not to be found in its intellectual system. Nor indeed is any religion based upon merely intellectual formulas, for doctrine is always a secondary formation of the human spirit. The different beliefs which have divided mankind are the creations of different tendencies or impulses of the moral nature. The disputes of the philosophers and theologians, which appear to them of such transcendent importance, effect nothing: they are noteworthy only as the formal expression of a grander conflict which is going on in the heart of humanity. The history of philosophy is but a dim shadow of the history of the human heart.

We need not, then, search amid the doctrines of Christianity for the secret of its power; and, with this understanding, our search becomes an easy one. For, beyond the maze of doctrine, there is a certain spirit or impulse which is universally recognized as essential to Christian life; and that is, "Faith in Christ." All believers will admit this to be an essential part of their religion; although many, misled by the common error concerning the importance of dogma, might seek to add something to so simple a statement of their faith. But nothing further is needed. Faith in Christ is the spirit of Christianity. It is the one distinctive, constant, and efficient element for which we are seeking. Such a statement of Christianity seems a very simple and familiar one; yet a careful study of it will perhaps lead to very novel and important results.

There are two component parts of a true faith in Christ. The one of these is *the love of a personal ideal*, such as the believer finds in the life of Jesus. Christianity does not simply deliver to the world a body of moral precepts or mental formulas, by which life is to be governed: it presents a perfect type of character. It does not merely require obedience to abstract rules: it demands an absorbing love and reverence for a real person. This presentation of a perennial ideal, the love of which constitutes the beginning of religion, is altogether peculiar to Christianity. And evidently such an ideal, appealing directly to the emotions and

moral sensibilities, would be much more effective than a merely formal precept. Still, this love and reverence for a person would be, by itself, essentially imperfect and inefficient. It would continually tend to degenerate into a mere æsthetic enthusiasm, with little practical influence over life; or else, in ways which will be better understood hereafter, it would merely develop the original tendencies of the spirit, and effect no real reform of human nature. For the formation of a perfectly efficient moral power, the addition of another element is demanded. And this, happily, the cardinal principle of Christianity supplies.

For the conception of Christian faith implies, besides reverence for the ideal, the concomitant *sense of need.* This consciousness of need moulds what otherwise might have remained a sentiment of vague and fruitless admiration into an effective moral force. It is owing to the absence of this consciousness that an earnest love for a very exalted type of character often fails to exert any reformatory influence over the life. Secondly, the presence of this element gives to the conception of faith in Christ its religious aspect. Last of all, it renders possible the universality of the faith. For a mere moral or æsthetic enthusiasm depends upon the sensitiveness of the spiritual organization: it can be excited only with great difficulty, and very feebly in souls gross by nature or depraved by vicious courses. On the contrary, the sense of need can be awakened in all souls, perhaps even more easily among the degraded than among the more moral and intellectual. In these three ways, then, the consciousness of spiritual need operates. It assures to Christian faith its effectiveness as a reformatory power; attests its religious character, as distinguished from every form of moral or æsthetic enthusiasm; and, above all, it renders its reception possible by souls of every grade.

Faith in Christ, then, is made up of two factors: the love of the personal ideal, and the sense of spiritual need. And now we see in what a surprising way this division corresponds with the distinction formerly made between the controlling impulse of the East and that of the West. One

element of Christian faith answers to the spirit of normal Hellenism; the other, to that of Orientalism.

For, as we have seen, the specific aim of Hellenism is to develop a moral and æsthetic enthusiasm among the people. The Greek religion taught men to enthusiastically believe in the grandeur of human nature and the divineness of the moral intuitions; it commanded its worshippers to resolutely aspire after a certain high ideal of virtue which was placed before them. Nor was this ideal altogether an abstract one; it was, to some extent, personal, being realized, with sufficient accuracy, in the lives of the heroes of primitive times. This heroic ideal had inspired in the hearts of the people a grand enthusiasm, which was the groundwork of the national life. But the other element of the Christian principle was almost entirely wanting in Grecian character. Thus the Greek, having only the feeblest consciousness of his own deficiencies, was little disposed to admire the virtues which he lacked. And hence the Hellenic ideal was only the embodiment of the Hellenic tendencies. It was essentially one-sided and imperfect; it presented only the virtues peculiar to Grecian character, such as valor, endurance, and self-reliance; it utterly ignored those other qualities, — faith, humility, resignation, and hope, — which are equally grand, but spring from a different spirit. Moral enthusiasm, without the sense of need, could effect no reform; it served only to exaggerate the fatal tendencies of the Hellenic spirit, and to hasten forward the evolution, already begun, to its inevitable end.

If we turn now to contemplate the Oriental division of paganism, we find a similar correspondence with the other element of Christian faith. For Orientalism develops the consciousness of spiritual need, in its most absolute form. So far from teaching men to rely upon their individual efforts, it makes the highest aim of life to consist in the complete surrender of all individuality. Reason, conscience, and the will are to be, one by one, abandoned as the soul passes into the communion of the Infinite. Sometimes this spirit formulates itself in terms very similar to the Christian ones. Especially, the later schools of Hindu thought insist with great per-

tinacity upon the importance of *faith* as the sole religious duty. But the identity is one of terms only, not of meaning; for one great element of Christian faith is almost entirely suppressed in the Oriental conception. There is no presentation of a personal ideal which is to command the love and the imitation of the worshipper. Faith is directed only towards an abstract being, or else towards those divine incarnations of the Hindu mythology which, under a faint disguise of the human form, are equally abstract, impersonal, and illusory. Hence no moral enthusiasm is engendered, and the faith ends only in dreamy meditations or barren ecstasies. The religious impulse exhausts itself in the endeavor to crush out the human individuality, instead of seeking to ennoble and perfect it. Orientalism, with no moral enthusiasm, can accomplish no reform or regeneration of human life.

No one, however, will confound these conclusions with the familiar theory, that Christianity consists in a happy combination of Oriental and Hellenic doctrines. Of that theory, we have only this to say: First, this combination cannot be proven as a matter of fact. And, secondly, it is absurd to suppose that a mere combination of doctrines, however ingenious, could exert so vast an influence over the practical life of mankind as Christianity has done; more especially as such eclecticism has always proved entirely barren, even in the domain of speculative thought. Christianity, then, unlike Neo-Platonism, is not a mere eclecticism, — an ingenious patchwork of doctrines gathered from the East and the West. It is the fusion of the two great forces of human life into one spirit. Christian faith, when perfectly developed, welds together the moral enthusiasm which the Greek religion engendered and the sense of spiritual need which the Hindu felt.

Before completing this analysis, we must briefly consider the doctrines of Christianity. For, although doctrine is only the product of the moral life, yet in various ways it reacts with great force upon that moral life. It is then a prime condition of a universal religion, that, while furnishing a universal basis of belief, it should not present any doctrine

which might tend to check or repress the future development of the moral sense of mankind. With this condition, pure Christianity invariably complies. Its doctrines, as delivered by its founder, are opposed to no moral impulse, and are never exaggerated into any injurious extremes. They are the simplest and purest expressions of certain convictions which have never been utterly wanting to the human heart, although they have been universally obscured by the influence of speculative extravagance or of moral aberration.

Thus, the theology of Christ has for its basis the doctrine of the divine paternity. And the slightest examination will convince us, that this conception is the simplest and purest expression of the universal belief in God, relieved from all those exaggerations into which the different forms of paganism had run. The Greek, for instance, through his enthusiastic belief in a personal divinity holding personal relations with human life, had been led into the extravagances of Hellenic polytheism. In order to retain the idea of a personal Will superintending the affairs of earth, he abandoned the conception of the Infinite. Zeus, the father of gods and men, is yet a being of human passions and limitations. On the other hand, the Hindu faith in the Infinite was exaggerated into a denial of the personality of God. The universal soul of Hindu theology is infinite Being in its most abstract form, — devoid of will and of all personal qualities, and entirely removed from any sympathy with human interests. Both of these fatal exaggerations the Christian doctrine of the divine paternity avoids. It is the universal belief in God, freed from every thing of a local or special origin; it is the doctrine of a universal religion, — a conception equally fitted to evoke the reverence of the child and the man, equally adapted to the needs of the East and the West.

The same character belongs to the moral doctrines of Christianity. The morality of the gospel is equally freed from the extravagances of the ascetic ideal of the East and of the heroic ideal of the West. It has no taint of national or of individual peculiarities; it lifts no one virtue into prominence at the expense of the others; it elevates no temporary

precept, useful only for a particular age, into the rank of an eternal principle; in a word, it is exempt from all those exaggerations toward which humanity has tended at different periods, and which have crippled the moral codes of all other religions. So in its doctrine of the future life, Christianity is equally freed from the gloomy forebodings of Hellenic materialism and from the wild superstitions of Oriental faith. It is encumbered by none of those fanciful inventions concerning the unknown world, which have been in vogue in almost every age, even of Christian history. It simply places in the clearest light that assurance of immortality which has been felt by all men, and which not even the worst extremes of materialism and worldliness can utterly destroy.

The Christian doctrines, then, are the simplest and purest expressions of the universal convictions of mankind. And, evidently, the *distinctive* influence of these doctrines is only of a negative character. They express the universal conviction, but in a way that does not interfere with any possible development of human thought, as did the one-sided and exaggerated formulas of paganism. But the element in Christianity which is at once positive and distinctive, is faith in Christ. The love of the personal ideal, and the sense of spiritual need, are blended in this central principle of Christian faith.

Again, the development of Christianity, as a moral force in human affairs, proceeds by *antagonism to the dominance and excess of either tendency of human nature.* It seeks to reform the individual or the nation, which has developed one side to injurious extremes, by calling into play the opposite. Paganism gave full play to the controlling tendency of the national life; Christianity opposes it. The theology, the morality, and the ritual of Brahminism were logically evolved from the radical characteristics of Hindu life; and so with the religions of Greece, of Rome, and of all other ancient nations. These religions, therefore, are in the strictest harmony with the nature of the worshippers. They offer no opposition to the popular spirit, from which they really emanate, and, instead of checking the disastrous tendencies of the national

life, are themselves swept on the same fatal flood to the inevitable end. But Christianity, on the contrary, arrays itself in constant and direct antagonism to the nature of the worshipper. So far from being a creation of the popular tendencies, it stands in continual conflict with them. It seeks to communicate a counter-impulse, to implant a new spirit, and thus to radically change the life of the people.

How the two forces of Christian faith co-operate to produce these results may easily be understood. On one part is the sense of need, teaching men to be dissatisfied with themselves, to recognize their corrupt estate, to seek for deliverance. But this alone would effect nothing; it would exhaust itself in the barren, dead reveries of mere pietism. But now the other factor — the moral enthusiasm — comes and moulds the sense of need into a living energy, turning men from self-abasing reveries to an eager pursuit of the lacking virtues, from mystical hopes of deliverance to an earnest striving after a change of spirit. And so the counter-impulse gets under way, moving in direct opposition to the old tendency. There begins that antagonism between the nature and the religion of which we have spoken; the original impulse of the nature tending in one direction, and the moral enthusiasm, directed by the sense of need, tending in the other.

The chief phenomena of modern civilization, we believe, are only to be accounted for through this law of antagonism which we have just presented. Passing by all prior periods, we will begin with the final establishment of the Catholic *régime* in Europe. Concerning the nature of the popular life upon which Catholicism was called to act, there can be but little doubt. Ancient civilization had been destroyed by the invasion, and the wild, vigorous life of the barbarians had taken the place of the effete society of the empire. But, after all, there had been no radical change in the popular nature. The spirit of the Northern nations was essentially that of classical antiquity; only it had not been developed so completely. It was as if the rude heroic times of Homer had been restored. The proud, free, subjective impulse which had created classical civilization was as potent as it ever had been.

And to this Occidental nature Catholicism opposes a truly Oriental form of religion. The Catholic faith is everywhere characterized by the spirit of the East. It magnifies the sense of need and of human weakness, while it constantly obscures the other side of Christian faith by a doctrine of incarnation very similar to the Hindu one. In the place of the supremacy of conscience, it asserts the infallibility of a divine authority residing somewhere in the Church. Against the sentiment of freedom it opposed the doctrine of obedience. Its cardinal virtues were humility, resignation, and submissiveness; its ideal was the saint, self-distrustful, downcast, and sorrowful. Subordinating reason to faith, demanding the entire surrender of the right of private judgment, it reproduced the intellectual life of India in mediæval Christendom. Like Hinduism, it taught men to value truth only as a means of salvation; and thus, as the lack of veracity to-day constitutes the besetting sin of Hindu character, so absolute indifference to truth became the normal condition of mediæval intellect. Catholicism also adopts the ascetic spirit of the East: it nourishes a profound contempt for earthly life, and passionate longings for deliverance; it demands the sacrifice of human nature, the replacement of all earthly affections by the devotions and ecstasies of the saint. Last of all, the Catholic conception of the unknown world was especially of an Oriental cast, its superstitions concerning hell and heaven rivalling the wildest inventions of Eastern mythology. In the Middle Age, as in India, the universal engrossment with the affairs of the future life rose almost to frenzy. It was the sole inspiration of the poet and the artist; it fascinated all hearts with its strange enchantment; it threatened to paralyze the energies of Christendom, and to turn all European life into one long dream of the unknown eternity.

How closely the ecclesiastical polity of Catholicism was allied with that of Oriental religion cannot here be shown. Enough already has been said to exhibit that direct and sweeping antagonism which was established between the popular nature and religion at the beginning of the Middle Age. On one side, as we have seen, were the rude and war-

like populations of Europe, possessed of a nature proud, self-reliant, and restless, enclosing within itself the germ of all those fatal influences which had overwhelmed the civilization of classical antiquity. On the other side, was a religion proclaiming as its cardinal principles the lowliness of human nature, the misery of life, the supremacy of faith over reason, the obligation of obedience; in a word, striving to implant the spirit of the East in the heart of the West.

Many of the more general results of the Catholic system are already well understood. The order which it introduced into the chaotic society of Europe, the sublime faith which it instilled into the souls of men, the lessons of self-sacrifice and charity by which it swept away that cruel and relentless barbarism, that was only somewhat more polished at Rome than in the wilds of Germany, — all these are familiar facts to the student of history. But the law of antagonism goes farther than this. It shows how the entire intellectual development and social organization of the Middle Ages sprang from the operation of these two forces, — nature and religion, — constantly interacting upon each other. It explains the origin of mediæval art, literature, and especially of that poetic sentiment of love for Nature which was wholly unknown to classical life, but has wrought such wonderful results in modern times. It explains the origin of the philosophic movement among the schoolmen, and its influence upon the subsequent history of human thought. Most important of all, it explains the origin of feudalism, that unique social system and great enigma of the Middle Age.

But, finally, the mission of Catholicism came to an end. Little by little, and age after age, the religion had been overpowering the nature, and was at last completely triumphant. Catholicism, so to speak, had thoroughly orientalized all Europe. It had enabled a blind unthinking faith to gain a complete mastery over the life and thought of men; it had fostered the spirit of caste or of veneration for rank; it had nurtured a credulity which faltered before no absurdity or marvel, and a superstition subservient to every priestly demand. In social life, it had triumphantly established the

Asiatic principle of despotism by divine authority, and of the sacrifice of all private rights to the pretended interests of public order; it had thoroughly stifled the old European aspirations for freedom and for truth; it had formed a population among whom ignorance was honorable and servility a virtue; in a word, it was rapidly carrying the people of Europe into the last and most fatal exaggerations of Oriental life.

If, then, the law of antagonism be a true one, it was necessary that Christianity should assume a new phase of development. It must pass around from one pole of human thought to the other. Europe had become thoroughly orientalized, and it was now demanded that Christianity should become animated by the counter-impulse; that it should revive those subjective tendencies of the human spirit which Catholicism had so completely crushed out of the popular life; that it should become the champion of human liberties, the foe of authority, the defender of the rights of conscience and of opinion; in a word, that it should restore the old Hellenic aspirations, and make them once more the supreme ideals of European life. And this new phase of Christianity, which thus arose in accordance with its fundamental law of development, we call Protestantism.

The two cardinal principles upon which the Reformation was avowedly based — the right of private judgment and justification by faith — clearly reveal the character of Protestantism. And even where there has been no avowed or official change from the old system, still the real spirit of the movement is no less apparent. The steady advance of humanitarian views in theology; the increasing tendency in morality to appeal to conscience rather than to the expectation of rewards and punishments; the waning of that love of the supernatural and engrossment with the future, which characterized mediæval Christianity; the abandonment of the old ascetic theory for one which seeks to develop, not to destroy, our human nature; the growing consciousness of human dignity; the decay of sacerdotalism; the growth of the spirit of freedom in all its forms, — these are the most prominent features of the Protestant movement; they are

the evident results of that subjective spirit which, passive for a thousand years, came forth at the Reformation as the active impulse and regenerating power of modern civilization.

Thus, the antagonism between religion and nature was re-established. From this new adjustment of moral forces, we believe it may be shown that the entire intellectual and social development of the last three centuries has proceeded. Especially, it will account for the origin of the industrial movement and the rise of the scientific spirit, — those two great features which so grandly distinguish modern civilization from that of all former periods. But we must content ourselves with mere assertion.

Enough has already been said, perhaps, to give some conception of the theory of historical progress which we have endeavored to present. We have found a radical difference existing between pagan and Christian civilization. The law of the one is development: that of the other is antagonism. Paganism abnormally develops one side of human nature and paralyzes the other. It permits of no reform, but only of the continued evolution of its original impulse into extremes, which grow, age by age, more disastrous to human life. But Christianity is not content to develop the original impulse of the popular spirit; rather, it arrays itself in antagonism to that tendency, and brings into play the counter-impulse of the human spirit. Thus, Christian development is compounded of two energies constantly interacting upon each other, like the chemical and the vital forces in the human body. And this constant interaction of forces is the secret of our modern civilization.

Upon the prospect of the future, which this view unfolds, we cannot dwell. Suffice it to say, that thereby modern progress is for ever preserved from that petrifaction which has overtaken human development in the East, and from that utter disintegration which wrought the ruin of classical life. Christianity assures the continual advance of mankind towards an ideal civilization that shall give free play to all the forces, and realize all the rightful aspirations of human nature.

Art. II. — THE LAUGHTER CURE.

Nearly seventy years ago, when Great Britain was suffering from many absurd and cruel laws and customs that have since been reformed, there arose a man with a giant's wit and mirthfulness, which he used with mighty effect against existing wrongs. He showed up the foolishness of much that was worshipped as the "wisdom of our ancestors," and tore off the mask from many corrupt and oppressive institutions. There were then no free public schools, and the private schools were very badly managed. One school-boy, who was afterwards a lord, was forced to toast bread in his fingers for the breakfast of another boy, and during his whole life bore the scars of the burns inflicted on his hands. This was a sample of the system called "fagging." Girls had no chance whatever for a thorough education; high-schools and seminaries were closed to them; they were supposed to be weak-minded, fit only for parlor playthings or domestic drudges. Honest and capable men were kept out of public offices and forced to pay fines for refusing to commit perjury, — the law requiring, as a "test oath," that public officers should swear they believed in certain religious doctrines, whether they believed or not. Sportsmen were harshly punished for shooting the wild animals that infested the land, although the land, in some cases, might be their own. Man-traps and spring-guns were set around gardens and parks, to wound or kill those who thoughtlessly trespassed. Men on trial for crimes which put them in danger of the gallows, were not allowed lawyers to aid in their defence. Men simply accused of crime, and kept in jail to await trial, were degraded by being driven on the tread-mill. The jails were in an awful condition, both as to their sanitary and moral influence upon prisoners. To "rot in jail" was the literal, fatal lot of many poor creatures, guilty sometimes of no offence but poverty. Lunatics were treated about the same as criminals. The misgovernment of

Ireland was such as to produce constant rebellion there; the dinner-tables of the upper classes being "regularly set with knife, fork, and cocked pistol, salt-cellar and powder-flasks." The horrible slave-trade was tolerated. The British court of chancery pretended to preserve and manage the property of widows and orphans; but it often took so many weary years to get a lawsuit decided that the owners of the property starved while the lawyers consumed it for costs. If any man spoke or printed a severe criticism on the conduct of the British government, he was liable to lose his property, and be shut up in a dungeon. The ruling body in the state was the House of Commons, elected chiefly by land-owners, who were necessarily few in number in a country of such small extent. In some instances, poor ruinous old villages sent members to Parliament, while large, wealthy, and populous cities were denied representation. Taxes were enormous, and fell mainly on the shoulders of those least able to bear the burden, crushing the lower millions down to pauperism. The army, navy, and established church were maintained from these unequally levied taxes, and the places of honor and profit in them were given to a small class of born aristocrats. To sum it all up, Great Britain was then properly called "a heaven for the rich, a purgatory for the wise, and a hell for the poor."

But the right man at last arose to turn the laugh against wrongs and nuisances, and to knock them to pieces with his battery of ridicule. He had a wonderfully mingled wit and wisdom, an unequalled power of making fun, and was so good-natured about it that even his victims laughed at the drollery he showered upon them. His perpetually cheerful disposition and flow of spirits, his warm human sympathies, his curious intermingling of mirthfulness with common sense and sound morality, without malice, cant, or vulgarity, pleased and benefited all within the wide circle of his influence. Error, falsehood, hypocrisy, bigotry, oppression, and organized sin in general, could not stand before his piercing wit, which let daylight through many an ancient iniquity, so that the people saw the nature of the evil obstruction, and swept it out of their path. He made the most commonplace subjects amus-

ing, and nothing could withstand the contagion of his joy-inspiring laugh. He caused the bad rulers in church and state to appear like some hard-hearted stepmother, who compels her boy to wear petticoats until he is a big stout fellow; refuses him playthings, story-books, education, or holidays; makes him scour knives, sift coal, and do other menial work, and whips him until his spirit is almost gone. By such queer pictures were the sympathy, the conscience, and the scorn of the British people excited, and reforms brought about.

The man who applied the Laughter Cure to heal so many crying evils in Great Britain was Sydney Smith. He lived from 1771 to 1845; was of French Huguenot blood on his mother's side, whence came his keenness and vivacity, while from his father were inherited perseverance, industry, and liberality. He was a proof of the proverb, "Blood will tell." Young Sydney was a bright, playful, healthy boy, and was trained by his parents with love and care, among brothers and sisters of various ages, so that his affections were kept warm. The benefit of getting a good start in childhood was seen when he grew up to be a handsome, portly, smiling, frank, genial, high-minded man, — a universal favorite with the lofty and the lowly.

He was sent to school at Winchester. The whole system of educating boys seems to have been then one of abuse, neglect, privation, and vice. Young Sydney felt these evils very keenly, and they gave edge to his satire, in later life, on British institutions of learning. But he made the best use of his opportunities at Winchester, and rose to be "captain" of the school. His brother Courtenay was a pupil there at the same time, and such was the rank of the two youths that the other school-boys "refused to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them." Sydney and his brother often spent their leisure hours, not in out-door games, but in arguing disputed questions, much above their years, as earnestly as though life and death hung upon the issue. Once Sydney was found by some eminent man reading Virgil under a tree, while all his school-fellows were at play. The gentle-

man looked at the book, patted the boy's head, gave him a shilling, and said, "Clever boy! clever boy! that is the way to conquer the world." This produced a strong impression on young Sydney's mind. While at school he made above ten thousand Latin verses, which he properly regarded as a great waste of time. He spent about six months at a boarding-school in France, and gained a thorough knowledge of the language of that country.

His high rank at Winchester school entitled him to a scholarship, and afterwards to a fellowship, at Oxford University. This fellowship was worth about five hundred dollars a year, and supported him comfortably until he graduated. He received no aid from his father, and even paid certain college debts of his brother Courtenay.

Young Smith would have preferred to become a lawyer, but, by his father's earnest wish, he entered the Established Church. He was at first curate of a small village in Salisbury Plain, — a dreary, lonesome place, — but soon left it to act as tutor for a rich man's son in an adjoining parish. They went to Edinburgh together for the advantages of its university. Here Sydney — now the Reverend Sydney Smith — studied medicine carefully, and gained some knowledge of law. All his life long he read the best books, and sought the society of the best people, and acted on the maxim that "We are never too old to learn." He studied up any subject of which he found himself ignorant, saying that "It is shameful to be a noodle with knowledge at your elbow." His talents were so many and various that he could mix a delicious salad, prescribe for a sick child, plan a comfortable house, write a brilliant essay, or preach an eloquent sermon. And yet his school education was so poor, under the slipshod system then in vogue, that (as he once said himself) he "could not repeat the multiplication table, nor write a handwriting that anybody could read," although he was crammed with Latin and Greek.

The most prominent and useful work done by Sydney Smith was to assist in founding and conducting the "Edinburgh Review," a periodical which still lives and flourishes, in its sixty-seventh year. It is issued once in three months, each number

containing about five hundred pages. It rapidly gained circulation from the start, and has been a source of great profit to its publishers. Through its pages, for about twenty-five years, Sydney Smith administered powerful doses of the *Laughter Cure* to sick and languishing Britain. The medicine worked slowly but safely in the body politic, and a process of purification and reform began which relieved the patient, who has grown healthier from that day to this. All educated Britain read the "Edinburgh Review," and the public ideas were changed by its strong reasoning, pointed with sharp, glittering wit, and fallacy and prejudice were cut up by the roots. Shams and superstitions crumbled away before its honest, ringing mirth. There was no escaping its keen jokes. Monstrous evils, which had defied sober logic and stern justice, were laughed out of existence. Yet Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, and other writers, to whom the "Review" brought fame, money, and office, were so poor in 1802 that they had to get trusted for the printing of the first number. Smith proposed this motto for the "Review:" "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*" ("We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal"). But it was too true to be so openly confessed.

During a period of forty-five years, Sydney Smith held various posts in the Established Church, from vicar of a small parish in Yorkshire, to canon of St. Paul's cathedral; and he maintained the character of a kind, hospitable, sympathizing, upright, genial pastor and preacher, with sunshine ever in his heart and brain. He regarded it as the highest duty of a clergyman to calm religious hatreds, and spread religious peace and toleration. He did well the common daily duties of life, to the humble and noble alike, and they all felt at ease before him. He had a truly strong and sound mind, embracing equally great things and small, and a gush of good humor and sparkling wit that roused and refreshed everybody. At Foston-le-Clay, his Yorkshire parish, he was not only the village parson, but the doctor, lawyer, magistrate, architect, practical farmer, general comforter, and faithful nurse to his flock when a malignant fever raged. He had such medical knowledge and skill that his family seldom called in any other,

and he was often urged to be a practising physician. A large manuscript book of his prescriptions is preserved. His fun-loving nature shone out even here, for he called one of his tonic medicines, "Gentle-jog;" a capital embrocation, "Rub-a-dub;" and an emetic by the expressive phrase, "Up-with-it-then." He invented, for the relief of stiff necks and swelled faces, a nicely-fitting case of tin, filled with hot water, and covered with flannel, which he applied to the afflicted part. A similar apparatus he called his "patent rheumatic armor," and it alleviated, in many a poor sufferer, the tortures of rheumatism. He sympathized heartily with little children, servants, paupers, the ignorant classes, the oppressed Irish, the abused chimney-sweeps, the erring and forsaken, even the poacher and vagrant. He once spent a week's time in hunting up evidence to clear of a charge of petty crime, a poor boy whom everybody else believed to be guilty. He recognized the "Universal brotherhood of mankind," when that doctrine was scarcely heard of in religion or politics. A casual hearer of one of his sermons wrote him a letter of thankfulness, stating that his kindly warnings had saved the writer from a life of dissipation and guilt. He delivered a course of Lectures in London on Moral Philosophy, to earn the means of furnishing his house; and his vigorous reasoning, brilliant wit, extensive learning, and impressive manner drew crowded audiences of the most cultivated people. At the lower end of the social scale he was equally popular, and liked to draw out peasants and laborers, and learn from their hard experiences a lesson of contentment with his own lot. He was excessively fond of children, — invented plays, and told fairy tales for their amusement; and once made a good boy as happy as a prince by sticking a red wafer on his forehead as a badge of honor. He was often seen watching by the side of his slumbering babe, with a rattle in his hand, ready to wake the young spirit into joyousness the moment its sleep broke.

Even the domestic animals he contrived to make happy with his "universal scratcher," a sharp-edged pole, fixed firmly to a high and low post, and adapted to every stature,

from a horse to a lamb. It was like the model gate of N. P. Willis, which was described as "bull-strong, horse-high, and pig-tight." He had a very hungry, lazy, balky horse, which he nicknamed "Calamity," after having been thrown from his back; but instead of cruelly whipping and spurring the animal, he increased his speed with the "patent Tantalus," a small sieve of corn suspended on a semicircular bar of iron, just beyond the horse's nose; the corn rattled, and the steed hurried up, in hopes of overtaking his feed. He cured smoky chimneys, improved the fastening of window-blinds, contrived a frugal method of burning mutton fat in lamps, planned gardens for the poor, and directed farming operations from the door of his house, by means of a spy-glass, to watch his laborers, and a speaking-trumpet, to give them orders. He was original in both words and actions. When he wanted his library windows opened and things put to rights, he told his servant to "Glorify the room." He rejoiced in flowers, sunshine, children at play, grown people laughing, and all the cheerful things in nature or society.

This brave, honest man was poor during a large portion of his life. When he was married at twenty-eight years of age to Miss Pybus, his whole fortune consisted of half a dozen well-worn silver spoons. Yet he was happy in his humble poverty, with little apparent chance before him for preferment, — there being, as he said, about the same prospect of a liberal government as there was of "a thaw in Nova Zembla." He laid down two wise maxims for family contentment: 1st, "Look downward at those below you, as well as upward, in the race of life;" 2d, "Avoid shame, but do not seek for glory, — nothing is so expensive as glory." He never indulged in pleasures which his family did not share. He was an upright, careful man of business, and would not run rashly into debt even for an encyclopædia. To save carriage-hire, he walked, an ever welcome guest, to the dinner-parties of his rich and titled friends. He would not cringe to the worldly great, nor sell his wonderful wit to the side of ancient wickedness. He had the courage to appear as he was, and never to ape anybody in showing off more knowledge or more wealth than he really had.

His creed was, always to do one's best, to look on the bright side, to extend the helping hand to unfortunates, to smile when he could, and frown only when he must, and to trust the goodness of Providence in every thing. This creed he lived up to with rare faithfulness. He refused to take more than lawful interest on loans of money. When a church living of $3,500 a year fell into his hands, he gave it to the worthy son of the former incumbent, and saved a fine family from poverty. This was one of the last acts of his life. He burned the manuscript of a witty, sarcastic pamphlet, because its publication would pain some good people who had been kind to his father. He was so charming in the home circle that his little daughter once said, she "wondered how any family could prosper without a papa to make all gay by his own mirth;" and when he was absent, the dinner appeared to his wife almost as solemn as a funeral. He laid down the rule that no day should pass without his making somebody happy. He discouraged talk or reading about horrible events; would not allow the cholera to be mentioned in his family, nor murders or robberies to be discussed. His plain common sense and sound Christian morality, mingled with rollicking wit and rich learning, pleased and benefited all within his reach, and even those whom he ridiculed could not help laughing at the supremely funny pictures he drew of them.

There is no end to the apt witticisms and pithy phrases of Sydney Smith. Several books have been made up of them, and his best jokes are familiar as household words, at once true and striking, like the story of Dame Partington trying to mop out the Atlantic Ocean. He called good manners the "shadows of virtue;" a violent, persecuting parson he styled "a holy bully;" the characteristic of modern sermons, he says, is "decent debility;" he feared that a certain measure would "turn the English Church into a collection of consecrated beggars;" Botany Bay, he termed "the land of convicts and kangaroos." Classical learning he thinks is cultivated too closely, for "if you feed a young man only with words, he will remain a narrow and limited being to the end of his existence." He describes the Irish peasantry as "six-foot machines for turning

potatoes into human nature." He thus explains the resistance of Scotland to religious tyranny: "England strove very hard, at one period, to compel the Scotch to pay for a double church; but Sawney took his pen and ink and figured on it, and finding what a sum it amounted to, became furious and drew his sword."

When so well-beloved and popular a man spoke from the pulpit, he was listened to as one having authority. When he delivered literary lectures, or made political speeches, or published Review articles, pamphlets, or letters in the newspapers, he found multitudes to hear or read attentively. They expected him to say new and true things in a witty manner. They were ready to be amused by his ideas, and often embraced them because put with such irresistible fun and force. He had great power to attract attention, scatter prejudice, and diffuse liberal ideas. There is no greenness in his writings; he is always mature, strong, and pointed. He had a passionate love of justice and hatred of cruelty, and believed that governments should bring about reforms, and show themselves to the people in some other attitudes than in taxing, restraining, and punishing. He defended the United States of America against British sneers, and some of his wittiest passages were written in praise of our liberty and progress. For example, he says, "The wise toleration of America keeps all religious sects on a level; secures to them all their just rights; gives to each their separate pews, bells, and steeples; makes them all aldermen in their turns; and quietly extinguishes the fagots which each is preparing for the combustion of the other. Yet this is no proof of indifference on subjects of religion, for the Americans are a very religious people. They are devout without being unjust, — the great problem in religion, and a higher proof of civilization than painted teacups, water-proof leather, or broadcloth at two guineas a yard."

Still, Sydney Smith was human, and therefore faulty. He had a good deal more wit than charity, more destructiveness than constructiveness, more worldliness than spirituality. He had but little poetry in his soul, and looked on the im-

mortal verse of Wordsworth, Byron, and Coleridge as "moonshine." He ridiculed Wesley and the Methodists, Wilberforce and the "patent Christians at Clapham." He was not ashamed to borrow his sermons from the printed works of other divines. He longed to be made a bishop, that he could enjoy "purple, profit, and power." He opposed reforms in the Established Church when they threatened his tithes. He liked to have aristocratic classes in society; opposed penny-postage, because it would set all the servant-girls to writing letters; and opposed elections by ballot, because voters could not be easily controlled under that system. He bitterly censured this country and every man in it, because Pennsylvania was slack in paying the interest on her bonds, and Mississippi refused to pay at all, while almost every other State, and the American Union as a whole, paid their debts promptly. He did not always discriminate, but would sometimes cut and slash without caring whom he hurt or whether his victims deserved it. He was fond of high living and choice wines, and took too little exercise; and for these sins against the laws of health, he suffered with gout in old age. Even then he joked on the low diet ordered by his physician, saying that he wished he "could be allowed the wing of a roasted butterfly." He died calmly, uttering in his last hours a touching and eloquent passage on Immortality, from one of his own sermons.

No clergyman in any age, and perhaps no man of any calling, has done more good, by the Laughter Cure, in shaming bigotry, unmasking hypocrisy, exploding error, upsetting pretension, undermining abuses, and pushing on important and blessed reforms, than Sydney Smith. His merits were so great, and his defects so small, that he should be held in honored remembrance by all lovers of rational freedom and progress, especially by Christians not in the Episcopal fold, whom he did much to emancipate from degrading disabilities and "test-oaths" under the government. And he deserves the thanks of the intellectual world for showing that the most brilliant and piercing wit can be displayed without breaking the rules of orthography and grammar, as is too often done by humorists in this country.

Art. III. — PRACTICAL VALUE OF BELIEF IN A FUTURE LIFE.

The Resurrection of the Dead, considered in the Light of History, Philosophy, and Divine Revelation. By Rev. Hiram Mattison, D.D. Philadelphia: Perkepine & Higgins. 12mo, pp. 405.

The absurdities into which the idea of the plenary inspiration of the Biblical record and the infallibility of the letter of the Scripture will lead a vigorous and logical mind are strikingly exemplified in Dr. Mattison's "Treatise on the Resurrection of the Dead." Here and there he is betrayed into contradictions, as where he says that the resurrection will come "in the end of time," and yet insists that the sun and moon will keep their places, and the earth continue in its rounds, after that great event. How that can be, and *time* be abolished, he does not show. But, from his stand-point, his argument is unanswerable. With this literal word, demonstrating the faith of the early Church, and the faith of the later, if not the earlier, Hebrews, he can maintain against science, experience, and common sense, the resurrection of the physical body. He believes in the existence of the soul and its essential immortality, and has demonstrated that fact in a previous treatise, — that man has a double nature, soul and body, is as much a part of Mattison's philosophy as it is of the philosophy of Descartes or Plato. He adds to this philosophy the resuscitation of the body that has died, and its reunion with the soul, as a clear doctrine of the Bible, — a doctrine held by the Church in all ages, and received by all but a few insignificant heretical sects. If the objections were ten times as numerous and as forcible, he would still maintain what the Scriptures so distinctly assert; but he finds it very easy to answer all the objections that are urged, and to set aside the rival theories.

The "resurrection of the body," as Dr. Mattison understands this, is the resurrection of the body that died, of *the*

flesh, — the bones and muscles and nerves, the limbs and organs, the senses, with their functions, eye and ear and tongue and teeth, as well as heart and brain. At the resurrection, the soul, long disembodied, goes back into its former body, which is identical with the original body in every important respect. The new body, indeed, is relieved of some of the former deformities and excrescences. It has less adipose tissue and less water in it; its superfluous portions are sloughed off; there are no warts or wens upon it, and it is purified by a process more effectual than a Turkish bath. It may not have more than "two-thirds" of the substance of the original body; it will take less room probably than the first body, more especially as it will have fewer physical needs to provide for. Allowing to each body a square yard of space, which seems to Mattison adequate, all the dead and the living together will not occupy in the resurrection a larger area than half of the State of New York.

From the scientific stand-point, of course, such a book as this is nonsense and folly. Such an immortality as this promises is crude, unsatisfactory, and impossible. That it sets forth clearly and ingeniously the average doctrine of the Church, does not make this doctrine any more attractive. If any thing could reconcile us to the idea of annihilation, it would be the thought of an eternal life in these physical bodies, when they are deprived of some of their most important functions, bodies which have organs, yet no use for these organs, — teeth and tongue and taste, stomach and bowels, — yet no need of eating and drinking; which of man and woman, yet with no proper sexual instincts. The convenient plea that an omnipotent God can make it all right, and substitute new uses for these physical organs, will fail to quiet minds that are more curious than pious. Such books as these, in an age like ours, may captivate credulous minds; but they only disgust judicious minds, and alienate them from religion; they suggest very radical questions of utility in this whole discussion of "the last things," and make blank materialism more tolerable. The question of the future life to intelligent minds will never be

answered by any such array of proof texts as Mattison marshals in his pages. If Scripture has nothing better for them than this, they will cease to find in Scripture that spiritual life which gives them something better than the world has to give.

And the practical question of the use of the doctrine of the future life comes in more and more to forestall all discussion about its various theories. There are those who hold that the theological doctrine of a future life is nearly, and ought to be wholly, speculative; that it has very little influence, and ought to have no influence, upon human acts or character. It is pressed, they say, by the false alarm of the Church rather than by sound reason or real necessity. In point of fact, they plead, the immense majority of men take no heed of the future life in what they do in the present life, and act without any reference to future fate. Even the great majority of professed Christians have no more than a verbal or an occasional concern for the future state, and are quite as ready as those outside the Church, in their care for the life which now is, "to jump the life to come." In time of dangerous sickness, indeed, there are not a few who turn to consider what is to become of them after they die; and old age, in its hours of reflection, is often drawn to view this near prospect. But, except that the appeals and warnings of the Church keep it so constantly in the foreground, except that the solemn and steady interruptions of actual death compel to the inquiry about human destiny, very few men in health and in business would trouble themselves about the future, or make any special provision for it. Very few men, these observers tell us, consciously and directly lay up any store for the life to come.

And there are those who go still further, and argue not only that this indifference is to be accepted as a fact, but that it is just and right; that the possibility of a future life ought to have no influence upon the works of the present life. They contend, in the first place, that our ignorance of the methods and conditions of this life to come is such as to make it no motive for intelligent action here. We do not

know when this life is, where it is, or what it is, — do not know any thing about it, except that it is a doctrine of the Church. We have no trustworthy information concerning any of its relations, except that they are *not* those of the present life. We know that men there do *not* eat, do *not* drink, do *not* marry, do not plough fields, do not build ships, do not make money, in that life; but what they really do there is unknown to us, except through the crude notions of pious fancy, that, if good, they sing psalms and wear white robes and wait for ever in a kind of ecstasy; or, if wicked, keep burning for ever in a lake of fire. In this ignorance of the whole arrangements of the future life it is impossible that this should be a satisfactory motive for present action. We can only make provision in our action for that which has some chart of its conformation and its need. Raleigh and the rest, in their search for El Dorado, had an imagination at least of the shape and the features of that land. But of the future life no intelligent man, they tell us, can have any such imagination as shall modify his immediate work, his pursuit of any earthly end, or his enjoyment of any earthly good.

Nor is this all. They would have us believe that it is unmanly to go beyond the actual moral character of any action, or to consider at all its future and personal consequences. The hope of reward or the fear of punishment ought not to move those who believe in God and in his truth, and know that justice is as sovereign now as it ever will be. It behooves every true child of God to act only as he knows what the present will of God is, what present justice requires. The moral law under which men live would be just the same were death the end of life; and the duty of man could not be different were it limited to threescore or fourscore years, instead of extending over eternity. It is a low view which brings in the world to come to dictate to the world which is, or to stigmatize this as an inferior state. We know of the present life that we have it, that God has given it, that his rule is over it, that his truth is made known for it, and that every work which is clearly laid out for man may here be done. Why should we, then, inquire any further? Why

should we vitiate the purity of our virtue by this infusion of unnecessary motives? Is not virtue more real when it is absolute, and the result of simple love of doing right? Is not obedience better when it is spontaneous? Is not a righteous man more righteous when he has discarded from his action any thought of what his righteousness may hereafter bring, but is righteous only because he knows that this is the will of God? When one sees that there is good work to do here, and that God calls him to do it, is it fit to add to this call any lust of gold or any fear of pestilence?

Unsound as this reasoning is, it is not without plausibility. It is sound, as the check and the protest against that notion which in the last years has been somewhat quaintly and fitly called "other-worldliness." Other-worldliness may not be in moral quality quite so low as worldliness; but practically it is no better, — perhaps not so good: since worldliness, bad as it is, certainly helps to develop material resources, and improve this lower earth; while "other-worldliness," standing alone, helps to improve and develop nothing. The view of these objectors is good as a protest against the doctrine, that the future world is more important than the present world while men live in the present; or that, in order to exalt the future, the present must be despised. It is good as a protest against the false doctrine, that the main object of life is "to prepare for death," rather than to serve God and accomplish his purposes, — as a protest against the opinion which makes individual future salvation the one great and absorbing end of every man. It is well that we can see that this ought not to be, and that it is not, the great end of life, — that men really spend more time in laying up money for their children than they do in adjusting their own future. Contemptuously as we sometimes speak of this, we ought to remember that it has in it the virtue of disinterestedness; that a man who is getting goods for his children may be, after all, less selfish than he who is thinking of nothing but his own future bliss.

To meet this statement concerning the needlessness of the doctrine of a future life, let us consider some of its uses. We may not, in a short essay, consider them all, or present any

of them thoroughly. Let us see if there are not certain things, indispensable to the comfort and joy of a rational being, which only this doctrine of a future life can provide; if the life which now is does not really require this doctrine to become a satisfactory life. And the first thing to be mentioned is, that *only the conviction of a future life can dignify and spiritualize the present life.* The present life, in its immediate aspect, is a life of sense. Its phenomena bind it to the movements and life of the inferior creation. Man is here an animal, and his wants are animal wants; yet he is not content with a merely animal life, nor will he consent to serve as one of the mere instinctive laborers on this field of earth. He will not allow that he is the brother of the ox and fowl and creeping thing, of the tree and flower and water and rock, while he owns all these; he cannot be reduced to that level, or enslaved to that mechanical bondage. Yet, if he rests in this life, he cannot get beyond it. Spirit never comes out of mere sense. We want the thought of disembodied life to make us see that there is a spirit in these bodies; it is spirit out of them that tells of spirit in them. Before we come really to believe that we have souls in these tabernacles of flesh, we must feel that when these tabernacles decay the soul shall remain. The future alone tells the present what it is, and what it is worth. When we think that after death we shall still continue to live, that, after worms destroy this body, we shall have being to feel and to perceive and to rejoice, then we know that here in this body, here in this life, we are better than the plodding clods, better than the perishing atoms; that in our clay there is an inspiration, and that our earthly life has a nobility which does not come from earth, — that invisible world really brings out the best life of the world which is seen. As the air, invisible and subtle, gives elasticity and vigor to the body which it enfolds, so the world of the soul gives soul to this world of sense which it contains. Without the thought of the future life, there would really be no soul in the present life. And is not this the resulting feeling from all those arguments which would set aside the future as of no importance, that they materialize

the present; take away its elasticity; carry it back to a confinement of mere working forces, away from God's fresh air, into some stifling laboratory, or some damp mine? Without the future, this life of ours is confined and cribbed, and measured by the narrow boundaries which the senses mark and limit. Confined then to earth, it becomes petty and oppressive, and its fourscore years are not worth counting upon. We have nothing to do then but to intoxicate ourselves with brute delights, and forget all spiritual instincts. The formula of life, with this restriction, will be, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

A second practical use of the doctrine of a future life is, *that it directs progress and shows us where to go.* Progress is nothing, unless we know its direction. The natural question to ask of any one who boasts of this is, "progress to what?" Now there is no such thing as individual progress, if we confine our view only to this present life. There may be progress of *the race;* but no thoughtful man is ever satisfied to know that all the progress in which he has any share is the progress "of the race." Men are not contented to see in themselves the drops and dust which fall from the wheels of the life chariot, as it goes on in its journey through time. Progress must be individual as well as general. The future life alone can show the way of this individual progress. Limited to earth, a man is born, grows, matures, decays, and dies, goes up and goes down, and ends where he began. It is only going over a hill, or going round in a circle. There is a childhood, a manhood, and then a childhood again, and all the growth is annihilated, even if premature death do not cut it short. Intellectual and moral progress, in mere earthly relations, share the fate of physical progress. The mind grows, we say, until it can master great problems and take in the round of almost infinite knowledge. Yet see how, one by one, these mental acquisitions slip away, these mental powers fail, until the tottering step and the dim eye become exact signs of the mind which decays with them. Earthly life, by itself considered, sets a fatal bound to all progress; and no wise man cares to go on, when he knows that "going on" is but another name for "going down."

But when the future comes in, then the longing for progress finds its direction. We see an unlimited horizon; we look forward ever, not downward. All that we gain here becomes only the foundation for future gain. The earthly descents are part of the heavenly ascent. Though we may go down into the deep valleys, it is all on the way to the City of our God, and that is on the top of the mountains. Vague as this thought may be, it still gives more direction to progress than the clearest effort of mere earthly search. Crusoe, on his island, may have every thing clear before his eye, so that he can see his way, yet he has far less direction than Israel on the boundless desert. The one can go down only to the near margin of the waters, while the other goes on and on, after forty years of wandering it may be, to the promised land. Progress is directed rather by the line that stretches out indefinitely than by the circle which surrounds even the longest life. It makes no difference whether it be eight or eighty years; but it makes much difference whether it be eighty years or the year of God that knows no ending. The most undefined future gives the soul a surer range than the most determined present. A man may say that he knows better *what to do* if he confines his view to the present life, — knows better how much and what he has to accomplish; but he cannot say that he knows better *how to grow*. His tread-mill may be better jointed, and may go on more steadily, but as the Ecclesiast says of the wind, it only "whirleth about continually, and returneth according to its circuits."

We pass from this to say, in the third place, that *the doctrine of a future life alone can meet and help the imperfection of the human mind and of human inquiry*. It is a fact which none can deny, that questions innumerable arise in the human mind to which here in the flesh it can give no answer. These questions come unbidden, and they cannot be rebuked or prevented. They grow out of the very constitution of mind; they are as inevitable as fate; they haunt and perplex and overwhelm the soul with their subtilties, and their invitations and their mockeries; they must be met, they must be considered: and yet the more we consider them, the farther off

we are from finding their reason. The human soul is continually urged to seek knowledge where it can gain no knowledge, and to try where it can find no result. If any thing is certain in the history of thought, it is that the longest earthly life cannot begin to meet and supply that want of the mind which it must witness and beget. The soul here constantly sees avenues opened, but cannot tell where they lead; is constantly perplexed and bewildered; and if this life were all, it would end in utter confusion. There are indeed materialists, like Humboldt, who seem to become expert in many earthly sciences, and die satisfied with what they have learned; but most of us cannot imagine the state of mind which will be content to leave so much more than was suggested, as if it were beyond human power ever to comprehend. What are all the acquisitions of the most eminent man of science, all the things which he has succeeded in learning, compared with the things which he has tried in vain to know and discover? What is all that he has found compared with that which he has sought to find, but has not found? Now the future life gives room for this completion of knowledge. The things which here we vainly strive to discern, there shall be revealed to our searching. No problem baffles the intellect when it is sure of time given for its solution; eternity is adequate to any problem, and nothing so high can be suggested to the human mind which it may not at last resolve, if it can only try, for ever. And the future not only assures the mind by giving time, but also by giving new conditions. Here we know that it is flesh and sense which hinder us from understanding many things which we are called to investigate. But the future will emancipate us from flesh and sense, will remove the veil, will take off the husk, and we shall get at the central treasure. No man, remembering that he has an eternal life, and that he shall have a spiritual life, free from these grosser hindrances, need be discouraged or deterred from the most abstruse inquiries, need stifle as vain and fruitless any inquiry which arises, however high, however deep, it may be. Speculations upon Deity and his laws, upon the relation of worlds, upon any thing supermundane, become right

only when the future life is made to promise some issue. Without that, the despairing thinker can only say with Job in his parable, "Whence then cometh wisdom, and where is the place of understanding, seeing that it is hid from the eyes of all living?"

And we may add, as another use of the doctrine of a future life, *that it is necessary to set right the inequalities and apparent injustice of earthly fortunes*, and *to vindicate moral ideas over apparent wrongs*. If we stop with this earthly condition, we can never be satisfied that the world is under the dominion of a righteous law. Things do not here, to our eyes at least, come out right, — do not come out as our instincts of justice would have them, much less as revelation teaches that they ought to come out. Wickedness seems to triumph over goodness; sin is strong over all the forces which men use against it; corruption, fraud, selfishness, succeed in their plans; cruelty prevails against humanity; passions rule and principles yield. The apparent issues, which for the time are the same as real issues, are not according to the laws of equity. It may indeed be said that this is the result of our short-sightedness, and that God does as truly decree righteous issues here as in any spiritual world, if men would only see them. But there is the difficulty. Men will not see them, and, what is more, cannot see them, until their vision is cleared by faith in the future life. The study of history and the fit comparison of events do indeed prove that there is justice in a great many appointments, where at first we seem to see injustice. But the most of men have no time for this study and comparison; and even to those who have, there will be a large remainder of things unreconciled. Who can believe that the earthly experience of any man, however wise he may be, however calm his thought may be, and however broad his philosophy, can reduce to exact justice all the events which come even under his own notice? He will see many lives in which justice is not done; but bring the future life in, and how instantly this difficulty vanishes. We can expect then another issue; we have room then for assurance that God will verify his word; then we can believe that the

earthly triumph of wickedness is not final, and that God's chastisement shall surely fall on those who transgress his law. This will give the drama its fifth act, and not leave it with the first act, where the plot has only shown its intricacy. If it be some undue pain in our own lives which we lament, we can feel that the future life shall give all the blessing of which that pain has been the preparation. We need not follow the infinite ways in which this thought of the future reconciles the discords of the present, in which the coming day takes from the spectral forms of night their ghastliness, and gives them solemnity. With the future life, there need seem no injustice in the world, no man need to feel that any wrong is really done, and there is space for any hope. But without the future life, we are left to be the sport of contradiction and wrong, and can only exclaim with Jeremy in his sorrow, "He hath enclosed my ways with hewn stone, he hath made my paths crooked."

And shall we not say next, what some perhaps would have said at the first, that only belief in a future life *can assuage grief and reconcile to affliction?* It may not indeed wholly reconcile us to our own death, and it will not do to urge it as necessary in that direction, since there are those who can die calmly without believing that they shall live again, and many who believe that they shall live again do not, from that belief, become willing to die. But in the sorrow which the death of friends brings, in the anguish which comes in parting from those that we love, what else is there that can bring consolation? None but the exceptional few who are either too brutal to feel grief, or who have steeled their souls by a hard Stoic philosophy, can be satisfied to know that their dear ones, in dying, are utterly dead, that the grave, in receiving them, will hold them for ever. Grief will be desperate, when it has only this to rest in. The thought of a future life may not take away all the bitterness of grief, may not bring the mourner to a state of perfect submission and trust; but it will at least take some of the darkness out of his sorrow, will set stars in his night, and remove that utter blackness which would otherwise hang above him. This alone can bring real

light into the thought of bereavement. This offsets the terrible woe of memories and backward-looking thoughts, which only agonize the more one who feels that it is "all over," and that there is no more reality to the life which he can only remember. As the resurrection of Jesus, the life beyond the grave, was the grand fact which made the disciples of Jesus able to speak of his dying, so the future life of those that we love, their life above the grave, makes us able to speak with resignation of the loss which has come to us in their going down to the grave. This is compensation for a part, at least, of our heavy trial. Who can measure the constant force of this belief in the hearts of those who mourn? Perhaps it is transitory, speedily lost in some cases, and, in most cases, after a while. Perhaps time, the great restorer, and the steady cares of life, cure the sorrow which at first seemed beyond relief. But, even here, we may refer to time and work what in the first instance was wrought by faith in the future life. It has been noticed that the sceptic is apt to brood over his grief longer than the believer, and that his hopeless threnody keeps the echo of its strain long after the believer's adieus are softened and spiritualized. Faith in the future life so calms the soul in the beginning, that it is ready for the healing influences of time and work. He who believes that the child torn from his embrace has not been crushed in the jaws of devouring death, but taken as an angel into the Father's upper house, to wait for him there, to watch for him there, will welcome again that toil which has thus far been turned to the blessing of the lost child. But when there is no home in the sky, no angel world, no thought of the child in heaven, then there can be only the wail of Jacob, refusing to be comforted, — "Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces, and I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Once more, we may say that the doctrine of a future life alone *can fill the chasm which separates man and God.* In many ways we perceive this chasm, but in none so evidently as in the fact that we are mortal, while God cannot die. It is the fact of mortality which most distinctly divides man from his Creator. Some of God's attributes are given to him, — in

diminished measure, indeed, — and yet really given. Man's knowledge is a faint reflection of God's omniscience; man's skill is a fragment of God's infinite force; and the conscience of man is really a divine voice in his soul; but dying man is utterly severed from God, except as he has a few years of providential term to fulfil. The thought of our mortality at once brings down and annihilates all that conscience and will and mind had told us of our relation to the Infinite. Far off are we that perish from him that endures unto all generations. The future enduring life at once bridges this chasm, restores the thought of relationship. Living on toward God, we live with him. Our parallel of life, smaller it may be, keeps on with his great equatorial line. This future, of which we see no end, allies us to him of whom we know neither end nor beginning. Man must always be in his own thought less than the Maker, for his eternity looks only one way, while God's eternity looks both ways; his life is a river, which, though lost in the infinite sea, comes out from its narrow cavern, while God's life is only ocean, as grand here as there, with no source and no outlet. Yet when we can see the estuary which receives the river, while it heaves still with ocean tides, we know that there is no separation. The future life of man is that gulf into which the river of his own life flows, while the gulf continually swells with the tide of God's eternity. Without this, man's life, even in its best beauty, is only a lake in the mountains, imitating, in form and color, and the reflection of surrounding objects, the surface of the ocean, but to be swallowed out of sight when the next earthquake comes, — an imitation only, not a part of the ocean. Without the future life, we can only say with Ezekiel, in the chambers of our imagery, "The Lord seeth us not, the Lord hath forsaken the earth." But with the future life, we can realize those words of Jesus, in his prayer for the brethren, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be with me where I am." The future life alone enables us to realize and share the life of God.

And, with these practical uses of the doctrine, shall we dare to say that it is not practical? We are sent here to live the

life of earth, and to use earth as best we may. But shall we not thank God that the knowledge and assurance of a heavenly life make this earthly life worth living for, guide its way, provide for its feeble thoughts, vindicate its dark providences, assuage its sorrows, and join it to the life of God. Oh that the spiritual world might so touch and embrace the natural world for us, that it should work continually a transfiguration, and should make of us, even in our ministry below, witnesses of a diviner life and companions in a celestial company!

Art. IV. — THE SCHLEIERMACHER CENTENNIAL AND ITS LESSON.*

1. *Friedrich Schleiermacher. Sein Leben und sein Werken.* Für das deutsche Volk dargestellt von Rudolf Barmann. Elberfeld, 1868. pp. 160.
2. *Der christliche Glaube.* Nach den Grundsätzen der evangelischen Kirche. Von Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher. pp. 522–594. Berlin, 1830.
3. *Friedrich Schleiermacher's Grundriss der philosophischen Ethik.* Berlin, 1841. pp. 106 and 299.

In that realm of wonders that we call the nineteenth century, our own age, we are constantly startled by new lights of science, new triumphs of the arts, the spread of liberty, and the reconstruction of nations upon its basis. We ask, with mingled hope and fear, what is to become of faith and its empire in all these new developments? Is faith to be lost in

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* The substance of this article was given in a discourse on the Restoration of Faith, in the Church of the Messiah, New York, by Dr. Osgood, before the united congregations of Unitarians. Dr. Bellows assisted in the service, which was attended by a large assembly, among whom were many noted scholars and lovers of German thought and heart. Our United-States Minister at Berlin, among others, joined in the request for the commemoration. The article owes its unscholastic and popular form to this occasion, and it did not seem best to the author to make any essential change in this respect. The commemoration was held on Sunday evening, Nov. 22, 1868, and was fully noticed in the German press here and in Europe.

the passion for absolute knowledge? or to enlist the new knowledge in widening her horizon, upbuilding her temple, and opening new observatories for her vision into the spiritual world? Some there are, and they neither few nor feeble, nor depraved wholly, who think that the ages of faith are gone, and the age of positive science, with its sharp sight and exact calculation, has come. We propose now to pay our tribute to the man who, in his way perhaps beyond all others, strove to unite the mental freedom of the nineteenth century with positive faith; and the centennial of whose birth we have celebrated with the millions of his German countrymen, who have been led by his genius and piety away from degrading materialism to spiritual ideas, or from a cold, impersonal deism, — a pale shadowy religion of nature, — or a shallow scriptural literalism and a poor prudential ethics, into loving confidence in God and his Christ. In our view, Friedrich Schleiermacher stands at the head of the philosophical restorers of faith in the nineteenth century, as Voltaire stood at the head of its assailants in the eighteenth century.

Let it be our aim in this article to give a familar and popular, rather than a scholastic and metaphysical, view of the man, his time, and work. We ought all to know him, and the strange fact it is, that, whilst even his name is hardly known to our people, there is not a theologian of any mark in America who has not been much under the influence of his thought, and the tendencies now most active in the advance movements of our American Church are most in the line of his ideas. His is the name that stands for the union of freedom with faith, knowledge with devotion, theism with Christianity, and manly individualism with catholic universality. In his first two memorable works, the "Reden" and "Monologen" (Discourses and Monologues), he seems to stand on the Abarim, from which he can see at once the wilderness of doubt that he is leaving, and the promised land of faith which he is entering; and in the name of God and nature, reason and conscience, he turns his back upon the unbelief of the eighteenth century, and welcomes the new age of faith

and enthusiasm. Who of us does not feel young blood beat anew in his heart, as we read these words from the "Monologen," — in this little book, which is one of the first edition, — the New-Year's present with which he greeted the year 1800?

"What cheers me now shall always cheer me; vigorous shall be my will, and vivid my imagination, and nothing shall rob me of the magic key which opens to me the mysterious doors of the higher world, and never shall the fire of love die out. . . . Even unto the end will I be stronger and more living through every action, and more loving through every idea; youth will I wed to age, that even age may have fulness, and be pervaded by vital warmth. This have I decided upon, and will never give up; and thus, smiling, I see the light fade from the eyes, and gray hairs springing between fair locks. Nothing that can be done may narrow my heart; fresh beats the pulse of the inner life until death."

So wrote the young preacher of the Charity Hospital in Berlin, 1800; and on Feb. 12, 1834, at the age of sixty-three, he died, with the blessing of the cup of communion upon his lips, saying to his family, "In this love and fellowship we are one." Let us see now what are the chief aspects of the momentous public life that filled the interval (1800–1834), after a glance at his years of preparation.

He was born in Breslau, the capital of Silesia, in Prussia, Nov. 21, 1768. His parents were of the German Reformed Church, which is essentially what we call Calvinist, and as such is distinguished from the more ritualistic Lutheran Church. The chief experience of his youth was his life among the Moravian Christians, who at once won his affections and repelled his understanding. He could not believe that Jesus was the Almighty God; nor that God died to expiate sin; nor that he would torment his creatures eternally; and, whilst at the Moravian College at Barby, he joined a little knot of free inquirers, among whom were several Swiss, one English, and one Swedish member. Yet he never ceased to be grateful to the Moravians for their influence upon his religious affections; and, many years after, he wrote that no place had done so much for his spirit, and that, after

all, "I am again a Herrnhüter, only of a higher order." At the age of nineteen, he entered the University of Halle, and passed two years in earnest study without definitely fixing his religious opinions. After three years as tutor in the family of Count Dohna, where he first saw the refinements of society, and greatly helped his culture by the conversation of accomplished women, he took holy orders, and began to preach as assistant to his aged uncle. After two years, he was appointed chaplain at the Charity Hospital in Berlin, where he lived six years, with sufficient distinction as a preacher to have a course of his sermons published, yet more conspicuous as a man of letters than a theologian, and not wholly freed from the lax notions of religion that prevailed in the literary and social circles of Berlin. He could preach at that time according to the current standard of opinion, without having very clear or fixed Christian convictions, and was positively religious without being positively Christian.

He was more a Theist, if not a Pantheist, than a Christian, and perhaps he all the more fulfilled his mission, and did his providential work by advancing from Theism to positive Christianity: like the Greeks of old who would see Jesus at the feast, and who brought their Greek taste, sentiment, and reason into the Christian Church, and made the glorious triumph of Christendom, when classic wisdom accepted the Christian faith, and the scholars of Plato and Zeno made virtually their august confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." His two first works of note were essentially from the Theistic, if not the Pantheistic, standpoint; and were a glowing plea for religion and morality, without urging distinctively Christian principles. His "Reden" — Discourses to educated men among its despisers (1799) — contended most fervently for essential religion as the great want of the human soul, apart from all theories, forms, and doctrines; and has little in its pages that Plato could not accept, and perhaps nothing that Spinoza could not have written. It is the cry of man for his portion in the great universe, — nay, for the universe itself; for the all of nature, man, and God; for the Infinite itself, without bondage to any

finite limitations. Each soul, according to him, must seek the priceless good for itself, and no man can worship for another any more than he can breathe and live for him. Affinity, brotherhood, there can be; but no lordship, no dictation over brethren. Two great religions appear in history, — the Hebrew and the Christian: the Hebrew, which reveals the Infinite as intervening in things finite, and so ruling from above; the Christian religion, which brings the Infinite and finite into union, and reconciles God and man, eternity and time, heaven and earth.

Great was the effect of this electric appeal to the religious heart of Germany, at a time when religion had hardened into a petrified creed, or crumbled into a worldly morality. Here was the soul of philosophy pleading for religion as the only true life, and scorning alike the bigots who would shut her up in their prisons, and the worldlings who would drive her from their schools and *salons*. A Russian count dated his new birth from reading the book; and the famous preacher Claudius Harms declared that it made him a new man, and led him to regard all rationalism and self-culture as nothing, and to believe in a salvation that is not of ourselves. Some of the thoughtful among the Jews were delighted with the book, which seemed to present religion without dogma, and Christianity without Christ; and they asked to enter the Christian Church without belief in Christ: but found no encouragement from the author, even in his large latitudinarianism. Even then he declared that Christ and the Church were one.

Then came the "Monologues," which I have already quoted; which were a plea for the soul's freedom, as the "Discourses" were a plea for faith. Man not only belongs to the universe, but he has a life and will of his own, and he is to put the stamp of his own personality upon the world of nature and history. Two modes of influence there are, — the one, the mode of the artist, whose works are symbols and signs of humanity; the other, the mode of the true man, who makes his life an embodiment of faith and love, and puts their mark upon the world. The man should shape society, and command destiny

instead of obeying it. So this prophet of faith and freedom — uniting Plato and Zeno, Spinoza and Kant, in his mind — stood upon the threshold of the nineteenth century, and made his stirring appeal to the drowsy ear of the old formalism, and to the impotent ear of the new radicalism. His admirable translation of Plato, begun in 1802, in retirement at Stoppe, carried out the same idea; and presented him among the clergy of the age as chief among the Greeks who would see Jesus, yet had not seen his full glory.

Some persons may, and undoubtedly do, prefer to contemplate him at this period of his life, when the philosopher was more prominent than the theologian, and the Theist was more pronounced than the Christian. But we see defects alike in his thought and action that subsequent progress removed. He escaped all suspicion of immorality, yet was not wholly sound in his views of social rectitude during his early career among the rich and luxurious Jews and easy-mannered literati of Berlin. His wish to have Eleonore Grunow, an accomplished woman and childless wife, separate from her husband by divorce, and then marry him, may pass for morals among Theists of a certain sort, but not with earnest Christians, among whom he afterwards took his stand, and wrote his condemnation of such infraction of that marriage covenant, which positive Christianity alone can make and keep. There is no one point of time indeed that marks his spiritual regeneration, and from the beginning of his career he had a tender love for Christ; yet we may mark the publication of his great work on the "Christian Faith" (1821) as the full and public confession of his convictions, and as the most memorable theological work since the "Institutes of Calvin." Not only his own active mind, and the cravings of his own spirit, but his practical training in the affairs of the university, the nation, and the Church, led him to bring his religion to its true centre in Christ, as the great fact of God's grace and man's redemption.

Individuals are the great realities of history, said his associate Hegel, the severe philosopher of the intellect; and whilst Schleiermacher was at Halle, the man who embodied

the positive materialism of the age, and used the forces of revolutionary liberty to run the engine of military despotism, crossed the quiet student's path; and after the victory of Jena, Napoleon entered Halle, full of wrath at the students and professors of the university in particular, and at the world of ideas in general. Busy with his studies of the New Testament, our scholar did not care to go to the window to see the upstart Corsican, who was trying to play the part of Cæsar and Charlemagne, and set up kings and popes at pleasure, or throw them down. Yet the weapons were not wholly with the imperial soldier: the scholar had a magazine of Greek-fire that floods could never quench, and which burned after Napoleon's batteries were silenced and his armies routed. The scholar and preacher turned against the French invader all the forces of intellectual liberty with its allies in the Spirit of God. He wrote and preached and prayed for the fatherland, union, and liberty. Little man as he was, with a hump on his back, and at times a halt in his gait, he took his place at the close of the war among the volunteers, and drilled with rifle and cartridge-box; and afterwards, when the soldiers entered the church, after stacking their arms outside, he preached to them a sermon all on fire with patriotism and liberty, and administered to them the communion in preparation for death on the battle-field. In his New Year's sermon, 1807, whilst he preached from the text, "Fear not them that kill the body," he called the people to lay hold of that divine force that renews body and limbs, puts a mighty heart into every weapon, and makes the man cheerful and brave, ready and invincible, to stand up with the world at defiance, with God for his portion, and his soul at peace. In 1813, when Napoleon fled from Russia, our scholar read from his pulpit the call of the king to the people (*mein Volk*); and on Passion Sunday, March 28, followed it up with a patriotic sermon, an account of which he wrote to his friend Von Raumer with the words: "You know from me that I desire, as the essential condition of a truly Christian, that is, free state, its own nationality free from the chains of foreign dominion." The preachers of America say amen to his

words, and have said it in the war for national life which the slave power made against us, in league with the kings and lords of Europe, headed by the third Napoleon, without any signal exception but the Czar of Russia.

The scholar lived to see Germany free from French rule, and never despaired of seeing her throw off the fetters of the Holy Alliance, which introduced the new bondage of reconstruction. Germany to-day, united as never before, speaks his name with love, and her best blood greets him as a prophet of better times still to come.

He carried this work of patriotism into the Prussian Church, and led the movement to unite the two great sects, the Reformed and Lutheran, which made the third centennial of the Reformation, in 1817, such a jubilee. He presided over the Berlin Synod for reunion, and wrote the call to the whole Prussian Church to unite in one common union at the jubilee of Oct. 31, 1817; yet scrupulously to avoid invading individual liberty, and to be content with fraternal and devout fellowship, without insisting upon dogmatic uniformity. He triumphed, and was also in some respects defeated. The union of churches took place; yet he always contended against the disposition of the court to force a state religion upon the churches, and against the disposition of bigots to insist upon the letter of the old creeds and the minutiæ of the old or new ritual. He was the Broad Churchman of his country and age, and strove and prayed to bring all Christians together who had the Christian conscience in its faith in Christ and fellowship of brotherhood. His liberality and moderation did not save him from suspicion and assault. Demagogues attacked him for not favoring their incendiary plots; and morose conservatives doubted him, because he would not compromise his principles of liberty in their interest. But he kept on, apparently without swerving through fear or favor, and gave the last years of his life to sacred studies and instruction. In 1831 the king sent him the star of the order of the Red Eagle; which he received with modest acknowledgment, but never wore. What need had he of the Red Eagle of the court, when his pen and

voice had won for him the order of the White Dove, the Holy Spirit, from the Church of God?

His great work, "The Christian Faith," first published in two volumes, in 1821, crowned the labors of his life, and gives him his place as one of the great fathers of Christian thought; and, in the opinion of not a few, among whom our United-States Minister at Berlin numbers himself, as the founder of modern theology. It is a devout, yet wonderfully bold book; fervently Christian, and as fervently liberal and reasonable. His great characteristic principle is the Christian consciousness or mind; and he builds religion and theology, not upon the priesthood or creeds, upon dogmas or texts, but upon the witness of God, through Christ, in the human soul. The soul is conscious of not being infinite or almighty, and needs to lean upon the Infinite and Eternal One. The soul has a certain sense of dependence that yearns for God, and rejoices in his manifestation of himself. This sense of dependence is known as an instinctive feeling before it expresses itself in ideas; and, like the craving for food, it can taste the flavor of the bread of life before it can analyze its elements. This feeling does not exclude thought, but demands it; as literary taste does not exclude thought, but cherishes it, and seeks the reason of the art or style that so charms the ear or fancy. The soul's sense of dependence must have an object, which is God; and God has never been without witness among men. As nature shows the evolution of physical forces and laws, history, the collective experience of man and record of God's kingdom, shows the evolution of rational and spiritual forces and laws. As God lifts up the mountains, and opens the living springs in nature, so he reveals himself in the events and powers of the moral world, and draws near men in his kingdom of reason. Jesus Christ is the manifestation of God to man, not as a teacher and example merely, but as the living and lasting fountain of life and salvation. He is not a passing shower, nor a limited cistern, but a perennial spring, an unfailing river of divine grace. God in Christ is to be received into the soul in personal faith, and to become the ground of peace, the spring of righteousness, and the

bond of fellowship. Christ is the quickening centre of the Church. From him all comes, to him all returns. All Christians can meet around him in common consciousness, and our divine never assailed any who cherished the Christian's love for the Master. Brave Protestant that he was, and stern critic of Romish usurpation, he never assailed the Catholic's inward religion, and the Roman Catholic clergy of Berlin attended his funeral. He gave the famous statement that so well presents the difference between Protestant and Catholic: "Catholicism makes the relation of the believer to Christ depend on his relation to the Church; Protestantism makes the relation of the believer to the Church depend on his relation to Christ." Thoroughly Protestant, our divine claimed for each soul direct access to God in Christ, and looked upon the Church as founded on Christian souls, without insisting that Christian souls were founded primarily upon the Church. So he was a Protestant of Protestants, and his liberalized Calvinism repeated the stern Genevan's protest against priestcraft, and was not willing to yield his free Christian consciousness into the hands of the Lutheran High Churchmen, who played the old game of Ritualism in the nineteenth century, and are playing it still. So his inborn and inbred Greek intellect appeared in his theology; and he was the Hellenist of his age, as St. Paul was the Hellenist of the apostolic age. His Greek mind sought the realm of universal ideas, — looked to the spirit within, and sometimes above, the letter, and the eternal word within, and sometimes above, the textual words. He must find or make harmony everywhere: and to him God was one being in trinal manifestation; all nature and history must serve his one Providence, and eternity must bring the consummation of his one kingdom, with no hopeless or endless misery to perpetuate discord in the universal all. Yet he was no mere rationalist, and held devoutly to the divine mission and nature of Christ; preached the worth of his sufferings and death in the work of salvation, and in forming the conscious union between God and the soul; and he looked to the glorified Lord in heaven as the centre of the divine kingdom and of

divine communications by the Holy Spirit. The sacred person of Christ was the inspiration of his thought and word; and his sermons, full as they are of close analysis and sharp discrimination, are all full of Christ, and begin and end with his grace. He never indeed lost sight of the human Jesus, but he lived in the riches of the divine Christ. So great was the inspiration, that the pen stood in his way in preaching, and he poured out his own soul and God's truth and grace in a tide of clear, flowing, and inspiriting eloquence. He was thus of the Positivist school in heart as well as mind; and believed that, as in natural science, ideas come from facts, rather than facts from ideas, — it is the same with spiritual forces: they come from the great powers and facts of God's continuous kingdom; and to him the great fact — sunrise in history — was "God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." The great reconciliation was in his view sorely needed; for sin was not merely the fault of the individual, but the perverse mind and habit, the evil consciousness of the race, which needed the grace of a divine Saviour to give new mind to the race as well as the individual, and build up the kingdom of heaven among men. Yet even in his treatment of sin, he shows the Greek rather than the Hebrew temper; and to him sin is more an habitual imperfection of mankind, through the continuous sway of the flesh over the spirit, than an utterly depraved and wilful rebellion against God. It is quite as much, if not more, the imperfection of a perverse child than the depravity of a fiend; and the remedy is sought rather in the loving grace of the Son Beloved of the Father, than in a bloody expiation to the wrath of an angry king. The kingly idea of God he little cherished; and ever sought the Father's face in the Son, hardly willing to take the Hebrew point of view enough to enjoy reading or interpreting the Old Testament, with its characteristic truth of God above nature, its celestial monarch. Yet the grandest of all Hebrew ideas, this great Christian accepted devoutly; for he ascended from all known facts, laws, and powers to the Supreme Cause; and all nature and all life, man and his instincts, Christ and the Church,

came forth from the almighty will, and all the tables of truth came from that Horeb of Eternal Being.

What, then, is the significance of this man for our time, and especially for our country? We reply, that he is to us, under God, one of the chief restorers of faith in this age of presuming materialism and naturalistic scepticism and popular and royal man-worship. The son of the doubting yet aspiring eighteenth century, he brings to us its independence, its observation, its glowing humanity, its vague but burning Theism, to the doors of the Church of Christ, and asks entrance for himself and his thought. He represents thus the new universality of our time in protest against all narrowness of sect and creed and dogma, and in alliance with the instincts of piety. As step by step he ascended the temple hill, and heard the prayers and chants of the sanctuary, he found there place for all his faith and affection; and his God of Nature and the Soul was not withdrawn, but revealed in fulness, in the God and Father in your Lord Jesus Christ. So in him Theism was not narrowed but enlarged into Christianity, and Christ not only widened his vision of God, but intensified the power of his hold upon the Spirit of God, and brought the Eternal Spirit to be his helper. All honor to him for that good office of bringing Theism to Christ, and so repeating the great marvel of primitive history, when Greece distanced Judea in reception of the gospel, — an office that needs to be renewed now in our time and land, when a vague and superficial Theism asks to reverse the process, and put itself in the place of positive Christianity, with the result that might be expected, in wavering faith, waning love, not without fear of desecrated homes and sanctuaries. For affirmative Theism, whether Greek or Roman, empirical or transcendental, we have no anathemas, but blessings, grateful as we are for all religious life; but the greatest blessing for all Theists is to put them in the path of faith, where they may see Jesus, and hear the word, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him."

The second good work of Schleiermacher is his bringing all Christianity to its central principle of Christ in the Chris-

tian consciousness, instead of looking for the central principle in priesthoods, creeds, records of miracles, texts of doctrine, or precepts of ethics. So he met the great conflict of his time by ascending a height overlooking both parties, and planting himself upon the fact of religious experience, he looked down upon the quarrel between naturalists and supernaturalists, strong in the faith that true experience of Christ is from a source above nature, not destructive of nature or any part of the divine order. To him religious experience or Christian consciousness was a great supernatural fact completing the order of nature; for it came from God in Christ, and was not merely a human development or culture. Free in Christ, he shunned the error of our Free Religionists, who regard all religion as comprised in the idea of love to God and man, by urging the divine grace that enforces the precepts, and finding in Christ and the Spirit the inspiration to obey the divine law. So his Christian consciousness was dynamic as well as ideal, and affirmed the power as well as the wisdom of God unto salvation. It rested on the great spiritual fact of the Word incarnate in Christ, and not upon the miracle of the birth of Jesus, which he freely discussed with a critic's latitude.

We need that view of religion now, and our best teachers are presenting it to the people, — presenting the living gospel, and assured that its powerful vitality will invigorate all the limbs of the Christian system, as the heart and brain invigorate the whole body. Narrative and miracle can live for us now only as they partake of that divine life of the Head, and all attempts to rewrite the life of our Lord are subordinate to his own life of himself, which he is ever writing in the human heart, and of which the Christian consciousness is the unceasing publication. Let Renan romance and sentimentalize, and Strauss prose and speculate about Christ. Our Lord himself is answering them in the power of the Spirit, and all vital Christianity is the newly edited life of our Saviour.

This life of Christ which is thus writing itself in the Christian consciousness, is manifesting itself in every sphere of humanity, and carrying out this consciousness into the world,

to reclaim it to the kingdom of God. Here is another grand virtue of our sage, that, whilst he led all Theism into Christianity, and all Christianity into consciousness, he aimed to lead this Christian consciousness into all spheres of life, and make it tell on the individual and society in all holiness and virtue and duty. With him morality is practical Christianity; faith is the Christian conscience at rest, and true morality is that consciousness in action. All righteousness begins in the supreme good, which is the sum of all rational and natural perfection, which has its great expression in the human and divine life of Jesus. From this supreme good all virtues are derived, just as the forces of nature are derived from the organized life of the universe; and virtues are the forces of the soul, as gravity, electricity, &c., are the forces of organic nature. Duties are virtues put into practice, and correspond with the mechanism of nature, that applies natural forces to their objects. These three — the supreme good, virtues, duties — embrace the whole of ethics, and are to the realm of reason what the organized world and its forces and mechanism are to physics or the science of nature. In each relation of ethics, our philosopher traces the important distinction between what is private or individual, and what is universal, and affirms that every faculty of man and every sphere of life belongs to the whole universe as well as to the private personality, — a distinction which the great master of modern ethics, Rothe, affirms to be as essential to sound moral science as the laws of Kepler are to the principles of astronomy. According to this distinction, the soul repeats the law of the universe, and every thought, like every atom, is not only for itself, but for the All.

Great is the power of this idea of universality when carried out into life, and made the foundation of the grand modern catholicity that combines freedom with love, individuality with comprehensiveness, and calls on each one to live for and in the All. Our sage developed this idea strongly in his various treatises and lectures on ethics; and it is at the foundation of the matchless work of his disciple, Rothe, on "Theological Ethics." But Schleiermacher was able to carry it out

largely into life, and do much to expand the common dogged German individualism into more generous fellowship, and break down the barrier between cliques and castes, schools and creeds, races and churches. So he became the Protestant Catholic of Germany and Europe, and, without pinning his faith to the sleeve of pope or bishop, he went for the fullest charity between man and man, and the freest possible fellowship of church with church. Without being a ritualist or ecclesiast, he strove to harmonize and inspire a comprehensive church life, and do all in his power to make church institutions — preaching, prayer, music, poetry, architecture — help the people to the true Christian consciousness, and open genial communication between religion and life. The Prussian Evangelical Church, in spite of its seclusion and frequent dogmatism, is a monument of his freedom and catholicity, and we have the assurance of the grave and trustworthy Swiss scholar, Hagenbach, that there is no German theologian of any mark who has not been greatly under the influence of his mind and works.

Our America shares in the debt to this man. Moses Stuart applied his profound essay on the "Trinity" to the somewhat Tritheistic orthodoxy of Andover and New England, and did much to remove the offence. George Ripley brought the great German's large philosophy and interior faith to bear upon the over-legal religion and Judaizing Monotheism of the Andrews Norton school of Unitarians, and so enriched the religious life of Unitarianism in that direction. It has seemed that our scholar's Protestant catholicity has been at work in the reconciliation of the Old and New School Presbyterians, and that the mantle of his evangelical charity and wisdom, without his speculative laxity, has fallen upon the leading Presbyterian scholar of America, Henry B. Smith, in his work of peace. We Americans are just now in a position to appreciate his temper and genius, for there is a very wide desire among us to have something of the work of reunion done here that he did in Germany; and that denomination that offers our people the best combination of faith with freedom will win the heart of the nation. Which will it be? we all

ask; and the question will perhaps be answered effectually from some unexpected quarter and under the lead of some unexpected man.

It is remarkable that Methodism originated at the same fountain from which our Christian sage drew his first inspiration; and he, with Wesley, drew his sweetness and pathos, his religion of feeling, from the Siloa of Moravian pietism. How like, yet unlike, in nature and destiny, the two, — the English Methodist and the German Evangelical! Both Wesley and he found religion in the heart, and built the Church upon religious experience or Christian consciousness, and had the same affectionate trust, and not a little of the same methodical mind. But Wesley was more of a soldier of the Cross, and less of a sage, and more too of a fiery Hebrew zealot of the offended law and of the expiatory sacrifice, than a Greek votary of that Eternal Word, whose first scripture is the Kosmos, and whose final scripture shall be the perfected kingdom of the glorified Son, without a note of discord and without a sigh of despair. Wesley is the Methodist of the heroic will, and Schleiermacher the Methodist of the devout reason, and each differs from each as Hebrew England differs from Greek Germany, the land of authority and business from the land of ideas and culture. The two must meet as never before in America, and it may be that the future Church of America may unite these two Methodisms in one.

It seems strange that a thinker so free and a man so genial should belong to the Reformed or Calvinistic Church, that so quarrelled with Luther's churchly heart and jovial humor. With us Calvinism has quite another aspect, and its greatest name in America is Jonathan Edwards, that Puritan schoolman whose presidential chair at Princeton has of lately been so ably filled by a Christian scholar from Scotland. What a contrast, — the German, who, in the height of his fame, was not ashamed to go into a hall of festive students, and with glass in hand give a toast in favor of allowing arms to the people, without fear; and the New England divine, whose children were afraid to sit without leave in his presence, and who drank out of a cup of silver, whilst they drank from tin!

Yet they were both Calvinists, and both severe reasoners, and not without gentle emotion and beautiful taste. The American, however, reasoned on the Hebrew base of the literal Scriptures, and brought the weapons of the new metaphysics into the service of the old theocratic religion, without taking his stand upon the free soul in open communion with God and his Christ; the German too little appreciated the Hebrew Scriptures, probably insisted too little upon the Christian idea of the transcendence of the Father, and began with the Eternal Word, and the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and rejoiced in the Christ as the Greek rejoiced in the sunshine that fell in beauty and sweetness on mountain and valley, temple and tomb, shining from above upon nature; but bringing out her lineaments instead of marring them, and interpreting instead of annulling her laws. This Hebrew and this Greek are coming together in America, and our reformed Calvinism is most generous in its new aspects, and sometimes hails the new movement of Christian mind, that looks upon the Incarnation as the completion, not merely the repair, of creation, and places Christianity upon the throne of the Kosmos, and not merely in its hospital or penitentiary.

We who are of the evangelical order of Unitarians, and who, with the German, build faith and the Church on Christ, in free consciousness, owe much to this German, and he has been a strong leaven in our lump. He has much affinity with our cherished father Channing, who had all of his passion for liberty, his love of large culture, his impatience of formalism and priestcraft, and his large catholicity. Channing had a more exalted personality, more majesty of character, more constant dignity of thought and life; yet was less of a scholar and thinker, a more recluse patriot and limited theologian. No man ever laid familiar hand on Channing's shoulder, or asked him to drink beer with jovial students; and his young days of fancy record no trace of his trifling in society, or even innocently sentimentalizing with women, yet he leaves less mark of his thought than of his character upon the world, and his place is that of a stirring prophet

more than of an illuminated sage and apostolic father of the Church. He was the better writer, but less profound thinker; and, whilst he combined his thoughts and imaginations in more telling sentences and illustrations, his analysis was inferior to the German's, and he has left no philosophy of his own, but a mighty moral influence. He differed from the German not so much in faith as in method: both believed in the Christ of God; but the American looked with truth upon Christ as man rising into communion with God, whilst the German, with equal truth, saw in Christ God descending into union with men. These two men are mighty in their way, and are coming together. They were both little in stature, and therefore like the little leaven that leavens the whole lump.

We do not call either man our master, whilst we rejoice in their contributions to the religion and theology of our time. They belong to the great company of noble souls who are restoring faith, with liberty of reason and conscience; and accepting Christ as the light, and not the eclipse, of humanity. Coleridge did something of this work in England; and his spirit, with Arnold's, is still powerful there in saving science from materialism, and putting the Church upon a broader foundation than the priestly prerogative or the magical ceremonial. The German had some excuse for his greater latitude, in the fact that he had no such domestic and national order of religion to build upon; and he was born a Calvinist, not a Churchman.

Our American Broad-churchmen are doing much of his work; and Bushnell does not greatly differ from Schleiermacher in his essential ideas of God, Christ, human needs, and salvation. He, however, comes to the subject in a different way; and, with Bushnell, the new thought is a reaction against narrow orthodoxy, not against the vulgar old rationalism of the eighteenth century. Channing follows in the same path, and protests against rigid orthodoxy in his first works, whilst at the close of his life he was equally strong against the new naturalism. Theodore Parker deserves to be named in the great movement, for his protest against basing religion

upon texts and miracles alone, and for his powerful affirmation of the Christian consciousness; but he greatly wanted historical catholicity, and he urged the great truth of the immanence of God, with too little sense of its evolution in the ages, and its connection with Christ and his Church. His irascible temper made his negations more emphatic than his faith; and probably a future age may give him credit for a positive affirmation of Christianity, which some of his obtrusive followers seem to think derogatory to his reputation.

So now, in this article, we recognize the centennial of the birth of the evangelical sage of Germany, and the voices of a hundred years sound in our ears with the music of these organ notes at our church service. 1768 – 1868, — what a century, that began before Napoleon was born or America was a nation, or science had begun its wonders of mechanical and chemical art, and that now closes upon the Europe of Frederick William and Napoleon and Victoria and the America of to-day! What shall we say of it, and of the intellectual freedom that has made it what it is, and called man into free and rational relations with nature, society, and God? What shall we say of the Greek mind that would taste and see and prove all things, and hold fast that which is good? or, if you please, with the Protestant mind, that rejects dictatorship, and claims the right of man's soul to find its rightful object, and bring the facts of the universe and history directly to mind? Is it a failure or not, — a failure that we have sought truth in its own eternal springs, and not in any decaying cisterns? Let history answer, and show the triumphs of faith in every sphere of free seeking, — whether the naturalist's faith in the truth of nature, the philosopher's faith in the human mind, or the devotee's faith in the living God and his kingdom in Christ and the Spirit. What a chapter of the history of that century is the record of the movement of the Christian consciousness, and how Methodist zeal and Evangelical wisdom and charity lift up their prayers and hymns in thanksgiving and jubilee over the triumph of faith and freedom! Mistakes, shortcomings, lack of thorough organization, there have been also; vices and sins, license and misrule, too

much and too many: but no failure. Who of us will say that the freedom of that century is a failure? or look to the shaven head of Father Ignatius or the monkish tracts of Dr. Pusey, to rid us of the frightful mistake of using our own hearts and minds, and lead us from the age of science and art, reason and conscience, humanity and godliness, to find wisdom of the bulls of popes and liberty within the grates of confessionals?

No; despair is poor wisdom, and retreat is base strategy. Forward! and God will be with us as with our fathers; and in his own way he will gather us all together, and build into his new temple the marvellous elements of our mighty civilization. He will help us reconstruct society and religion upon the basis of liberty, and his elect prophets already are preparing the way. We must do what we can, and encourage his children to do their part, not doubting that every true man builds better than he knows; and harmony beyond Orpheus' strains is singing the stones of the new temple into their places, where the walls shall be salvation and the gates praise.

In reading the Apocalypse lately, it seemed to me like a pictorial oratorio of the events and voices of the first century, with all the cries of the new prophets, who were calling the new Christian age out of the ruins of the old thrones and temples; and I thought that painting and music might interpret that great drama better than any learned commentary. What art shall presume to interpret the apocalypse of the century just ended, 1768–1868? What composer shall set to music all those cries of fear and hope, hate and love, tribulation and triumph? What a symphony that would be that should express any thing of the mental struggles measured by that period, and suggested by this centennial! What whispers of doubt! what yearnings for light! what confessions of sorrow and sin! what gleams of peace and joys of pardon! what sighs for redemption, and jubilees of communion! what clear and triumphal voices rise above all, and proclaim that God is with man, and mankind are his people! The Hebrews, old and new, in synagogue and cathedral, are heard swelling

the temple chants; but the Greeks sing with them and sometimes without them. They have looked for the manifested God, and found him, and seen earth and heaven lighted up by the brightness. Hear them now, with our German sage and divine, — not least in the goodly company, — lifting up the great confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;" and echoing the brave word of their great compatriot Paul: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

It is surely somewhat remarkable that the spiritual liberty that is so often feared as deadly to faith has been the inspiration of all the great ages of its restoration, and that now, throughout Christendom, the thought that is most devout and constructive affirms, with Schleiermacher, that God is in nature and history, in organic laws and continuous forces and institutions, not merely in individual souls; and, in Christ, his kingdom has its positive and dynamic centre of perpetual influence. Bunsen, and the host of liberal scholars in his Bible work, wear his mantle; and the more orthodox authors of the great Berlin "Encyclopædia of Theology," with all their caution, pay reverent tribute to his name; whilst Roman Catholic scholars and thinkers see the largeness of his vision and love the charity of his spirit. The catalogue of his works makes a tract of itself, and the works of his critics and followers would make a library; whilst every year shows that the universal truth, back of the man and his sometimes wise and sometimes fanciful speculations, is greater than himself, or any thing that he has said or was ever said about him.

Art. V. — ARE THERE TWO RELIGIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT? *

In a series of very interesting and valuable articles in the "Radical," published some time since, Mr. O. B. Frothingham attempted to show, that the person whom we call Jesus Christ was really compound and not simple, — that while Jesus was one person, Christ was another and a very different one. The first three Gospels describe Jesus; the fourth Gospel describes Christ. They differ, he says, in every way; are antagonist at all points; they cannot, by any possibility, be harmonized.

I.

Some of these contrasts are thus stated: —

Jesus is the personal name; Christ is the official title. *Jesus Christ* is equivalent to Jesus, the Messiah. Jesus is *the Man*, genealogically descended from David; baptized like others in the Jordan; tempted, tried, sorrowing; working miracles as other Hebrew prophets had done before; transfigured, as a man may be; forgiving sins, as the Son of man; human, though in no ordinary limits, but yet human.

But the fourth Gospel describes the Christ; and now we have the Word, in the bosom of the Father; not born, but manifested; with a body which can become invisible: nothing said of baptism, nothing of temptation, no Gethsemane of sorrow; a different trial and crucifixion, — all indicating the superhuman character of the victim.

Differing thus outwardly, the Jesus and the Christ also differed inwardly. The Jesus of Matthew is a simple teacher of truth. This Gospel contains the Sermon on the Mount, the homely parables, the ethics of the Sabbath, all that bears on man and human life. There is no technical theology, no

* The Radical, September, October, November, December, 1867; and January, 1868.

abstract teaching. He is a human prophet, ready to live and die for truth.

But the Christ of John is the eternal Word. No beatitudes, no parables; only orations against speculative unbelief, harangues about himself, as the Saviour. The Christ is no reformer or mystic, but a theologian. Jesus says, "*Ye* are the light of the world;" Christ says, "I am the light of the world." The one teaches immortality, declares the truth, indicates the way, invites to life, speaks of God, promises heaven. The other is immortality and life, is the truth and the way, manifests God, and is in heaven.

Jesus prays for himself — the Christ has no such need, and only prays for others. He tells his disciples to pray in his name; while Jesus teaches them simply to say, "Our Father." The miracles of Jesus are natural expressions of his benevolence; those of Christ are *signs* exhibiting his own glory.

According to Jesus, men are saved by natural goodness. The tree is known by its fruits. Not every one who says Lord! but he that does God's will, shall enter the kingdom. In the account of the last day in Matthew, men are saved by their deeds of love. But the Christ of John teaches that the duty is to believe on the Christ himself. Jesus teaches that men are saved by works, — Christ, that they are saved by faith. These two views are irreconcilable. The love to man, taught by Jesus, is universal charity, — that taught by Christ is love for those who share the same faith.

Again: the Christ teaches *doctrines*, — Jesus teaches *truths*. The Gospel of John contains the doctrine, (1) of an incommunicable God; (2) of a race lying in darkness; (3) of Christ as a mediator; (4) a hell for the disbelieving, a heaven for the believing; (5) a Holy Spirit. But in Matthew, no dogma, no metaphysics, but universal truth. The beliefs of Jesus are heart-beliefs, the God of Jesus is "Our Father," the man of Jesus one who can "be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." His idea of goodness is human goodness; his hell is for all the mean, selfish, false; his heaven for those who do good in all lands and times.

Moreover, while Jesus desires to help society, and cause

God's kingdom to come in this world; while he came to preach to the poor, to deliver the captives, and cause God's will to be done on earth, — the Christ only wishes to save his disciples, to help his Church, to rescue souls hereafter. And, consequently, those who follow the Christ, rather than Jesus, have opposed reforms and defended old abuses and feared progress — while the words of Jesus have been the text of the reformer, the watchword of the philanthropist.

The conclusion of Mr. Frothingham is, that these two figures — Jesus and Christ — stand for two contradictory and irreconcilable systems. We can select one, or reject both; we cannot receive both. The Jesus is the more rational and truly spiritual, — hence it has all the authority on its side, and should be accepted, — while the Christ must be opposed and rejected. The Gospel of John is vague, abstruse, and talks more about Spirit, — but the Synoptic Gospels are more human, solid, plain; and so more really spiritual. John says, "God is Spirit," but does not define him. Matthew says he is one whose sun shines on the evil and the good. The Christ of John stands higher in the universe in rank, — but the Jesus of Matthew is higher in moral quality. Jesus convinces, Christ speaks by authority. Jesus lived an immortal life, and so best teaches immortality. The religion of Christ decays as the world grows; but the religion of Jesus is advancing.

But, though the highest love and faith is thus given by our writer to Jesus, — though he speaks of him as a true historic example of what men may become, — he closes in a tone which saddens us. After all, he says, it is of little practical consequence which of these two religions we accept, for neither of them is to be the faith of the future. Religion hereafter is to be, not historical or personal, but *scientific*. Therefore, all this inquiry is only a question of criticism, a matter of curious learning. We have not outgrown Jesus, nor left him behind, nor are we likely so to do. But we are to be, not his subjects, but his friends, — provided modern science allows us to be so, by not disproving his statements.

We have given an abridged but a fair statement of Mr.

Frothingham's position. Let us now examine it, and apply to it his own well-beloved criticism.

Three questions arise from the preceding review, —

I. Are these views of the Synoptics and the Fourth Gospel concerning the Great Person, *different?*

II. Are they *contradictory?*

III. How are they to be explained?

II.

That the views taken of Jesus Christ by the Synoptics, and by John, *differ*, has always been admitted, and emphasized, by the Christian Church. That John has added another view of his Master, to those which already prevailed, no one questions. He states his dogmatic and practical object himself, — "These were written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name."

Nor has any one ever denied that Jesus might be regarded from two very different points of view; either as the Son of man or as the Son of God. That is, he is described in his human character as having more of humanity than any other man, and so coming nearer to man than any other; and he is also described in his spiritual elevation, as being more full of the divine element, and coming nearer to God, than any other. In *every* man there is a human and a divine element; in Jesus each was more developed than in other men. There are times in which the good man comes out from God to commune with man; and other times in which he retires from man to commune with God. This duplex tendency all men possess. In some men, the one side is depressed in favor of the other; in other men, the case is reversed. Some men live a life of lonely thought, of solitary aspiration; they depart from their kind like St. Anthony on his column, or Thoreau in his cabin. In such men the element of humanity is depressed, that of the Spirit exalted. But in others we see the utmost kindness, perfect probity, all social and civil virtues; but not a whit of any contemplation or devout activity.

The saints call these worldly; while these call the saints mystical, fanatical, enthusiastic. The first class cling to Matthew and Luke, and have no taste for John; the others cleave to John, and ignore mostly the teachings of the three first Gospels.

We readily admit, therefore, as a well-known fact, that there are *different* views of Jesus Christ taken in the New Testament.

III.

But are they *contradictory?* We think not, — and for the following reasons: —

All the essential elements of the Jesus of Matthew are to be found in John.

The name JESUS occurs in John's Gospel as constantly as in that of Matthew.

Mr. Frothingham says, "The idea presented by the name Jesus is wholly inconsistent with the idea presented by the name Christ. The titles are in opposition; are mutually exclusive and neutralizing. Jesus is the proper name of a man; Christ indicates the function of an angel."

Mr. Frothingham then goes on to say, that "Matthew is devoted to Jesus, John is devoted to the Christ."

If so, one would naturally expect that the name Jesus would be used most frequently by Matthew, and the name Christ by John. Let us do as Mr. Frothingham directs: "Take up the New Testament. Note the occurrence of the two names, and their context of thought all through." What do we find? We find that the word Jesus occurs in Matthew one hundred and seventy-two times, and in John two hundred and fifty-four times; that it occurs *with* the title *Christ*, the *same* number of times in each, namely, three; and that the word *Christ*, *without* Jesus, occurs seventeen times in Matthew and twenty-one times in John. So far therefore as this distinction in the use of the two names is concerned, the Gospels do not as yet contradict each other. If Jesus is the name of *the man*, the Master is designated as a man more frequently in John than in Matthew.

John recognizes Jesus as the *Son of man.*

Mr. Frothingham considers this phrase as indicating the pure humanity of the Master. This is the only explanation which he can give of the passages in Matthew in which the highest power and privilege are ascribed to Jesus; in which it is said that he has power to forgive sins, to judge the world; that he is lord of the Sabbath; that he is to send forth his angels and come in his glory, and sit on the right hand of God. Such passages as these, occurring in the Synoptics, must be explained, or they wholly overthrow the theory of the "Two Religions in the New Testament." So Mr. Frothingham explains them by saying that all this is spoken of Jesus as a man, because he is spoken of in these places as "Son of man." "The Son of man on earth," says he, "is the representative of actual men and women;" and so he forgave, &c., "in his human capacity."

But if this be so, then the Christ Gospel ought not to speak of Jesus as "Son of man," but as "Son of God." What, then, are the facts? In Matthew, Jesus is called "Son of man" thirty-two times. In John, he is so called twelve times. But this number of twelve is sufficient, certainly, to show that John recognized the humanity of Jesus as fully, if not as frequently, as Matthew. And to compensate for this, we find that Jesus is called *Son of God* in Matthew fifteen times, and in John only eleven times. It is true, that John frequently calls Jesus simply "the Son," which might seem to indicate his divinity rather than his humanity. But that this is not so, and that "the Son" really means the Son of man, is evident from the following passages: In John v. 22, it is said that "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto THE SON." But five verses after (John v. 27) this is explained to mean Jesus as a man. "And hath given him power to execute judgment also, *because he is the Son of man.*" So that the fourth Gospel places itself precisely on the same ground as the first, asserting that this great power belongs to Jesus, not as an angel, or a divine Word, *but as a man.*

So far, therefore, as the use of the phrases "Son of God" and "Son of man" indicate any thing, there is no contradiction between Matthew and John.

The Jesus of John has the same human relations and human character as the Jesus of Matthew.

Mr. Frothingham says (referring to the Logos in the introduction to John), "He has no mortal pedigree, no temporal descent, no earthly parentage, not even a mother." Of course this is true of the "Word," or Divine Revelation, which, after being manifested in creation and in human reason, was at last "made flesh" in Jesus. And so, if we were to personify the inspiration of a prophet or poet, the Divine Spirit which dwells in Isaiah or Dante, we must equally omit its "pedigree and earthly parentage," and only assert that it was with God in the beginning. But, certainly, when the fourth Gospel speaks of Jesus Christ, it places him in human relations. It twice calls him "the son of Joseph" (John i. 45, and vi. 42), ignoring the miraculous conception of the *human* gospels. It speaks of "his brothers" again and again; and notices that they did not believe in him, — a matter of small moment, one would think, to the Gospel which only knew him in his divine relation. "Not even a mother?" Which Gospel, so much as the fourth, makes us acquainted with the mother of Jesus? She appears at the beginning by his side, almost assisting him in his first miracle. The old relations of maternal authority and filial obedience still retain such a hold, that he is obliged to intimate to her that henceforth he must obey a higher direction, — "Is not my hour come?"* Is the Christ of the fourth Gospel emancipated from earthly relations, who, even on the cross, remembers his mother, and gives her as a legacy to his best beloved disciple? In which Gospel is the tender friendship of Jesus for the family in Bethany most fully given? In which does Jesus shed human tears over the tomb of his friend? In which Gospel does he appear sympathizing with human joy as well as human sorrow, and working a miracle to add to the cheerfulness and merriment of a

* John ii. 5. Οὔπω is translated interrogatively in Matt. xv. 17, and xvi. 9.

wedding-feast; going further from an ascetic into a purely human religion than his disciples have as yet been able to follow? Which gives the story of his stepping over the limits of national prejudice — prejudice of sex and prejudice of virtue — to talk on a level of pure humanity with the sinful Samaritan woman? Which Gospel has the apotheosis of work, in that grand saying, "My Father worketh hitherto (down to this time), and I work," — a sentence which at once teaches the immanence of God in nature, opposes the literal interpretation of Scripture, and glorifies all labor as divine? In which Gospel is inserted, as naturally belonging there, the story of the compassion of Jesus for the woman taken in adultery? If John is the dogmatic Gospel, the metaphysical Gospel, apart from concrete life, how happen we to find in it such idyllic, concrete narratives as that of the man born blind (John, ch. ix.), and the raising of Lazarus (ch. xi.), than which no story is more tenderly and livingly human?

Mr. Frothingham calls attention to the fact, that the fourth Gospel contains no account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, and explains that omission by supposing that Christ is himself the Lamb to be eaten. But the fourth Gospel *alone* contains the washing of the feet, — a sacrament of human service in which Jesus sets the example of serving his disciples, that they may serve one another; that is, the fourth Gospel omits the supper, the object of which is to commemorate Christ himself, and retains that in which Christ becomes the servant of others. And yet Mr. Frothingham thinks that "there is hardly in the whole book" (viz., John's Gospel) "a direct, natural word about the law of human sympathy," — and the Christ of John, he thinks, is absorbed with himself and his own glory, — "who says 'my glory' all the time!"

Four chapters in John (the 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th) are devoted to conversations, in which Jesus, forgetting his own approaching sorrow, exerts himself to comfort his disciples beforehand, and to prepare their hearts for their work; promising the Comforter, who will teach them what he is not

able to teach; urges on them, in all ways, to love each other; and ends with that sublime prayer, in which all the glory for which he asks is, that he may be the medium of eternal life to others. But, through all this Gospel, Mr. Frothingham sees only in Jesus egotism, self-seeking, and the desire for personal exaltation. Can any thing but the intellectual purpose of working out a preconceived opinion, have blinded a man usually so large and just, and always so keen and acute, to the open facts of the case before him?

But we must hasten on to another point.

All the essential elements of the Christ of John are to be found in the Synoptic Gospels. Thus, if the Christ of John is "the Son of God," so also is the Christ of the Synoptics. For example (Matt. iii. 17), a voice is heard, from heaven, saying, at his baptism, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The devil, in the temptation, regards him as the Son of God (Matt. iv. 3): "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread," &c. On the Mount of Transfiguration the divine declaration is repeated (Matt. xvii. 5), "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." The very devils, in the possessed (Matt. viii. 29), recognize him as "the Son of God." He was recognized by those on the ship as "the Son of God," when he walked on the sea in a storm (Matt. xiv. 33). The stupendous miracles at the crucifixion caused the centurion to say (Matt. xxvii. 54), "Truly this was the Son of God." The very title of the Gospel of Mark is, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God." The angel in Luke (i. 35) announces to Mary that the holy thing born of her "shall be called the Son of God," because of his miraculous conception. It is evident, therefore, that the Synoptics, as well as John, regard Jesus, not only as the Son of man, but also as the SON OF GOD.

Again: the Christ of John speaks of himself, says Mr. Frothingham, in high terms, and is thus distinguished from the Jesus of the first three evangelists, who "calls attention to the truth, not to himself."

No doubt, for a reason hereafter to be assigned, Jesus says *more* of himself and his office and work in the fourth

Gospel than in the first. But see if he does not make essentially the same claims in these as in that.

He ascribes high value to faith in himself when he blessed Peter for his confession of him as the Christ, the Son of God (Matt. xvi. 17), and when he worked miracles for those who had faith in him. He declares (Matt. xxviii. 18), "All power is given TO ME in heaven and earth." In Luke xxi. 15, he says, "*I* will give you a mouth and a wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist." In Matt. xi. 27, he says, "All things are delivered UNTO ME of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." He then calls *all* who labor and are heavy laden to COME TO HIM for rest — not to God. He declares (Matt. xviii. 20) that wherever two or three are gathered IN HIS NAME, he is "in the midst of them." He says (Matt. x. 32), "Whosoever SHALL CONFESS ME before men, him will I also confess before my Father in heaven." And in the description of the judgment, he does not place God on the throne, — but describes himself as sitting there to judge "all the nations."

Without quoting more passages, it would seem sufficient to glance at these, to be satisfied that the Jesus of the Synoptics *does* "call attention to himself" as well as to the truth.

The Christ of John, says Mr. Frothingham, cares specially for his own disciples, prays for them, and not for the world. He wishes to save his Church, and to save souls hereafter.

And yet in Matthew, and not in John, are found the only two places in the four Gospels in which Jesus speaks of "his Church" and "the Church." In one, he says that he will build "his Church" on Peter, or on Peter's confession of himself; and in the other, he directs his disciples, if a brother offend them, as a last effort, to tell his fault "to the Church;" and if he will not hear the Church, to "let him be as a heathen man and a publican." It is in Mark, and not in John, that Jesus refuses to heal the woman of Canaan's daughter, — declaring that he was only sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and "that it was not meet to take the children's bread, and give it to the dogs."

IV.

Again: we say that the different representations of Jesus in the Synoptics and the fourth Gospel can be reconciled without difficulty.

The Synoptic Gospels chiefly give an account of what Jesus said and did in Galilee; John, of what he said and did at Jerusalem. In Galilee, he was surrounded with simple, open-hearted people, who had no prejudices of position, no pride of opinion, but who were docile, and only needed to be taught. But at Jerusalem he met with a very different class, and yet a class very necessary to convince, if he were to accomplish his purpose of inducing the people to accept him as their Christ. The best of them were like Nicodemus, who was honest enough to admit the greatness of Jesus, but who could not "see the kingdom of God" as Jesus taught it. But most of them were ready to oppose and denounce him as an impostor, a demagogue, a liar, a deceiver of the people. With this class of men, — the men in power; the men thought to be most orthodox, most religious; the men of influence, rank, and station, who looked with metropolitan contempt on this peasant-prophet from the rural districts, — Jesus talked face to face as an equal, and more than an equal. He shrank from no discussion, he maintained his position against them all. He was personal, was he? Yes: he defended himself when attacked. Surrounded by men thirsting for his blood, and the object of bitter invective, he told their proud aristocratic priests that in their spirit and temper they were from beneath, and that he was from above. Conscious of his own fulness of truth, conscious of the immense power and beauty of the divine laws he had to communicate, he told them he was living bread come down from heaven. Do you call it *egotism* that he told them to believe in him? Believing in him was believing in God's truth and God's love. What prophet of the eternal right has not seemed presumptuous, egotistic, severe, to the men who always confound hatred of sin with personal passion, scorn of meanness with bad-temper, and entire confidence in one's own convictions with vanity

and self-conceit. It is very easy for us, looking across the eighteen centuries between, and criticising Jesus from our quiet studies and peaceful pulpits, to object to that intense faith, and that lightning-flash of utterance, which has dispelled the darkness of the world, and enabled us to be what we are and where we are. How often are we tempted to be tired of hearing Aristides called The Just, and to prefer some poor novelty of the present hour, some tawdry poetaster of the day, some flimsy prophet of the newest newness, to the Dantes and Ezekiels, the Washingtons and Pauls!

The view which the fourth Gospel gives of Jesus, though differing from that of the three other Gospels, is very necessary to complete the picture of the great personality of the Master. It is fortunate for us that this disciple was gifted with the quality of soul which enabled him to understand the value of what the other disciples did not hear, or were not able to comprehend. In the three Synoptics, we have the Prince of Peace; in the fourth, the Lion of the tribe of Judah. We here see love, with the sharp edge of truth to it. We see that this majestic soul, so tender to the despairing, the outcast, the sinful, could turn with terrible anger against the hypocrites in high places, the men who made a trade of religion. Those men possessed absolute power. Their word was law, their authority uncontested, till this man from the shore of Galilee came, and, with no prestige and no weapon but the sharp sword of truth, cut through all their pretension, and brought down their power. And yet those who admire the same thing in Theodore Parker or William Lloyd Garrison, complain of the Christ of John as "unhuman, unnatural, unfriendly and assuming in the very highest degree."

In John, also, we see the Jesus of the Synoptics fulfilled in another direction. To all lives there are two sides, — the human-natural and the ideal-supernatural. In great lives, these two are more fully marked. Men live spontaneously, from their natural instincts; they live purposely, according to their convictions and deliberate choice. In each of us, when

grown to mental manhood, appears this combination of the natural and ideal life. The statesman, in his office, holds all day in his hand the helm of state; he comes home at night, and his children climb on his back, pull his hair, and make a plaything of the face that even brave men scarcely dare to look upon steadily. Luther hurls thunderbolts of argument, invective, corrosive criticism, at the mightiest power in Christendom, and then turns to write a letter about fairies to his little John.

Mr. Frothingham has described well and lovingly the natural beauty of the life of Jesus. He has shown us his outflowing good-will, his natural piety, his spontaneous charity. There was no condescension in his treatment of any one. He talked with the Samaritan woman with such a human sense of equality, that his disciples were surprised. But the disciples, no less than the woman, stood outside of his soul, and were incapable of communing with him in his ideal nature. Peter had a momentary glimpse of it; and saw that this synthesis of perfect Truth and perfect Love must be the true Christ of God. But John has given us a fuller view of the ideal Jesus: of his thought, his purpose, his aim. By some natural sympathy of intellect with ideas, and by being (as it would seem) a companion, oftener than the others, of Jesus in his journeys to the feasts, John caught more frequent sight of the deep and lofty *aims* of the Master. We do not think that he himself understood fully much of what he has reported. We think that it is given confusedly, and needs much critical study before we can see clearly what was in the mind of Jesus in these utterances. Thus far, no commentators have found the key to unlock this treasury. But here, in John's Gospel, is the *mind* of the Master; here, if anywhere, is one day to be found the explanation of his career. When the critic comes who can *read between the lines*, who can see what was meant in what is reported, who can supply the missing portions of these fragments, who can restore the links which are wanting to this divine Torso, then it will be seen what a mine of pure gold is in the fourth Gospel, —

Volat avis sine meta
Quo nec vates, nec propheta,
Evolavit altius.
Tam implenda quam impleta,
Nunquam vidit tot secreta
Purus homo purius.

Such a critic, however, must adopt a different method from that which is now popular. Goethe has described the difference between destructive and constructive criticism in a few admirable sentences. The test of true criticism, that which distinguishes it from false, is that it results in giving us something, not in merely taking something away. Here is a Gospel, universally accepted in the Church at the end of the second century as authentic. The churches of Asia, Africa, and Europe, were unanimous in attributing it to the apostle John. It has been the light, strength, peace, inspiration, of millions, from that time to the present. At last some critics come, trained in the methods of analysis, accustomed to look for discrepancies and contradictions, and they proceed to dissect it. It dies under their knife. They find, as they look at it, numerous difficulties. It disagrees with the other Gospels on this point and that. It differs here from Matthew; then its author must be mistaken. It omits this story, related by Luke; then its writer did not know it. It agrees too nearly with the Synoptics in one place; then it must be imitating their style and copying their facts. It agrees too little with them in another place; then it is plainly in error, and a bungling impostor. Besides this, the critic is always imputing a secret motive to the writer. The object is to teach his Logos-theology. If he omits the Transfiguration, it is because of his dogmatic purpose, which that miracle does not suit. If he inserts something not in the Synoptics, he has invented it, to give color to his theory about Christ. Thus the simplicity and truth of the narrative are gradually resolved into a lie, — and an empty lie. We are taught to study the book, not with faith, but with suspicion. It ceases to have any human interest to us. Even such sublime utterances as "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," are let down to some commonplace level

of vague declamation. Even such tender utterances as "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," are interpreted as inculcating only a narrow, exclusive, sectarian interest in those only who believe as we do. The result, therefore, of this kind of criticism is purely destructive. It leaves the mind and heart empty; it leaves the phenomenon unexplained, which it sought to solve. Here are mighty effects, and no cause; here is a book which sways and moves the hearts of millions for thousands of years, and now it turns out to be an imposition and a falsehood. Such a result is a reproach to human nature, and teaches us to despise the operations of the human mind. It discredits humanity and natural reason, in the interest of a fractional part of the intellect called the critical faculty. It ends in despair. It must, therefore, be a false method, since it puts us on a path which results in nullities. It is like Mr. Emerson's western road, which became a wagon-path, then a horse-path, and finally ended in a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree.

Truth divorced from love ceases to be truth; just as love divorced from truth ceases to be love. The love of truth is the search for *realities*. It looks for the real, not the apparent; for the substantial, not the phenomenal; for the true, not the false. It has faith in human instincts, human testimony, human belief; it uses analytic criticism to separate the false, and so to leave the true more glorious than before; it breaks the shell, that it may take out and keep the kernel. If it criticises any great belief, any wide-spread faith, any long-established doctrine, any superstition, mythology, or rooted prejudice, it is to find the kernel of truth within the husk of error. But false criticism is satisfied with destruction. It exposes ignorance, folly, imposition, contradiction,— and stops. There is always a light sneer on its lips,— a self-satisfied and contemptuous smile made up of its content with its own logic, and its scorn of the weakness of its prey.

Our complaint, therefore, with "radical" criticism is, that it is not radical enough. It stops on the surface where error lingers, and does not go down to the depths where truth

abides for ever. Radical criticism, in examining any phenomenon of human faith, whether it be Buddhism, witchcraft, or the Gospel of John, will not rest in denial, but proceed to find the reality and truth below the letter of error. Till it has done that, it has done nothing, and its work will pass away; till it has done that, even its destructive work is ineffectual: for when an error holds a truth in its embrace, the truth gives immortality even to the error. How often has Unitarian criticism shown the logical absurdity of the Trinity and of other Orthodox doctrines! But failing to find the truth in those doctrines, its assaults on the errors have been ineffectual. And so you may logically establish the contradictions and inconsistencies of the fourth Gospel to any extent, and you do not shake the faith of the Church in this sacred record. But when you detect discrepancy in order to plant the truth on a firmer foundation, you then carry with you both the mind and the heart of those who love the truth.

This, therefore, is the work which remains for a really radical criticism to do. Let it show how the character of the Master may appear in this Gospel, different from that in the others, because seen by a different observer and from a different point of view. Let it show how the aged apostle, having passed through a long and deep experience, had become himself a different man from his early self, and so saw Christ with different eyes. Let it give us a picture of the old man, surrounded by his disciples, relating facts and conversations out of his Master's life, which they write down from his lips, as given in the fragmentary manner of age, summoning its reminiscences. Let it show how here and there John may thus have mixed his own thoughts with the words of his Master, and given a free translation, rather than a perfect report, of his sayings. Let it re-arrange these fragments, and put them in a better order. Let it supply the chasms and gaps in the narration. So by degrees we shall arrive at the sight of truth, not the detection of falsehood. So we shall preserve our faith in human nature and human testimony, and yet allow the critical understanding its full rights.

In what we have said, we do not mean to class Mr. Froth-

ingham among those whose criticism is only of the destructive order. In these very papers, he has repeatedly shown the opposite spirit, and has given us positive as well as negative results. Yet his criticism, as a whole, seems to be vitiated by a negative prepossession, — a determination to establish a theorem of discordance. Nevertheless we end, as we began, with the opinion that his articles are both interesting and valuable. Such an investigation, when ably conducted, must always be interesting, for no look into the life of Jesus but must repay our study. And instructive also, for so keen an observer as Mr. Frothingham constantly suggests hints which lead to new views of the life of Jesus. And even when we differ from him, we are indebted to him for his transparent statements, his manly and temperate intellectual courage, his well-trained skill in argument, and his full use of all the apparatus of modern thought.

Art. VI. — THE FUTURE OF THE MINISTRY, AND THE MINISTRY OF THE FUTURE.

Year-Book of the American Unitarian Association. 1869.

The attention of the public has been called more than once to the very remarkable statistics which we find in this little volume. In a list of three hundred and eighty-four preachers registered as belonging to the denomination, and still connected by ties stricter or looser with the profession, one hundred and fifty are marked as unconnected with any parish, against eighty vacant parishes. Allowing a large margin for those disabled by age or infirmity, or occupying other public positions of professional service, there are probably a full hundred amply able and reasonably qualified for the discharge of the clerical function; but of these we are told, again, that "less than fifty are candidates for settlement;" at the same time that "they are willing and anxious to do what in them lies to carry on the work to which they were called,

and gave themselves in early life." * Somehow, the change has come about, which, in so large a proportion of cases, does not identify the "work" with the "settlement," which, even so late as five and twenty years ago, was considered its ample, if not its only, opportunity. The "work of the ministry" has somehow got dissociated from the idea of pastorship and permanence; and that, not merely in parishes that have been drifting towards the natural results of the voluntary system, but in the class of men who have identified their aim, ambition, hope, and success in life with this one thing.

And this, at a time when the profession holds, in some respects, a position more flattering, more conspicuous, more responsible than ever. The "prizes" of success in professional life were never so many or so brilliant, to judge from outward indications. There was never a time in the history of the liberal pulpit when one man's voice could be heard by groups and masses of uncloyed auditors, week after week, numbering by hundreds, and even by thousands; when the forms of worship he conducts exhibited, on one hand, such costliness, taste, and skill, — or, in other cases, had such simple and hearty hearing; when the press so gave echo to every strong word and every telling stroke struck by the men in public favor; when a popular speaker, or a skilful organizer, or a strenuous worker, was so sure of large appreciation and generous upholding; when so much was done, so liberally, to provide for the future wants of the church and ministry among us; when the pecuniary bounty of the congregation kept such pace with the demands of a costly and elegant style of living made in a luxurious age. Doubtless the prizes of gross gain and wealth are more tempting in other callings. But to the successful preacher, — to one even of modest and moderate success, — there is a fair sufficiency of this also; and along with it there glitters on the surface another sort of reward, far more tempting to the generous ambition of youth. To judge by all that comes by way of newspaper announcements, the work was never so attractive, or its reward so sure.

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* See Liberal Christian for Feb. 6, 1869.

To look attentively at a single item of its statistics shows that there are influences at work, not so willingly acknowledged or so easily understood, which make us think that some further, and perhaps yet more radical, change is inevitable.

We shall not dwell again on the symptoms which we discussed a year ago,* as showing the results and tendencies of the voluntary system in our New-England parishes. Nor shall we speak of that great change in the habits of thinking, and the *personnel* of the profession, obvious enough to one who has known it somewhat intimately for a single generation, and suggested irresistibly when we think of the probabilities of the next ten years. That we are approaching something better than the placid stability of fifty years ago, and better than the anxious unrest of the last twenty-five, we will not suffer ourselves to doubt. But it is clear that the elements which have served for the discussion of ministerial work and opportunity in the past will not be sufficient for the future; and that, if we are to approach that future intelligently, so as to use its conditions to the best advantage, we need distinct, deliberate, and patient study of them, as of one of the incidental problems of that "Social Science" whose importance is first made known in our day.

There is a sense, indeed, in which the profession of the Christian ministry has a special claim on the student of Social Science. Partly, because of the very intimate way in which it has been identified with the moral culture and foremost progress of thought in our own country since its settlement down to a very recent period, — as we have illustrated in one or two points heretofore; partly, also, because of the glare of publicity which attends its goings-on, from the fact of a "religious public" of which it is ostensibly the moving force; but, still more, because it accurately represents the average thought and moral life which the community will accept in any large measure, and agree to support and register among the recognized things and "institutions" of modern society. It is a matter of much higher interest to the student of pure

* See Christian Examiner for March, 1868.

truth, to study the lessons of such a thinker as Mill or Herbert Spencer, or the arguments of such critics as Colenso and Renan, or the metaphysics of the later school of Hegel, or the labors of a patient and wise explorer like Bunsen in the wide field of universal knowledge. But thinkers in advance of their own generation are but slowly assimilating and working out the ideas which will govern the world two or three generations hence. To one who wishes to keep intelligently abreast of his time, and take part in its genuine work, and wield any thing of the moral forces which are actually potent in human affairs, we maintain that there is no more interesting and no more profitable study, than that which seeks to understand how it is that the organized institutions of piety and moral culture are slowly and painfully adjusting themselves to the new manners, the new motives, and the new wants of the present day.

For our point of departure, we take the steady routine of parish and ministerial work as it was understood fifty years ago, and is still most familiar to the common thought about such things. The parish system, as we have understood it, was the growth, partly of the Protestant movement, appealing to the private reason and conscience, and aiming at the personal conversion of individuals, their rescue from evil courses or tendencies, and their watchful training in the principles of the Christian life; partly of the condition of things under which local parishes had been organized in the New-England colonies, and had gradually shaped themselves under the changes brought about in later times. It is what we take for granted in our training for the ministry, in our exhortation to its duties, and in our appeals to the public for its support. And any marked and visible modification of it has come about within quite recent memory. Those of us who have scarce yet reached the sober estate of middle life, were learners in the first Sunday schools engrafted on our New-England church system: in fact, it is not many years since Sunday schools were discarded as innovations by some of our own churches in Boston. Persons not yet aged still remember the fervor of conviction with which Dr. Tuck-

erman brought home to the conscience of our churches the fact, that, as then organized, they made no stated or accessible provision for the ignorant and poor, — when the ministry-at-large was organized, largely through the seconding of his own effort by the earnest sympathy of Channing. Judging from the point of view of the ancient parish, there were two definite steps, outside the beaten track, in the direction of missionary work. They were the first clear response to the appeal, made so emphatically, under the altered circumstances of the time, declaring the failure of pure Congregationalism to meet the deepest wants of modern society. Protestantism itself, as then organized, seemed to have grown into a religion for the few, the respectable, the educated, — a special culture for the classes standing in least need of religious instruction and control; while the perishing and the dangerous and the unbelieving classes, that grow up so fast in the great centres of modern life, stood quite outside the pale of acknowledged Christian influences.

For contrast, take the work that is attempted by liberal Christianity to-day. It will not be invidious if we assume Boston as the headquarters of theological liberalism in this country; or an unfair test of its activity, if we look at what is done here on a single Sunday of this winter; or disparaging to other sects, Catholic or Protestant, if we consider only the work of those with whom we are most nearly affiliated ourselves. The little annual we have cited gives, in the first place, a list of twenty-two religious societies of the Unitarian connection in Boston, dating all the way from 1630 to 1868 in the dates of their foundation, six of them within the last sixteen years. Three of these are professedly missionary churches for religious and charitable offices amongst the poor, — the oldest of them established in 1826; three others are, by their constitution, open to the public, with seats absolutely free. Of these last, the "New South" devotes to this service an ancient name and an established fund; the "Church of the Disciples" occupies new and ample accommodations, the free gift of its members and well-wishers within the year; and the third is the noble congregation, of

upwards of two thousand, gathering weekly in the Music Hall, — a congregation as constant, as attentive, as serious in aspect, as that we have seen in any of our houses of worship, — drawn together, partly by the preacher's laboriously earned reputation for independent and cultivated thought, partly by the attractions of music prepared with an ample and lavish liberality. This last is especially interesting, as an experiment of a service cut quite loose from the trammels of ecclesiasticism and routine, and adjusting itself easily to the tone of modern knowledge and thought, — with a freedom which any preacher or philosopher might covet, — but not letting go the homelier opportunities of the Sunday school and the "Sewing Circle." To all these, with the group of religious activities clustered about each, we may add the great throngs that gather at evening in the Theatre, where the preaching has been noted as especially serious, devout, and practical, as far removed as possible from what would be called "theatrical." And we may include, besides, the discussions of the afternoon at Horticultural Hall, initiated by the "Free Religious Association," and dealing in a very direct and serious way with the religious questions that nearest affect men's thought, character, and institutions.

These are some of the agencies which a liberal Christianity is bringing to bear, week after week, upon the work demanded of religion in our time. What some would regard, perhaps, as the most striking thing about it, — it is *all* of it, probably, done without the least reference to, or consciousness of, any of the theological dogmas which have vexed Christendom in the past. The name "Unitarian," or the name "Liberal," covers an almost absolute indifference to the formulas of any creed. We do not pretend, that the agencies we have spoken of are a very grand, a very successful, or any way a sufficient, interpretation of religion to the world. Doubtless, they are often stale and weak from routine, often poorly comprehended, often unwisely administered. Especially, they are feeble to what they might be, for want of thorough system and co-operation, that would unite them consciously in a single end. Liberal Christianity is so

large a thing, and the culture of the time has trained its best friends and advocates in ways so various, that those who should have one aim and hope are often jealous of one another's ways, and are suspicious of the large freedom in which the Lord's service consists. Protestantism, and especially that extreme form of it which we have inherited, is no match for the splendid equipment, the long discipline, the perfect skill, the complete subordination, which the Church of Rome finds in its trained defenders and extenders. But Protestantism, even in this, its loosest and weakest form, has been conscious of those wants of mankind which nothing but organized religious action can ever meet; and has, however imperfectly, made a distinct effort to meet them. It has responded in sincerity to the demand made in the circumstances of the time, and has shown how elastic a thing is practical Christianity, in its methods for meeting the work it has to do.

For, after all, the agencies we have spoken of are not regarded — it is against our whole religious theory to regard them — as *doing the work* of Christianity. At best, they are only the authentic and public exposition of the way in which we think that work should be done; and, possibly, some little direct help towards doing it. The work of religion, according to our notion, does not consist in religious exercises, or acts of conversion. These are only the preparation of the heart to meet the issues of life. Even as the equipment and machinery of religion, they have only gone along and kept pace with many other things, in which many of us think the work of true religion is more effectually done; such as improved modes of education, the organizing of public charities, the urging forward of particular tasks of social or political reforms. All these are included in that large sphere of the "spiritual power" which it was the aim and boast of Catholicism to embrace in the compass of its agencies. And the special forms of ecclesiastical or denominational activity among us, consist no more in those examples of "church extension" we have enumerated, than they do in the organizing of "conferences" and "unions;" and the very various

ways in which the "lay element" of our religious community has been brought into new activity among us.

What we wish, first of all, is to get as clear a consciousness as possible of those religious energies, — some new, some old, — which, in the disjointed way they work, we sometimes forget the existence of at all. And, next, to point out the fact, that this great increase of organized activity, in so many directions, is *a part of the same phenomenon* we observe, when we complain of the restlessness and unsettled condition of parish life among us. The fact of this unsettled condition is told most shortly and plainly, in the figures of the register before cited, from which we learn that of two hundred and twenty-two parish settlements, one hundred and five, or nearly one-half, date within the last three years; — full one-half, probably, if we reckon only the names of men in active service. Some of the more general causes of it, in the conditions of parish existence at the present day, we briefly traced a year ago. That it has something to do with the same mental and spiritual activity which we have seen in other directions, is apparent as soon as we analyze an average case or two. The reason of the broken and brief ministries so common now, is often as slight, apparently, as it is difficult to define. In one case, it is a political indiscretion, or an excess of reformatory zeal; in another, a difference of theological views; in another, the prospect of a better settlement. But the determining element in many a case, we should think, will be, simply, that a good and faithful man has really done his work in one place, and had better go to another. And this gets by degrees recognized as no discreditable reason for a change. The late Ephraim Peabody — one of the wisest, most faithful, most successful and beloved of ministers — used to say, as the result of his ripe experience, that three years was a sufficient ministry for most men, in a single place; that seven years was a long term of service for any man; and that circumstances would rarely justify one in staying as long as ten. The phrase was epigrammatically worded, but it answered to a fact. And the hardship, often, of the individual case, need not blind us to the necessity or the advan-

tage. It is true that personal force — that is, moral force — is generally spent most effectively in one persistent, long-continued series of efforts on the same material. And, with all our disposition to reconcile ourselves to the drift of things we see, we incline still to think the most useful, the most serviceable, the most desirable work, after all, is done under those "old-fashioned" ministries which employ and reward the best strength of a lifetime. But often, again, the healthiest and best action of the mind — from which, after all, a man's best strength must grow — can be had only by change of circumstance. It is a wisdom not always given to a man to discern when it is so; and often he will rebel and protest against that kindly leading of circumstance which compels him to accept a verdict he should have anticipated. But when we consider how many are the conditions of the largest and truest culture, and how few of them can ordinarily be met under the same surroundings, we cannot doubt that some special uses will be served by that variety in experience, and that alternation of service, which are required of most men in the profession now. With average gifts, it is the only way we can easily conceive of that "effectual calling" which should fit any large number of men for the greatly varied and extended ministrations of religion in our day.

And all the more, because the service of religion gets less and less identified with any set office or any class of men. Having accepted voluntaryism, for better or worse, having done our utmost to make religion a matter of individual choice and will, we must be prepared for the legitimate result. The "free-church system," which is the ripe fruit of the voluntary system, is also its final stage. It will have its perfect work in a church-system that dispenses with all official and permanent administration whatever. We see "no temple and no altar therein," still less a trained and salaried priesthood. Once well organized, equipped, and vitalized, its efficiency depends more on the real need and value of the work it does, than on the particular hands it does them by. Take the "Christian Unity" in Providence, for example, whose agencies are shaped out precisely by the need it

attempts to meet, and which therefore gives the nearest type of the sort of institutions we may look for in the future. The conditions of its work, indeed, are found by the liberality of a few, whose heart has been very much drawn to it and set upon it. But the work itself is done by the voluntary help of many. Its nucleus is an organized society, with its four sections, its working committees, and its alternations of responsible charge. Its local habitation is a group of rooms, easy of access, and adapted to the most plain and practical uses. Here it gathers, night after night, its one or two or three hundred persons, — many of them drawn in from sheer wandering and exposure of the streets, laboring men and boys and women, — and occupies them with reading, or simple games, or excellent music, or the occasional delight of choice works of art, — a wholesome, clear, and cheerful influence shed upon many of the coarse and hard by-ways of city life. The ideal is, of a great, busy, cheerful, intelligent family, — not a chapel or conference-meeting. A library above, a lecture-hall at one side, complete the equipment. On Sunday, billiard and croquet are decently draped from view, the chequer-board is put aside, the newspaper-file is closed, and the assembly-room is turned into a chapel, for simple exercises of worship (like a great family, again, in its Sunday dress), and for teaching or discussion among groups gathered of all who will, — a school that never lacks its faithful teachers and its interested pupils. Its cluster of active, voluntary agencies, includes worship, instruction, companionship, charity, wholesome and innocent amusement. Its pliant force is limited only by the actual wants it recognizes and attempts to meet. It has its funds, its officers, its badged volunteer police. It can expand its system, on one side, into a course of public lectures, or a show of art; on the other side, into private visits of charity, or watchful care of some young, friendless person, exposed to the perils of city life. It has grown out of the life of Christian churches about it, and is only one of the practical directions that life has taken. But, in itself, all the work it does is voluntary, unprofessional, and unpaid. In short, it is a lay Christian church, as inde-

pendent of a "hireling ministry" as a Society of Friends. And in this it illustrates a drift of things which our attention is often called to, and which we shall do well to take heed of in our ecclesiastical theories.

The same drift is seen in other things. The Church of the future, as we may fairly infer, will rely a good deal less on permanent and professional functions of a ministry; a good deal more on special services, had for the occasion, and adjusted to the special fitnesses of the men who render them. There is no obvious reason why one man should have in charge all the varied offices of pastor and teacher, of preacher, adviser, comforter, and friend, that make up the task of a high spiritual culture; or why a man of singular gifts of public utterance should be especially set apart to a single congregation. The lecture system has been making us familiar, these thirty years, with the notion that a successful preacher belongs, in a very real sense, to the public at large. Some of the best missionaries of the advanced thought of the age have been men taken fresh from the walks of pastoral life, — regularly bestowing a month or two out of the busiest working season of the year upon service in other places. If obliged to choose between their narrower and their wider sphere, how many of them would take the former? There is the testimony, again, given at the late Conference in New York, in favor of a great diversity of ministrations, as best both for preacher and people: once a month, it was said, was better than every week, for him to address his own. But, under such a dispensation, which, after all, would be "his own"? The experiment of "theatre preaching" seems to be not merely a chance stroke, or feeler, put forth to secure the immediate transient effect; but rather a definite step of transition, a feeling-out of the way by which the best talent is to be economized and used to the best advantage. There are men of admirable gifts, whose "fit audience" is always few, — in a close-drawn congregation of perhaps fifty or a hundred. And there are men of different gifts, whose audience, in justice to them and to the public, ought to count by thousands. Why should one rule, one method, one way of life, be ex-

pected of them all? Often it may happen, that a modest man will never know his own powers, and never have a fair appreciation from his best friends, until he has been proved by some grand public opportunity. The liberal church is feeling out its stores of reserved strength. The modern public inclines to move, to meet, to listen, in great masses, — as next summer's musical jubilee must build its amphitheatre for fifty thousand auditors. The gift of eloquent speech is too costly a gift for multiplied and limited boundaries. Something may be lost, but more will be gained. Preaching may be less than it has been a matter of refined and special culture: it must be more than it has been a public function and a social force. And this is the way we read the experience of the time. Mere numbers are often what makes the occasion genuine, and give the needed backing to the speaker's words. Compare the interest of a Music-Hall assembly, or a theatre audience, with the cold routine-service of an average Sunday afternoon, — and the power of the same man, the same thought, the same words, is seen to be multiplied more than a hundred-fold.

At the same time, this glare of publicity offers the sharpest contrast to the old neighborly and domestic relation between pastor and people. Every movement in that direction is a movement away from that intimate and dear relationship which makes so much of our traditional notion of what the profession should do and be. Something of the same sort is true of that more perfect parish organization which has come about; of the larger freedom of our conferences; of the grand, and, in the main, healthy stimulus to religious zeal in our theatre preaching. Whatever tends, on one side, to develop lay action in religious things; or, on the other, to specialize the function of mere preaching, — is a step from the old order of things towards the new. In fact, why should not much of the "pastoral" work, once held purely professional, be better done by committees, or by persons singled out for their fitness for that special thing? A visitor of the sick, or a comforter of the poor, in the church's name, need not, as a thing of course, be its official minister, — perhaps

inexperienced, perhaps unskilled, perhaps called to a distance by a thousand public cares. Often that service would be far better done by wise, strong-hearted, and tender women, such as we all have known. A ministry of men alone misses one of the hemispheres of Christian agency, — as we have strongly felt when listening to the warm, free, flowing speech of a female preacher. And, if women are generally shut off from the public functions of the ministry, all the more reason that they should fulfil its private offices. So sometimes it happens, that a congregation which has been for months without a settled minister, is surprised to find that it has developed a zeal, a common feeling, a habit of co-operating in church interests, that give it the sense of a new life and strength; and, except by some fortunate flow of this new feeling towards a man spontaneously recognized as the one fit minister, any effort to secure a settled pastorate is only the signal for division and distrust.

These are signs of the times which we cannot avoid heeding in our efforts at church extension. It is part of the same thing, that many preachers distinctly prefer not to assume permanent relations with any parish. Special acts of service, limited terms of service, and such a variety of it as to meet the variety of minds to which it is addressed, — such is the order of things which some have adopted already from deliberate choice, and many others are accepting from clear necessity. Such is the lesson which we find in the brief statistics we have copied, explained by the facts themselves which they record. It will be wise for men of the profession most nearly interested in this changed condition of things, to accept it intelligently and hopefully. No symptoms whatever are yet apparent of a return to the stable and lifelong ministries of our fathers. Rather, we are surprised, every now and then, by some new symptom of the rapidity with which the change is taking place. It is a number, more and more limited, of men of rare and peculiar gifts, who will be able or likely to give themselves to the exclusive service of the ministry. Rather it must take its place — in the thoughts of the profession itself, as in the mind of the community at large —

among various secular occupations (as we call them) equally honorable and useful. That it should be strong in its ancient prestige and class associations, is daily becoming more and more impossible. It must be strong in its self-respect; strong in the co-operation and mutual honor of its members; strong in the actual service it renders to the highest interests of human society. Changes, such as those we have noted, call more urgently than ever for right understanding and a common spirit among those who have undertaken this special line of service. And for the able, the faithful, the willing workman, the work will never long be wanting to the hand.

Art. VII. — THE CHURCH DOGMA OF THE TRINITY.

Letters on the Divine Trinity, addressed to Henry Ward Beecher. By B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The title of these letters, and the curious modification of the trinitarian dogma proposed by Mr. Barrett, from the point of view of Swedenborgianism, are an evidence both of the extraordinary vitality of the doctrine against which Unitarianism is an organized protest, and an indication that a few plain words about it are neither obsolete nor out of season now.

The only text in the Bible which is sometimes asserted to express distinctly the doctrine of a trinity of persons in the unity of the Deity, is the famous 1 John v. 7. Were the genuineness of this text admitted, however, the doctrine derived from it would by no means follow. All that the language proves is, that there are three witnesses in heaven that agree in the same testimony. There is no intimation here of any other kind of unity. On the contrary, there is a positive implication the other way. It is the *testimony* only that is one. The special force of the argument lies in the fact, that the witnesses are *three;* and the value of their concurrent testimony immediately disappears, if they are only the same witness in three different disguises. In

short, this famous text gives no support to the popular doctrine of the Trinity.

This, however, is said, not from the smallest suspicion that the text *is* genuine. There never was a question of biblical criticism more completely settled than the utter spuriousness of this passage. Orthodox critics of learning and candor express themselves as unspeakably ashamed of the scholarship and the honesty which allow some Trinitarians still to assert its genuineness, and to base the fundamental dogma of orthodoxy upon it as its corner-stone.

It is not, however, this text, or any number of texts, that keeps the Trinity in its place of respect and importance in the Church and the world; but rather the doctrine itself that keeps the text in countenance. There has always been a trinity in the faith of the world, whether in philosophy, poetry, or theology; and we presume there always will be. Of all religious philosophies, that of the Old and New Testaments contains least of a trinity; any other religion has more of it than the Jewish or Christian, and most systems of speculation a good deal more. Not a fortieth part of the evidence for any such dogma can be brought out of the New Testament which can be adduced from Platonic philosophy and the pagan scriptures. The paucity of authority for a trinity of any sort in the Gospels is to be ascribed to the unphilosophical, unlearned, and practical character of those writings, and to their supreme devotion to the idea of the sole sovereignty and fatherhood and unity of God. It was not until the ardor and force of this original simplicity had expended itself, that a trinity — which, in some form, we might so naturally have expected to find accompanying the original revelation — crept into the mouths of Christian disciples. It was already in their culture, their superstitions, their experience. Christ's plainness and the apostolic simplicity had repressed it. But it was against experience, history, philosophy, to have a religion without *some* sort of trinity in it; and therefore, when the Alexandrian philosophers began to mix the gospel with their Platonism, it was a real relief to the mind and heart of the world. Christianity

was corrupted, it is true; but it was popularized. Trinitarianism was probably the only possible form in which the gospel could have survived the philosophies and false religions which threatened to engulf it. By taking just so much of their cargo aboard as warranted the wearing of their colors, the gospel ship might be permitted to pass through the hostile fleet that, but for their own flag at the mast-head, would have sunk it before it was fairly out of port.

But we have still much to account for in the origin and vitality of Trinitarianism, and its survival of the ages of critical light which have sifted the records and the theology of the Church. There are many learned books in support of the popular dogma of the Trinity, whose drift is the eternal threeness running through nature, the human constitution, and the religions and philosophies of the ancient world. It is obvious enough, that this argument has two edges, — one for and one against the conclusion it would enforce. For those who deny the scripturality of the Trinity, sufficiently account for its origin and spread by pointing to the ancient opinions and proclivities out of which it grew; while those who assert it, find powerful backers in these pre-existent theories. That ancient religions and philosophies, in precise proportion to their purity and influence, contained either the germs or the anticipations of the religion of Christ, will not be disputed by candid and thoughtful minds; but that popular Christianity contains the truths of the gospel in heathen and pagan vessels — that its essential doctrines are embodied in non-essential formulas of an origin both older and less authoritative than the gospel — is also not likely to be denied by scholars who are not partisans, and by thoroughly honest and fearless investigators.

Nor, again, are we to suppose that even all the *truths* now embodied in our religion were derived from its own fountain; or that all the additions, enlargements, or modifications, which it early received from the pagan mind, or, later, from science, philosophy, and experience, are so many corruptions, deformities, and defeats of its intention. The gospel was poured into the life of the world, to mix with it; emptied

into the human mind, to take on the shape which nature and experience had given that mind. It was contributed to history as the Missouri empties into the Mississippi, doubling its volume, changing its color, and doubtless altering its destiny, but not disowning its flood or keeping separate from it. Those permanent opinions and principles, whether of philosophy, politics, or experience, which had proved by time and influence their title to respect, Christianity respected and adopted; or rather, let us say, harmonized with so entirely as to for ever establish their place. Whatever in pagan thought has shown itself most apt to crystallize the water of life, was doubtless just that in heathen philosophy which had a claim to the preserving power of the gospel. Whatever most readily absorbed and held the truth was clearly best entitled to hold it, and to be protected and nourished by it. It cannot therefore wholly content any serious and inquiring mind, in the examination of a theological opinion, to find merely that it is not expressly laid down in the New Testament. If it have vitality and attraction for the human mind, he must know the reason of it; for though it may not be gospel truth, it may be *very important* truth, and have a claim only second to absolute revelation on his respect and belief.

We have denied the New-Testament origin of the popular doctrine of the Trinity, and with equal truth might deny the purely pagan origin of it. But it was the pagan trinity of an eternal threeness in the origin and substance of things, adapted to the facts and persons of Christianity, which shaped at last the Church Trinity. Thus it was neither purely pagan nor purely Christian; but had, as it seems to us, just enough of both to make it a convenient and effective vehicle of an everlasting truth which will survive the vessel that brought it down. The Trinity, as a dogma of the Church, with all its contradiction, absurdity, and unintelligibleness, we have long ago abandoned; and the Church universal certainly holds it in our day with a very loose and feeble grasp. That Jesus Christ is God in any sense whatever in which the Creator is God, we pronounce simply

incredible; that the Holy Spirit is a distinct person, we hold to be equally past belief; that there is any physical or intellectual equality between God and Christ, we cannot allow: but we have no objection whatever to acknowledging *a* trinity in the Godhead, though it is not the subject of revelation, but simply the manifest teaching of philosophy. That trinity is not the Church Trinity, but expresses and consists simply in the fact, that the divine nature, like the human nature which is its image, has three great attributes or dimensions, which exhaust its perfection, — life, wisdom, love; or will, intellect, affection; or truth, goodness, beauty. These considered as infinitely existing, in a conscious person, describe God; as finitely existing, in a conscious person, describe man. When you have pronounced the words "the true, the good, the beautiful," or might, right, light, you have uttered an exhausting catalogue of spiritual life: you can add nothing which does not fall under one or the other of these heads. For evidently all things are either to be referred to the power of God, to the wisdom of God, or to the love of God. It is impossible for God to make any manifestation of himself, whether visible or invisible, in which one or another of his three great attributes does not appear more prominently than the others. Although in reality all of them are equally present in every thing, there is no manifestation of God's power which does not involve his love and wisdom, nor any exhibition of his love which does not imply his power and wisdom, nor any exercise of his wisdom which does not require the co-operation of his love and his might; still we say the cataract and the sea image his power, the instincts of beasts and the vicissitudes of the seasons show his wisdom, the bounty of nature and the happiness of sentient creatures reflect his goodness.

Thus the threeness of God is always one, though its threefoldness is apparent as in turn one or the other of his three great attributes comes prominently into view. And we must not think this threefoldness fanciful, or that it is equally pertinent to speak of God's four or five or seven foldness. Because we used to speak of four elements, — earth, air, fire,

and water, — and four quarters of the globe, and the four corners of the square, and because four is the first multiple of the first number capable of being multiplied into itself, — we do not therefore think of God as fourfold; or because we have the five fingers, and the five senses, and the five books of Moses, and the five divisions of the globe, and five is the half of the decimal, — we do not think of him as fivefold; or because seven is of all numbers the mystic number, with the seven days of the week, and the seven golden candlesticks, and the seven years of plenty and famine, and the seven sleepers, and the seven angels, and the seven thunders, and the seventy years of human life, and Daniel's seventy weeks, — we do not therefore think the Godhead sevenfold. These are fanciful and accidental numerations. But there is nothing fanciful or accidental in the threefoldness of God and man: it belongs to the necessary modes of thought, and cannot be got rid of. Philosophy begins its first page with the distinction, — the subject, the object, and the relation between them. Space can only be described by its three dimensions, — length, breadth, thickness. And God can be thought of only in his power, his wisdom, or his goodness. He is will, intellect, affection; or energy, wisdom, love; or truth, goodness, beauty; first fair, first good, first wise. There are, too, three kingdoms, — animal, mineral, and vegetable; three primary colors, — red, yellow, and blue; three chords, — thirds, fifths, eighths; three genders, — masculine, feminine, and neuter; three parties to the universe, — God, nature, man; three sources of knowledge, — intuition, experience, revelation; three kinds of force, — brute, intellectual, spiritual. In like manner, all things are in a threefold state, of action, reaction, rest: and there are three parts to every great institution or experience, whether it be youth, manhood, age; or beginning, middle, and end; or legislative, judicial, and executive; or autocratic, aristocratic, and democratic; as there are three states in one of which every thing must be, — active, passive, or neuter. "To do, to be, and to suffer" comprehends all possible actions, emotions, existences; past, present, and future, — all possible time. Such is

the triplicity that runs through God, nature, man; and every main division of either is capable of being reduced to its three grand elements or distinctions.

It would be strange, indeed, if, with such a constitution of things, there should not be many trinities found in the Bible. Earth, heaven, and hell are one; Old Testament, Apocrypha, and New Testament, another; historical, prophetic, and practical books, another; the three men that appeared to Abram on the plains of Mamre; the three days our Lord lay in the grave; the three things the prophet offered David; the three times Elijah stretched himself on the dead child; the threefold cord not quickly broken; the three Marys; the three graces, — faith, hope, charity; the three blessings, — grace, mercy, and peace; the three witnesses, — the spirit, the water, and the blood; the three members of the scriptural form of baptism, — the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit.

Nor is it to be denied, whether the text itself be genuine or not, that the doctrine of 1 John v. 7, is authentic: "For there *are three* that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one."

God is here represented under his three characters of source, channel, stream; original, mediator, and thing communicated; sovereign, messenger, message. When God made man, he was his *Father;* when he spoke to him by his Son, he was the Logos or *Word;* when man understood him and received his message and gift, he was the Holy Ghost. And it is manifest, that as the fountain, the channel, and the stream make one river, and so in a certain sense, very circumscribed and intelligible, are *one;* so God and Christ, the Word and the Holy Spirit, God's inspiration and influence, are one and the same. But it is only when we choose to consider them as one and the same for certain purposes, that they are so. God and Christ are one; but they are not exclusively one, any more than any other father and son are exclusively one. We uniformly speak of a family as one, having common interests, affections, and blood; and each member, as in some respects competent to represent and act for the whole:

but we do not imagine, for an instant, that we are merging their characters or individualities in such a way as to deny their separate, distinct, and even dissimilar existence, or the inferiority and dependence of the children on the parents. When we consider Christ impersonally as the Word, we may call him God; just as when we consider a plenipotentiary as the country he represents, we may call him Russia or France. But when we begin to call Jesus himself God, we are violating all the proprieties of speech and all the proper boundaries of thought. In like manner, when we contemplate the Holy Spirit as God, we may properly personify it. The Holy Spirit is a person, because there is no Holy Spirit but God, who is a person; but what we deny is any *separate* person known as the Holy Spirit; and yet it is natural and convenient to speak of God's peculiar influence as a Saviour through his word by a distinct name, and in this manner the phrase the Holy Ghost has crept into use.

That which has made it necessary to protest against the Church Trinity is, that from a symbolical, poetic, and rhetorical phrase, appealing to the imagination and the heart, it has hardened into a numerical, scientific, and metaphysical dogma, insulting to common sense, perversive of Scripture, and hostile to freedom of religious thought and progress. Instead of a help towards a conception of the moral oneness of God and Christ and the holy influence still exerted upon the Church, it is a hindrance, confusing and mystifying the subject. From a message of light, it is converted into a mystery of darkness. To speak of Christ, as God by nature and essence and attributes, is to distract attention from that in which alone he is God, — in spirit, temper, authority, and office; and it is his being truly and properly man, with the functions of God bestowed upon him, that gives him his affecting and effectual interest for us. Suppose a king, disguised as his own minister, should go to some foreign court, and be received there in good faith under his assumed name: he would be treated with the respect due to his supposed master's throne. But would it answer for him to let it appear who he was? could there be any satisfactory treaty

made under such circumstances? Certainly not. Well, now, imagine him, having successfully accomplished his concealment, returning home, and declaring that the plenipotentiary he had passed himself off for at the congress was really the king himself, and asserting, that, while there, he had darkly claimed that character, and then quoting the high phrases of reverence and respect which had been paid him, as a royal representative, as evidence that his disguise had been penetrated by the discerning? Would it be considered an honest, dignified, and intelligible course of conduct? But this is what the Church Trinity supposes to have been done in Christ's case. God sends what appears to be his Son, what styles itself his Son, into the world, — the man Christ Jesus. He claims to be in the place of God to us, — to be his messenger, plenipotentiary, and representative, and uses such high language as serves to convey this idea. He dies and ascends to heaven; and then it is made to appear that this Son of God is God himself; this messenger, his own sender; and the high language used and originally understood of him only as due to a reflected dignity and glory, is claimed to be his in his own right, and to be entitled to its literal force; while the apostles, apparently venerating him in such warm and earnest terms as his personal character and miraculous office fully warranted, are now asserted to have intended and expressed the homage due only to the Supreme God!

Such a deception and perversion as this would condemn any merely human transaction; but the Church has plenary indulgence for pious frauds!

Undoubtedly, this false and preposterous claim of the Church has done a vast deal in modern times to weaken the true theory and sentiment of Christ's divinity. Hurrying away from the deity of Christ, the dissenters have asserted his ordinary humanity. Christ indeed was a man, but such a man as it takes to communicate the express image of God; — a man, but such as a man is when the Spirit of God is poured out upon him without measure; — a man, but a man raised up, inspired, and guided for the greatest of all objects, by the immediate hand of the Creator; — a man, but a man without

sin and without the imperfections and limitations of all other men. Such peculiarities make him divine in a sense in which no other created being is divine, as much above all prophets and apostles as he is above all common men; make him not unintelligible, but certainly in part of his nature unfathomable; make him an object by himself of special and peculiar homage and reverence, — not indeed of adoration and worship, but of such love and sacred sentiments of veneration as do not compromise that exclusive devotion due to that Supreme One who "alone heareth prayer." Unhappily, the unscriptural and disloyal claims made for Christ as the true God, as the second person of the Trinity, make it almost impossible for us to use that language towards him which the heart prompts and the Scriptures warrant!

There is an honest and true sense in which Christ is God; Immanuel, the incarnation of God, God made visible, God seen in a man. It is the same sense in which the image in a mirror is the person it reflects. But suppose any one should insist upon treating the picture of a friend as he treated that friend himself, — of talking to it, bowing to it, and finally insisting it was his *very* friend: should we not be in favor of turning the picture to the wall, or sending it into the garret? And certainly it would not be because the likeness was not excellent, or because we had not the profoundest respect for the friend and the highest value for the picture. And so, in some degree, it has fared with Christ's divinity. Some Unitarians would be glad to call Christ God in a certain sense, if they were not fearful of being misunderstood; for nothing short of that word fully expresses their sense of his majesty, importance, and nearness to God. They remember that Moses was a God to the Egyptians; they remember our Saviour's own invincible defence of his innocency in using the title the Son of God: "Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are gods? If he called them gods to whom the word of God came, and the Scripture cannot be broken, say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God?" But with the duty upon them of withstanding the

all but universal perversion of the supreme deity of Christ by the Church and the world, they are compelled to seem willing to abate something from the real dignity of the Saviour's name.

In like manner, the personality of the Holy Spirit is a lively figure which it would sometimes be grateful to use; but, in the present state of theology, it cannot be done by Unitarians without liability to mistake. Yet it would be a slander of the first magnitude to assert, that they make light of the Holy Spirit, which they constantly evoke, and to which indeed they attribute all that is spiritually to be attributed to God himself. The only flaw in the orthodox dogma of the Holy Ghost, is not in equalling it with God, or pronouncing it God, or ascribing personality to it; but in making it any thing *but* God, — in ascribing, in short, *separateness* of personality to it.

Finally, if threeness in the very constitution of the mind, of nature, and of God, accounts both for what is real and what is unreal in the Trinity, — for its origin and for the singular vitality of the Church dogma, which has so little foundation in Scripture itself, — let us remind ourselves that the distinctive faith of Unitarians is founded upon a still more radical, permanent, and significant numerical principle, and that is *oneness*. If the Church dogma had only adhered practically to its original starting-place, or even its verbal formula of *trinity in unity*, it would have held essential and innocent, not to say useful, truth; but it rapidly degenerated into unity in trinity. Instead of the Triune God, we have had the *One-three* God; that is to say, chief attention has fastened, not where it belonged, on the unity, but on the trinity. What greater and more fundamental idea of unity can there be, than unipersonality? or what more revolutionary assault upon the unity of God than his supposed existence in three distinct *persons?* Is it in the power of the human mind to consider God as three persons, enjoying heavenly society, and in eternal agreement, and yet as after all only one God? And when we come to give to these three persons, not merely different names and different functions, but

opposite and contending functions; so that they have bargains and purchases and arguments and covenants; and one can do what the other cannot; one can be angry, and the other plead for mercy; one resolve to punish, and the other interpose; one sit upon the throne, and the other die upon the cross, — is it not inevitable that the separateness and threeness will and must triumph over the union and oneness? As a necessary consequence, the effort to return to unity, which is an irresistible proclivity of the human intellect, has been accomplished by Trinitarians at the expense of God the Father and God the Holy Ghost; *i.e.*, by a practical elevation of Jesus Christ to the moral throne of the universe. Christ is not only God to the Trinitarian; but he is more God than is the Creator of the universe himself! — more beloved, confided in, trusted to, worshipped, and praised. This is not to be said in disparagement of Trinitarian Christians, but only in criticism of their necessary drift. And what is the effect of making Christ God, — the Christian's God, the God and Saviour of the soul? Why, there must be another God, the sustainer and upholder of the material universe, the First Cause, the administrator of natural laws, the God of science, whom few intelligent Trinitarians would be willing to call Christ? Thus Jesus Christ is the Church God, and the Creator is the God of the universe; and in this manner Nature and the God of Nature are in a manner put out of the Church, unevangelized, and with them the vast majority of human souls. It is because the unity of God, rescued by instinct from tritheism, has practically sunk into a sole interest in Christ, that theology has grown so narrow, nature so godless, science so heathenish, and life so undevout. The few who accept the Church God, Jesus Christ, have a spasmodic, narrow, and fanatical faith in God; the many who reject him are cast upon the cold mercies of a natural religion, which the Church has pronounced and made profane.

How to reinstate the Creator of the universe in the worship of the Church; how to make the God of nature the God of the private soul; how to make science and philosophy evangelical, — is the problem of the age and the work

of Unitarian theologians. It cannot be done, until Jesus Christ, the Son of God, ceases to be lifted into his Father's seat. His derived, dependent, created, and secondary nature and place must be tenderly and reverently assigned him; and the heart of Christendom must be content with that allotment before we can hope to see the great mass of thoughtful, scientific, earnest minds able to believe in the gospel or to worship God through his Son. So long as Christ is supposed to reveal himself as God, his office will be deemed an interested, an incredible, or an unscientific one. But when it is distinctly understood that he aims not to reveal *himself*, but his *Father*, then naturalists and philosophers — and who are not joining that class? — will be ready to add to that imperfect moral and spiritual knowledge of God, derived through the things he has made, that better and more affecting knowledge of him which comes only through faith in his Son.

One day justice will be done to the causes which have produced, and the effects which have attended, the theological movement known as Unitarianism. It is not a petty criticism of texts, a little dispute of sectarists, but a great movement, comparatively just begun, of the human mind. It may take two or three centuries of protest and criticism to undo the work of fifteen centuries of Church dogmatism. And the beginners will blunder, and do some harm, with much good, and meanwhile miss the fragrance of the old cedars that have grown up around the temples where Jesus Christ is worshipped. It is a dear and sacred error, if it be one, that Jesus Christ is God; and tender are the affections and powerful the influences still proceeding from that tangible, definite, and personal faith. But it is not dearer than the Jew's old and false hope, which after centuries was torn from him; not dearer than the Catholic's Virgin, which the world cannot permit him longer to worship; not dearer than many errors which the undying necessities of truth have expelled from the affections and intellects of the world. If Christ is not God, then he must not be called God, nor worshipped as God, not be suffered to stand in the place of God. For the

truth alone is safe and wholesome; the truth alone can save the world.

Something hinders and stays the progress and influence of the gospel; something produces infidelity and atheism among good men; something is sapping the foundations of faith in Scripture, in Christ, in God. Is it not *error* that is doing this, — false theology, presumptuous confidence in what is merely old and established? Because the world cannot easily surmount it, it turns aside from theology altogether; and, deserting theology, ends with deserting the gospel itself. This is the source of the cry: "Away with doctrine, religion is a spirit; away with form, religion is a temper," — a cry which causes most of the religious ignorance and apathy of the generation now upon the stage.

This, too, is the indirect cause of the occasional revulsion of devout minds in our own ranks towards the very error we came into being to overthrow. Weary with waiting for the world's adhesion, longing for larger fraternity, needing a warmer and more personal faith, — they are drawn in their weakness to the strange fire they were born to extinguish, and cease to tend the precious flame that so long refuses to kindle. But where is our patience and faith? Are we the only heirs of God's truth that cannot wait for their legitimacy to be recognized? When was a great theological reform carried in a half-century? We are like the Reformers before the Reformers. Our Luther, our Reformation, has not come. But not less certain of victory, not less persuaded of the vast importance of the controversy, ought we to be than John when he baptized Jesus, or Huss when he anticipated Luther, or Priestley when he preceded Channing. The unity of God, the worship of the Father, is the most practical and potent article of that Church of the Future which we predict and wait for; the worship of Christ, the Church dogma of the Trinity, the main obstacle to the spread and efficacy of the gospel now, and from this time forth, till it is by God's help driven from the creed of Christendom.

Art. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

The translation of the New Testament, by Dr. Noyes,* will be welcomed with tender interest by all who loved and honored its venerable author. On this work, Dr. Noyes labored almost till his death, consulting, during his last illness, with his friend Mr. Abbot, on the revision of the proof-sheets, and at times giving warm expression to his interest in the task, and his delight in the sacred writings he was illustrating. What he was not permitted to accomplish, has been well done by the accurate scholar who assisted him. Mr. Abbot, besides revising the remaining proof-sheets, has added some brief but valuable notes, — as on pages 441, 473, 493, 527, — and appended a list of the alterations made by Tischendorf in the lately published portion of his eighth critical edition. We were at first tempted to regret that this had not appeared soon enough for Dr. Noyes to restore, upon its authority, the common reading at least of John i. 18, and reject the strange expression, "the only begotten God." But it is better as it is; for the passage stands a monument of the translator's superiority to sectarian feeling, and of his strict adherence to the text he had announced as his guide. The comparative claims of the two readings have been well presented by Mr. Abbot, in the Appendix to Norton's "Statement of Reasons," and in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for October, 1861.

The merit of Dr. Noyes's translation will, we trust, be fully examined and correctly stated by some one competent for the task, in another number of this periodical. Our first impression, which is all that can now be given, is highly favorable, alike on the score of correctness and on that of good taste. We have examined it in some passages side by side with other versions, particularly Wakefield's, and that of the "Four Gospels" by Professor Norton; and if we are not yet prepared to give it a decided preference over the works of those accomplished scholars, yet it seems to us much, that while it vies with them in other respects, it differs less than they from the

* The New Testament. Translated from the Greek Text of Tischendorf, by George R. Noyes, D.D., Hancock Professor of Hebrew and other Oriental Languages, and Dexter Lecturer on Biblical Literature, in Harvard University. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1869.

phraseology of the venerable English Bible. Some will probably lay down the book in disappointment, on this very account; but in our judgment the translator was right in retaining all that he conscientiously could, of the words hallowed by long use and dear and sacred association.

It may be of interest to observe how some of the passages most frequently referred to in controversy appear, in the version of Dr. Noyes, from the text of Tischendorf.

John i. 1–14, is rendered substantially as in the common version; as is also John xx. 29.

Acts xx. 28: "Take heed therefore . . . to feed the church of the Lord, which he hath purchased with his own blood."

Colossians ii. 2, 3: "To the full knowledge of the mystery of God; in which are stored up all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

1 Timothy iii. 16: "And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness, in him who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen by angels, preached among the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up in glory."

1 John v. 6–8: "This is he who came by water and blood, Jesus Christ; not in the water only, but in the water and in the blood; and the Spirit is that which beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth. For there are three that bear witness, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one."

1 John v. 20: "And we know that the Son of God hath come, and hath given us understanding, that we may know the True One; and we are in the True One, in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and everlasting life." S. G. B.

The resolute and high-tempered professor who has stood long at the head of one, at least, if not of all, schools of Hebrew criticism, has won other than scholastic laurels lately, by maintaining his ground stanchly and successfully under political prosecution, — as zealous in his Hanoverian patriotism against the absorbing centralism of Prussia, as in the defence of his own order of opinion against hostile critics. The second volume of his history,* with the general characteristics we have before noticed in the first,† has the advantage that it is clear of

* The History of Israel. By Heinrich Ewald, Professor of the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface and Appendix, by Russell Martineau. Vol. II. Joshua and the Judges. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 8vo, pp. 222.

† See Christian Examiner for May, 1868.

the wide ground of preliminary dissertation, and is all on the track of intelligible story. It has the advantage, too, of a glowing and idealizing narrative of times which show to the common eye little else than a gaunt and pitiless realism. But it has the disadvantage to balance, that its topic is less grand, its materials are less orderly and compact, its chronology is even more broken and confused. Besides, the daring, confident, opinionated temper of Ewald's intellect is better adapted to the task of shaping materials out of the wide wild waste, and constructing his theories in a field where all conjecture is alike legitimate, and where his wealth of erudition and his divining eye have amplest play, than it is where the conditions are more strictly limited, and the field is narrowed down. There is somehow a sense of superfluous effort, and a mind disdainful of sober bounds, in the detail of these very instructive chapters on the Judges. It is, in one sense, the *determining* period of Hebrew history for the critics. Whether the Mosaic institutions, in any thing like the shape we know of them, were in force; whether any genuine literary remains have come down to us from this period; whether there was any thing like an organized hierarchy, a settled government, and a consecutive chronology, — are the cardinal points on which our whole notion of "Joshua and the Judges" turns.

These are the points on which we have a right to expect the maturest judgment, the ripest scholarship, and the fullest argument of such an historian as Ewald. Naturally, we are disappointed and vexed, when we find all critical judgment upon them forestalled by four pages of such postulates as these: "*There is no doubt* that Joshua, during the first years of the entrance into Canaan, subdued the country on every side, and received the submission of the Canaanites." But this rapidity "*must have operated* rather injuriously," since "the real rule of Joshua *must have seemed* concluded," and the duty of his resigning his authority "*would not be questioned.*" That he "would strain every nerve" to carry out the purpose which Moses had bequeathed to him, "*may be taken for granted.*" The partition of the conquered territory "*must* at this time *have been carried out.*" Arrangements for national union "*must have been made.*" Its President "*must be* the High-Priest." There "*must be* the possibility of final appeal" to the Oracle, which, "*of course*, was in the hands of the high-priest." The Tabernacle "*must be transferred*" from Gilgal to Shiloh. "Many institutions, especially ceremonial, *must have been created* at this period." Flesh sacrifices, &c., "*were undoubtedly* then

prescribed." The appointment of the Levitical order "was only *consistent with this history;*" and the assignment of forty-eight Levitical cities "*must belong* to the time of Joshua." At this time, too, "many customs *certainly* first received proper legal sanction." "Thus, about this time, the constitution of the community, begun by Moses, *must have been completed* in all those important regulations which we see maintained through succeeding ages with unshaken firmness." (pp. 30–34.)

This is building history, as an unskilful general digs his entrenchments, "in the air:" it is the language of a theologian or a metaphysician, not of a critic. A student, seeking satisfaction by argument, is obliged to content himself with mere assertions and "must-have-beens." The theory we have quoted, not only determines the whole conception of the history, but is assumed and elaborately carried out in Ewald's "Alterthümer," a work of astonishing learning, interest, and ability, embodying in detail his theory of the Mosaic institutions, — which we wish might be translated as a companion to this volume. Yet it is so far from being firmly grasped and distinctly realized under the conditions which the history itself imposes, that, almost in the next page after those we have cited, we are told of the scattered and imperilled situation of the conquerors, — near two millions in a district smaller than Massachusetts! — occupying the broken highlands, amidst powerful hostile populations which held the more spacious lowlands, "like quaking islands in a stormy sea;" while the disorders that fill almost the whole narrative make his conception of the theocracy, to say the least, a most violent improbability. In fact, after diligently studying and accepting this theory of the history, one may after all be led (mainly by the work of Ewald himself) to the conviction, that the "theocracy," properly speaking, was the ideal creation of very much later times, and was never realized in fact; that the priesthood and kindred institutions grew up along with the centralized monarchy of Solomon and his successors; and that the shapely, coherent, elaborate picture of them, given in "Leviticus," and wrought out with such remarkable skill in Ewald's own work, was the dream of that Jewish Puritanism which followed the labors of Ezra, and was only reflected back upon the curtain of a far-distant past. And this view, we think, holds the stronger ground to-day.

It is a great flaw in a production so faithful, scholarly, and indispensable, that it is written in the temper of an idealist, a theologian,

and a dogmatist. While the earliest relics and traditions are put into shape with singular vigor and constructive skill, this border ground between them and authentic history is pre-occupied by unlikely theories and uncritical assertions. Once warned of this, the reader will not fail to find abundant instruction and pleasure in the volume, without the disappointment that is sure to follow if he attempts to grasp and sustain the writer's conception as a whole. J. H. A.

EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ is, in the Protestant Church of France, what Frederic Maurice is in the Church of England, a mediator between orthodoxy and rationalism; in sympathy with the spirit of the age, while he holds on to the traditions of the faith. Some of his critical opinions are dangerously lax, but he balances these by other opinions which seem strangely superstitious. You cannot tell exactly where he is, — he is now here, and now there; and his style (though far clearer and more pointed than the style of the English "veil-maker," who covers all his ideas with a haze of verbiage) is yet rather a non-committal, than a positive, style.

This equivocal position appears in all the works of De Pressensé, but in none more than in his "Life of Jesus," * a translation of which has recently appeared. The translation is fairly good, but, sometimes, preserves too much of the French idiom to appear well in an English dress. The "*je ne sais quoi*" is not good English, when literally rendered.

By far the most valuable part of the book is the first half, which is preliminary, and treats of the Pagan religions, the various sects, parties, and doctrines of Judaism, and the sources of the history of Jesus Christ. In this part, the author is often at one with Nicolas and the radical critics. He differs from them, however, in his views of the origin and authenticity of the Gospels, in holding that they were all products of the first century, and written by the persons whose names they bear. He finds no sound reason for denying that John the apostle was the author of the Fourth Gospel. Yet he makes much more account in their narration of the aid which memories and traditions gave them, than of any assistance which they had from the Holy Spirit. The advocates of plenary inspiration in the evangelical histories will find no comfort in Pressensé's *prolegomena*.

* Jesus Christ. His Times, Life, and Work. By E. DE PRESSENSÉ, D.D. Second edition, revised. New York: Scribner, Welford, & Co., 1868. 12mo., pp. xx, 496.

The Gospels are human compositions, with the errors, too, of human compositions, as much as the narratives of the Pagan historians. We may differ from the writer's conclusions, but the argument by which they are reached is fair and rational.

The closing chapter of the Introduction, on the "Doctrinal Bases of the Life of Jesus," will spoil for many the apparent conservatism of the critical opinions. Pressensé holds to the divinity of Christ, and to the Incarnation; but he expressly denies that the man Jesus was more by constitution than other men, that he had the omniscience or the omnipotence of God. "As a man, his knowledge and his power were limited." His growth and development were human, and he was subject to the ordinary laws of humanity. In writing the "Life of Jesus," he is not writing about the *logos*, the creator of the world, but about the Jewish son of Mary, who was born, educated, and influenced like other Jewish children. Pressensé writes only the life of a wonderful man, who had rare knowledge, and a singular command over the forces of nature, which enabled him to suspend and control the ordinary laws of matter.

In the second and larger half of the volume, the story of Jesus is told rather in sketches than as connected and graphic narrative. It is not fanciful, like the brilliant romance of Renan; it is not nicely critical, as in Strauss's examination. But it touches the salient points, and dwells upon those which are most interesting. The disquisition of this part of the work is unexceptionable in sentiment, and some of it is touching and beautiful. Other statements are strangely unscientific. Pressensé not only thinks that Jesus may have shared the ideas of his own time about demoniac possessions, but is inclined to believe now that the disease of insanity is the sign of indwelling devils. He explains the Temptation of Jesus as a psychological process, yet has no objection to an actual devil who suggests its ways. He seems to accept the legend of the song to the shepherds, and the adoration of the magi, as literal history; but he does not commit himself to the story of the miraculous conception, or make it of any importance in the life of Jesus that he had no human father. He believes, certainly, that Mary had other children born in the natural way. That Jesus had any foreknowledge of modern science or was in advance of his age on questions of physics, Pressensé denies; yet he thinks it absurd to suppose that Jesus shared "the childish notions of his age about the marvellous." One of the least satisfactory chapters of the book is the short chapter on "The Miracles of Jesus

Christ." It will not satisfy those who regard them as signs of omnipotence, nor, on the other hand, those who believe that they were wrought by the power of faith. Pressensé's position here is a middle position.

It seems fated that every doctor of theology shall, in our time, try his hand upon a life of Jesus. Thus far, no book has been written that has added much to the fragmentary narratives of the four Gospels, or has fairly discredited these. A faithful study of these narratives gives a more positive picture of the fortunes and character of the man of Nazareth than any of these larger "improvements, alterations, and additions." A work is in preparation in Germany, if it has not already been published, which professes to construct a life of Jesus from the Apocryphal Gospels and legends, leaving out the canonical Gospels altogether. Such a work will have value as a satire on the futile attempts to correct and rectify the evangelical histories. C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It would seem rather an ungracious thing to criticise with severity — especially since his death — the work to which a most estimable man has devoted a long life and powers of no mean order; and we gladly recognize, that the first volume of Mr. Dean's "History of Civilization" * gives a clear and generally accurate view of the civilization of remote antiquity. As a kind of Universal History, in which the religion, industry, and life of a nation, receive the prominence which is wholly given to wars and dynasties, it may occupy a respectable position; but a history of civilization, in the highest sense of the word, it is not. The *statics* of civilization, if we may use the expression, are amply discussed; but the *dynamics* receive hardly a word. These elaborate chapters on the several aspects of the national life in each of the great nations of the East are very good materials, but cannot be accepted as a finished product.

Even as materials, however, they will disappoint the student, mainly for the reason that he is, at almost all points, left in doubt whether he has before him the results of the best and latest investigations, — or rather he knows for a certainty that he has not. We are told in the preface, that the author was accustomed to purchase new

* The History of Civilization. By Amos Dean, LL.D. In seven volumes. Vol. I. Albany, N. Y.: Joel Munsell, 1868. 8vo, pp. 695.

works, as they appeared, throwing light on the periods that he had already treated; and that he spent three years in revising the work after it was finished. But he would appear to have had no knowledge of the continental languages, for all his authorities are English; from which it follows that the different portions of the work possess very different degrees of authority. For the chief Asiatic nations, he was fortunate in possessing, in Rawlinson's great work, the latest results of scholarship; for the rest, his standard authorities are Prichard, Bunsen, Wilkinson (for Egypt), Gibbon, Anquétil and "Universal History," — hardly a sign of Lepsius and his fellow-workers in Egyptology, no mention of Ewald's "Volk Israel" or Movers' "Phönizer."

Even in English authorities, we find unaccountable omissions. Thus, he accepts the views of Max Müller in his first course of lectures on the Science of Language, and copies them in some detail; but not only pays no attention to Professor Whitney's work, in which Müller's theory is, as we think, satisfactorily refuted, but does not even seem to be acquainted with Müller's second series, which furnishes so rich material for a history of civilization, in its chapters on Comparative Mythology. Of this latter science indeed, Mr. Dean seems to have had not even an inkling; as, for example, he gives a page or two (p. 663) to the myth of Adonis, comparing it, to be sure, with that of Osiris, but just as a story, — not alluding to its symbolic meaning, although it is, perhaps, the best ascertained interpretation in the whole range of mythology. Again, in regard to the pyramids (p. 420), the best authority he can find is *Gliddon;* having apparently never heard of Piazzi Smyth.

Nothing indeed is more remarkable than Mr. Dean's use of his authorities. He gravely quotes the "American Phrenological Journal," p. 24, to the effect that the English *virgin* is a compound of the Latin *vir*, and the Chinese *gin*, both meaning *man!* It is evident, that, if Mr. Dean had read Müller's "Lectures on Language," he had swallowed them whole, without digestion; for no person who had the smallest comprehension of linguistic principles could have seized upon such a ridiculous piece of etymology as this. So, too, the "London Quarterly Review" is quoted, p. 691, in support of the innocent statement that the Lydians *probably* reclined at their meals.

Mr. Dean, of course, finds the trinity in the triads of Indian deities as well as in the Elohim of the first book of Genesis. It is singular, if the Hindoos and the Greeks of Homer's time (as Mr. Gladstone

deduces from the frequent recurrence of the combined names of Zeus, Apollo, and Athene) had a knowledge of this doctrine, — it is singular, we say, that the Jews, the chosen people, were permitted to forget it, and wait until two or three centuries after Christ for its rediscovery.

It will sufficiently appear, from the above, what the real character of this ambitious book is. It is not a history of the development of civilization, but a sketch of ancient history, — often very well done in detail, but with no adequate appreciation of the requirements of historical composition. Especially, the author seems to have been ignorant that it is the very earliest times in regard to which we are making the most rapid advance in knowledge, and therefore must be most particular to have the latest authority. Of course, any such book as that before us must be a compilation: it is not to be criticised for this. But whence to compile is a question that increases in difficulty as we go back in time. It is very well in modern history to follow current authorities; it requires rather more caution in the middle ages; it is not at all safe in Greece and Rome: but in Egypt and Asia it is fatal to all claims to accuracy. W. F. A.

It is very rare for a dragoman to appear in literature: still rarer for him to contribute any thing of lasting value to the literature of the world. But this worthy official at the United States Legation in Constantinople has gathered a heap of curious information upon an exceedingly curious subject. Every Oriental traveller becomes acquainted with two classes of Dervishes, the Howling and the Dancing. He easily learns as much as this, that they are Moslem monks of reputed sanctity, severe self-denial, professed piety, and intense fanaticism: their name meaning, in Persian, the sill of a door; that is, humility. With this, and a sight of each of their peculiar exercises, he supposes that he has sucked the orange and may throw the peel away. But our official mouthpiece, living in a city containing more than fifty dervish convents, has thrown together without much system all that general readers can desire: * a history and description of twelve of those monastic orders, which enjoy nearly equal reputation, and receive a like support from the alms of the faithful through all the Ottoman Empire.

It is evident that there are as distinct orders among dervishes as

* The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By John P. Brown. London: Trubner & Co.

among friars: distinct in dress, in worship, in manner of life, in origin; though they sometimes unite in public devotion, lead generally a conventual life, and pay the same implicit obedience to their Sheikh. Their spiritualism, as exhibited by Mr. Brown, is chiefly the history of a magnetic influence exercised by certain Sheikhs, not only over men but animals, bringing them under such control that the violent are tame and the poisonous harmless, and producing fits of unconsciousness in human beings. Though our dragoman gives the usual instances of the imposture of drawing out snakes from chamber walls, and deceiving the spectator's eyes by unreal wounds, as is still done at the return from Mecca, he does not show what we had expected upon the decay of the whole system, — the disgust of the Moslem public, the intoxication of leading performers, the palsied state of this Right Arm of Moslemism. He traces the origin of the institution to the injunctions of poverty, contemplation, humility, and charity in the Koran; but far more just to the presence of Monasticism in all Asia during many ages to refer it to principles of human nature favored by that climate, and sustained by habits of life, indigenous to the very soil.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. With maps and illustrations. 12mo, 561 pp. — The Old World in its New Face. Impressions of Europe in 1867-1868. By Henry W. Bellows. Vol. II. 12mo, pp. 528. — Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings. Founded on the Four Gospels. By Lyman Abbott. 12mo, pp. 520. — Nature's Nobleman. By the author of "Rachel's Secret." 8vo, pp. 144. — Cast Up by the Sea. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. Illustrated by Huard. 12mo, pp. 419. — China and the Chinese. By Rev. John L. Nevias, ten years a missionary in China. 12mo, pp. 456. — Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska. By Frederick Whymper. 12mo, pp. 350. — Poetical Works of Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilley). Edited by Robert B. Roosevelt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 345.

The Conscript: a Story of the French War of 1813. By William Erckmann Chatnan. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo, pp. 330.

Dolores: a Tale of Disappointment and Distress. Arranged from Journal, &c., of Roland Vernon, Esq. By Benjamin Robinson. New York: E. J. Hale & Sons. 8vo, pp. 180.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language; selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. pp. 405. — Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian. By Augusta Plesner & S. Rugelly Powers. Boston & Cambridge: Sever, Francis, & Co., pp. 150. (This edition of the "Golden Treasury" is printed from the same plates with the former issue of this choice and favorite collection; and at a price which makes it one of the cheapest, as well as unquestionably the best, in its kind.)

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THE

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ART. I. — ON THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF OUR RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

POSSIBLY it is not real; it is apparent; it is local; or it is temporary; or it is a course of transformation. The country itself has been subject to most remarkable changes. By reason of the invention of easy travel, whole families have moved away from the homes of their ancestry; when the parents have remained behind, the children have gone. People have become acquainted with the city, and have been drawn off from the country. The knowledge of city life has made many prefer the business of exchange to the exhausting, the wearisome, or otherwise unattractive labors of production on the farm. The social nature itself has drawn men away from the comparatively solitary life, to the crowds and intercourse and the excitement of the city. These considerations, alone, might be found sufficient for the fact, that many of our rural societies are smaller in numbers than they once were. And, in the city, where many have gone, or out West where many more have gone, the new-come inhabitants are naturally slower to attend church, than they were at home: the changes in life through which they have passed, have disturbed for a season their religious connections; and it is too early in their history to divine what interest in religious institutions they will hereafter manifest.

In addition to the losses sustained by removals, many persons, of the same class or condition in life, and the same moral

character, as those who, in the earlier history of our communities, were devoted supporters of the church, have relinquished their attendance upon public worship, and have withdrawn their pecuniary support from it; and the neglect they show, has caused some anxious inquiries or forebodings in regard to the prospect before us. It has led some to ask, whether religion has that germ of native power in the human heart, which many had assumed; whether it does not need more external support than had been supposed; whether forms are not more important to its active existence and development; whether organizations of great power are not also among its essentials; whether, in a word, independence, the voluntary principle, have not been too much depended on, as of themselves sufficient; and whether we must not return to forms more rich or splendid or awe-inspiring, and use organizations which shall more satisfy in the minds of the people the desire for close co-operation, the fondness of home-association in the church, and the sense of authority to which many love to subject themselves.

That religion decays in the community, may well be doubted. It has, it is true, a different manifestation from the intolerance which banished heretics into the frosts of winter, or bored their ears, or burned their bodies; different, too, it must be admitted, from that among our fathers, where, in many or most houses, the family-altar was well known to exist, when the vocabulary of religion was very common in common intercourse; when, too, the communion-service was generally attended, and to become a member of the church was held almost as much as essential to salvation. It is true, that when people are so many, places so numerous, the country so large, it is difficult to form a wise estimate of the religious condition of the community, and compare it age to age: yet it is important to remember the vast activities of benevolence, such as the world never knew before; the progress of democratic ideas as developing from a sense of Christian equality or Christian obligation; the new thought the world has learned to entertain in behalf of the endangered and the dangerous classes, the degraded, the despised, and the forgotten; the great

gatherings of church assemblies, and new churches formed in a thousand places, and all without solicitation from a priesthood or demand from the State; and, still more, it is of great significance, in this connection, — the sudden, the wide-extended burst of patriotism our nation has witnessed, the sentiment clearly manifest that people felt supreme obligations to God, to save the country, the Constitution, the laws, as of his appointing, and their homes as his sacred trust to them.

But if even it could be satisfactorily established, that religion is now as full an inspiration as in the days of our fathers, the prevailing neglect deserves inquiry. And, first, something of it, perhaps, may be accounted for as among the first-fruits of the new-found liberty which has been extending through the world, — a reaction from the bondage in which the lives and minds of men have been held both by the Church and the State. A new-found liberty it is almost always difficult to enjoy with moderation. The horse let out from the stable, the boy from school, young men and maidens arriving at a time of life when parents no longer dictate companionship, amusements, or labors, are instances oft cited of the dangers of reaction after control. The atrocities of the French Revolution are commonly adduced as an instance. Our communities are yet learning their liberty. It was not enough that the Declaration of Independence declared all men free and equal; it was not enough that the Constitution of the country acknowledged the rights of conscience of all. These were but the high ideal of the nation in its more considerate moments. These were the dictates of its reason, when it calmly reasoned. But the habits of a long life, the habits of mind formed under centuries of oppression, are not altered at once to correspond to an ideal. And so most persons, who saw that they had themselves a right to their own thoughts, were slow to grant equality of rights to others; and in society brought social oppression to bear on those who differed from them; and in the church and the ministry excommunicated them. Not even yet, in the church, nor even in the more educated portions of society, have people learned to pay respect to their neighbors' right to idea, or ceased to look with

longing for means in some way to punish, or show disapprobation for, or to cut off from equal intercourse, those who do their thinking in their own way. No wonder there is a rebellion. No wonder many a man, here and there, shows his silent indifference to village-popes, to city-hierarchs, to little men and little women, who, with superstition, and with distrust, and with the love of power, want to dictate opinion instead of allowing truth to the human mind. When men can attend religious meetings, and find themselves wholly respected there, both by the occupant of the pulpit and the pew, more, it may be, will attend. But how many do not want to go, where they are looked upon by inferiors with arrogance, with reprobation, with suspicion, or with fear!

And there has been not only a readiness to throw off the oppression which the church and the minister and public opinion have exercised, but a reaction, also, from oppressive doctrines, which the mind had been deluded into believing, and under which it had been well nigh overwhelmed. And the reaction may not have stopped with a conviction of the unsoundness or absurdity of some false ones that had very greatly prevailed: it may go further, to a suspicion of the worth of ideas which are vital in spiritual progress. 'The community, it may be, seeks repose, or indulges in indifference after the agitations and excitements such doctrines have been used to create. "Hell" has been the great idea preached. Every body born for it, destined to it; everybody but the elect; everybody but the few that might accept strangest inferences from scripture-texts and scripture-arrangements; the few that might be frightened into horrors of dying; the few that might artificially be brought into required experiences of heart: the race was doomed.' A wild fanaticism raged through the churches. It was seen to be next to impossible to arouse or turn the community to the convictions that should bring them into the required condition. Eloquence, fervor, earnestness, devotion, the most self-sacrificing philanthropy, agitations of mind that it passed beyond nature to continue, were used to save a world which God had originally condemned. The doctrine, with all its concomitants, and all the

machinery necessary to enforce it, was largely accepted. It made its impression very largely on churches and societies that disowned it. It was accepted in under-currents of the heart, when the mind refused the logic that taught it. It was feared, as ghosts are at night by those who believe there are no ghosts. But the community rests. And though some denominations were never drawn into the midst of the activities of the revivals, nor ever admitted the truth of the doctrines most used in them, yet many persons have made little distinction, in their own minds, between denominations most active in the revival system and those who have opposed its excesses most. Religionists were, to the apprehension of many, all alike, — all alike ministers, all church-members, all Christian believers; if they differed on some points, the differences were not vital; and so, not only from the artificial excitements of strange doctrine men escape, but also question the value, to themselves at least, of all doctrine that any one may preach. And as they have been deceived, they will let religion alone. As they have been driven, they put themselves outside of organizations, so that they can be driven and deceived no more. The revival system must, of necessity, have its reaction. How much impiety, how much unbelief, how much devotion to principles of the material life alone, it may lead to, it is impossible to estimate. Men rejoice that 'Hell' is put out; they are not particular to inquire what is put out beside. They are free; that is enough for them.

Another reason for alienation is to be found in the almost universal conviction that religious truth is an inheritance of the past, and not a continued and present inspiration. Olden times were better off than these; they were nearer to God. In other times God instructed the human race. He came in dream, or by angels; or gave words to prophets, or apostles. He had a nation of especial favorites, with members of which he held an intimacy of intercourse not granted to any others, never granted since, and never to be granted again to the end of the world. It is true, He lives. He is the life of man, the life of the seasons, the landscape, the clover, the running stream, the glowing star. We must thank him for protection;

we must thank him for the harvest; for providential deliverances to individuals and to the nation. His working power is everywhere in operation. But he has nothing to say. All hearts are possibly open to him, now, as at any previous era of human history. Now, as much as ever before, human ignorance and human need require his attention, his instruction and comfort. And though one word of his voice might have an influence immeasurably superior in the human heart to all reading of books the mind might use, the whole human race is referred by him to the printer, the editor, the student, the bookseller. A man may have the word of God in his pocket; he may go to the store and buy it; he may chaffer with the dealer for the price of it; it will come down to him through the editions of a thousand years, and after the work of various translators, all mediums and mediators between his soul and God; but he shall never have a single word, himself, of authority from God. What a stupendous silence! What an incomprehensible suspension of speech and intercourse! What a disinheriting of a whole race! What a banishment from house and home! Would you know if 'the Trinity' is true? Go back a thousand years or two, or five, or six; they knew then. Would you know whether baptism is essential? or how to celebrate the Lord's Supper? or how much deference is to be paid to priests or bishops? We have no word now of God upon the subject. Go to the printer's, and inquire; he can tell you what God said to some past generation of mankind, to decide your difficulty.

Now it is no jealousy, that forbids many to believe that the Americans are less a favored nation than the Jews were, but simply an undercurrent of common sense that bears the mind of many to that conviction. The more truly we believe God is a Spirit, ever-present to all persons, the more, then, we refuse the belief of past inspirations as the only ones and as the only authority; the more, then, we reach to the conviction, that God lets us know now, without recurrence to the ideas of other ages, whether he lives by Trinity or by Unity; whether he cares for baptism, by sprinkling or immersion, or for any form; whether a bishop to him is of any conse-

quence more than a good man and a good teacher. We can no longer be limited in our rhetoric to images drawn from the scenes, the manners and customs, localities and personages, of the past. A literature is dead that borrows its imagery; and a religious literature is destitute of the power to inspire, if it cannot draw from the present as well as the past. Some credit, we may think, was due to the rough old captain of the King of Syria, who patriotically declared that Abana and Pharpar were better than all the rivers of Israel; and we cannot be sure that if he had gone home and washed in them, he might not have found their waters as efficacious as the Jordan. At any rate, what do we gain, by desecrating all the familiar scenery around us? by making Jerusalem, Zion, Israel, the rose of Sharon, alone religious? On what hill or mountain now of our own fair land may not one thrust off his shoes, for that the ground on which he treads is holy? What bush does not at times now burn with living fire, or show some vision equally bright with the one of old, or fairer and more lovely? Is not Monadnock divine? and a temple there, on God's chosen spot, built by purer hands than those of Solomon, adorned with riches far superior to any that Tyre could furnish, or Sheba could admire? Is not the dandelion called forth now by as much power of God as any bloom that Sharon could show? and has it not as much a word from God to those who consider it? Is not New York, with all its follies and all its crimes, a city of God, as much as Jerusalem was? To look to another country, to another age, for all the sources of divine truth, is to look to a distance for what is nigh, to dimness for what is clear, to the dead instead of to the living. So long as preachers and churches, in doctrine and creed, in all the forms of worship, in all the literature of the hymn that is sung, and the rhetoric of the sermon, and in all the authority with which truth is supported, appeal alone or especially to the past and distant; as long as they ignore the present with its loveliness, its religiousness, and its power, — so long they will instruct the world in an absent God; they will teach, if they do not mean to, that God is not omnipresent; that he is not a Father, not a lover of his people. They will confirm the

silence that is not broken to the ear, as the silence of indifference, or of death; and the blank that never shows the Father to the eyesight, they will assure to the people is destitute of God. What other nation, or what believers of another religion, have so little believed in omnipresence, or have so desecrated the world, as we? What wonder, when the tie that binds the soul to the Creator is represented as one descending alone through the long ages of the past, it should seem to many to have grown by the lapse of time too thin to sustain them, and they should believe at last it is wholly broken off?

In close connection with what has been said above, is to be presented, also, the consideration that the religious vocabulary of the present day is largely mingled in with antiquated forms of speech, which, however familiar in sound, are much wanting in familiarity to the mind. We use in reading the Bible, in giving public expression to prayer, and often in public address to the people, 'the solemn style,' as it is called, — a style once no more solemn than the now familiar language of conversation; and though many persons are so much accustomed to King James's version, and the older versions of the Bible from which that is largely drawn, that a rewriting of the Scriptures for common or for public use would seem a desecration, yet there is a still larger portion of the community who would be more impressed religiously by the story of the "Prodigal Son," or the "Good Samaritan," told in common talk, as it was originally spoken in common talk so far as we know, than by the same stories written in the use of the second person singular of the pronoun, and the lisping termination of the verb. Religion must seem strange, when its language is strange; a formality, when its language is formal. When the 'minister' is respected for personal character and attainments, not for the white handkerchief and gown and bands; when in all things innocent, he lives as his neighbors live, — religion loses nothing of true respect in consequence, but is found more attractive and persuasive to the people. Words and inflection must follow bands and wigs, the gold-headed cane and shovel-hat, and change to styles more appropriate to the present day.

Another point needs to be alluded to. Much that is incredible, and much that is not believed, is constantly in use in the pulpit, with no 'caveat' on the part of the minister, with no hint on his own part that he is using a mythology of the past. It is not necessary to deny miracles, the power of God to inspire the performance of them, or the importance of the circumstances that lead to them; yet there are accounts of miraculous occurrences in the Scriptures, which many who may chance to read them may not altogether give credit to; at least, it must be something of a strain upon the faith of many a hearer, to whom it is read that the sun stood still at the command of a mortal for a mere economical purpose, or that manna was always had with due regard to the sacredness of a seventh day, or that flies and vermin, darkness and death, came in numbers, depth, and severity, of such remarkableness as Jewish records testify. And what is to be observed is, that the common reading in the pulpit of narratives unbelievable or questionable, with no mark of interrogation in the words or the face of the reader, may lead many a doubting hearer to entertain an equal degree of doubt in regard to matters of historical certainty or of spiritual reality. 'The whole Bible or none' is a very dangerous admission on the part of those who make it. Suppose some say, 'Some parts we cannot receive;' will you deny them the golden rule, the great commandments, the fatherhood of God?

And not alone is some question to be presented in regard to some of the mythology of religion; also there are precepts and doctrines not at all believed in, yet continually presented, concerning the use of which the same inquiry must be made. The ministers of the gospel, who habitually read them, may have some explanation in their own minds to give of them,— some 'new translation,'— and be able to make them consistent both with the original utterance on the one hand, and the common or universal ideas of necessary morality on the other. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth;" "Take no thought for the morrow;" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,"— the minister reads these, and adds nothing to, detracts nothing from, the record: and this before a careful,

painstaking, thrifty congregation, the members of which go home to consider their prospects in life, and what they can do to assure or improve them, and carefully to impress upon their children the necessity of industry and economy, the dangers of sickness, the wants of age, the value of independence, or a constant observance of 'the *main* chance.' "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," he reads, and says nothing; and looks down into his congregation, to see the rich men who pay his salary, who take him out to ride, who adorn his house with elegant presents; and upon all the rest of the people, also, who want to be rich, and mean to, if they can. He reads the twenty-fifth of Matthew; "these shall go away into everlasting punishment," — the people understand him to believe in the eternity of hell-torments, unspeakable, irremediable, — "prepared for the devil and his angels," the reader continues. 'The minister, then, believes in a personal devil, the accuser, tempter, tormenter of mankind, equal and rival, or agent of God.' He reads to the congregation, the rich man and Lazarus, the beggar and his sores, the dogs and the crumbs, the bosom of Abraham, the tip of the finger, and the immitigableness of the patriarch even under the kindly, unselfish solicitations of the sufferer; and adds no comment to the dreadful narration; letting men, women, and little children receive such impression as they may, of the goodness of God, the hazards of life, the veritableness of religious records. He reads to his people in course about the young man that ought to have sold every thing and given all his possessions to the poor; about the man that must not even go and bury his father; about the necessity for turning the other cheek to the smiter, and going the second mile cheerfully with one who has compelled the service of the first, and giving with lavish hand the cloak to the fraudulent man who at court has succeeded in getting one's coat away; — and gives no explanation. And he reads, "Swear not at all," and takes oaths of office; and "I say unto you that ye resist not evil," and, though peaceably inclined, blesses the banner that is to be borne in war, and eloquently

arouses the patriotism of his congregation to fight for their lives, their homes, and their country, and himself girds on a sword to lead them to combat, or rides a horse to make a prayer before a holiday soldiery on parade. The congregation understand there is some explanation in the mind of the minister, so that his inconsistency is in word and not in idea; there is, they see, some loophole through which he makes his way, when such precepts and doctrines appear before him. It is big enough to let all religion through? How big is it? How much may a man doubt, or how much deny, and where is the line to be drawn between the necessary-to-be-believed and the allowable-to-be-rejected? And how many persons are there, who get quite into a muddle in thinking about the revelations of religion, and so excuse themselves from all further attention to public religious service and instruction?

One cannot but believe, also, that the divisions into sects have had much to do with alienating people from religious institutions. However important the reasons for those divisions may appear to theologians and religionists, the world at large may be believed to know little what they are, or what their value is. And the appearance which many churches present to the world, is much more conspicuously that of division and opposition to one another, than that of earnestness in converting an indifferent or willing community to a good life. Churches have shown too much their disrespect for goodness, their respect for correctness of opinion or for mere parroty shibboleths. 'What is this quarrel about?' the community asks, and stays not to get an intelligible or sufficient answer. The long habitual attendant at church becomes weary with discussions whose application to daily life, its needs and its dangers, seems very feeble. The abstractions of theology getting into the pulpit have infected the style of preaching, and made it artificial, ingenious, abstract. Its very diction in sermonizing partakes of the philosophical rather than the common, and is very much the language of books rather than the address of men to men.

The pew-system, also, may be considered as having tended to the same evil direction; the monstrous principle, as some

would view it, of having people shut up in pens to be instructed, and having the pens closed to all but those who were able or who chose to purchase a right to one of them. The church does not invite the community to come and hear, and share in worship. It is no longer *public* worship that is sustained in the community. The church is a closed building but to its owners or to legal tenants. When they are absent, their seats are vacant; and people outside feel themselves either forbidden to enter, or possible intruders if they present themselves at the door. Owners of pews themselves are less attracted to a church of fellow-owners, than to an assembly of the people. There is no high, no hallowed, no inspiring sentiment at the foundation of the pew-system; it may be convenience, but that is not hallowed or inspiring; it may be pride, or custom, but they are no better. And the meeting-house itself, since it has ceased to be the meeting-house for the community, as once it was, for any other purposes than those of Sunday service, — with closed doors through all the week, has become an unfamiliar place, the most repulsive, however costly, splendid, or tasteful, the most repulsive to the common mind of all in the community, except the jail. Ceasing to be used, locked, for six days in the week, unsocial on the seventh, barring families from families, and neighbor from neighbor, boxing up the attendants, — the social element, the genial element, the principles of acquaintanceship, of friendship, of intimate attachments and love, are so far banished from church-service, and only the one relationship of man and God, that of reverence, so far exclusively recognized, that many find themselves in church in strange condition, unnatural, unhappy; and they leave the unsocial, unloving church for the more genial companionship of their books, or of nature, or the more familiar labors of the world, or for the sleep of inertness.

A word more may be added upon church architectural arrangements, and their influence upon the interest of the community in religious institutions. The pulpit has its difficulties. It was apparently built for authority, for superiority, not for familiarity. Its shape, its adornings, its solemnity of

appearance, its great distinction from the desk at which the preacher writes, — the table from which the lecturer on a week-day discourses; the elegance of mahogany and marble; the sumptuousness of heavy overhanging draperies, — all tend to throw the preacher into an unnatural condition of mind, and debar him from familiar and natural access to his people. The satin damask and the polished period must go together; and the sense of this necessity on the part of the preacher compels an observance of forms of rhetoric, which often prevent, in the preparation of them, the more vigorous thought the preacher would seize and present, the vivacity of expression which would attract the hearer to attention, the exactness which the writer unsuccessfully elaborates, and the warmth of feeling which would unite the preacher and hearer in a living sympathy, and inspire both with a new power of the truth. Perhaps it is hardly premature to say, that ministers and the community are coming to a conviction of the necessity of extemporaneousness of address in the pulpit, as at the bar, in halls of legislation, and the stand of the lecturer, as alone acceptable to the lively minds of our people; but church-architecture at the present forbids it, or renders it unnecessarily difficult; and the progress of the age perhaps demands an alteration from an architecture borrowed from other ages, to adapt the meeting-house now to the advancement which thought has made, to the more genial conditions of the community, and to newer aspirations after truth.

The working-suit in which the preacher appears, as he is met with in the street on any of the working-days of the world, is emblematic of the new phase which religion has assumed in the community, and which, we may believe, is a promise of new and great success in institutions of which he is the minister. Religion works, now: it does not speak alone. It does not limit itself especially to parochial visitings; nor to individual relationships and personal conversions. It establishes Sanitary Commissions. In its common form, or in unrecognized disguise, it abolishes slavery. It sends teachers to poor blacks and poor whites at the South. It threads the narrow alleys of cities to find the poor, and the

causes of destitution, and the means of remedy. It seeks to make safe the endangered; to win back to harmony with society the dangerous classes. No good work the mind can conceive, that religion does not come out of the church and out of the pulpit and extend itself beyond Sunday to do. It has always been successful, whenever it has labored in behalf of men. It proves its divine commission then; whether it has relics or miracles, or anthems or cathedrals, its work attracts, converts, inspires; and the community at large unite in the living, laboring church. It is then the Catholic Church; no more a denomination; no more a sect. And the love of man, which the church now assumes as its fundamental principle; the love of man as one direction for its love of the Infinite, Eternal Spirit, — we may believe is to redeem, to re-establish our institutions, to give to religion as much power in the community as human nature has the capacity to entertain and use.

Art. II. — DR. BEARD'S "MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE."

A Manual of Christian Evidence, containing as an Antidote to Current Materialistic Tendencies, particularly as found in the writings of Ernest Renan, an Outline of the Manifestation of God in the Bible, in Providence, in History, in the Universe, and in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By John R. Beard, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., &c., &c., 1868. 8vo, pp. 445.

Twenty-four years have passed since we noticed in these pages the "Voices of the Church in Reply to Dr. D. F. Strauss," a volume of essays in defence of historical Christianity, partly compiled and partly written by Dr. Beard. The same able and industrious author now gives us a volume in reply to Renan. And in the new combat we recognize the veteran champion. In his former work, one of Dr. Beard's most successful efforts was that in which he pointed out the connection of Strauss's view of the Christian Scriptures, with his

opinions as a philosopher, of the "extreme left" or ultra portion of the Hegelian school. We were thus shown the critic, by principles which he held antecedently to the task of historical investigation, denying the possibility of miracles, asserting that he must lose his senses before he could believe them, and declaring, that "a life beyond the grave is the last enemy which speculative criticism has to oppose, and, if possible, to vanquish."* After this exposure, the student who should select Strauss for his guide, would know that, in accepting his conclusions with regard to the Gospels, he was only receiving the first instructions of one who was prepared to lead him to the loftiest heights, or lowest depths, of unbelief. In a similar manner does Dr. Beard, in the work now before us, make us acquainted with the mind of M. Renan. The first chapter is devoted to an account of that writer's life, in which justice is done to his high qualities, his learning, energy, independence and courage. "All honor," he says, "to this charity-school boy; all honor to him who thus, before the age of thirty, has placed himself on the steps of the principal temple of fame in his native land." But from the study of "a not ignoble life," the writer, with equal fairness, derives the conclusion, announced in his second chapter, that "Renan's spirit, as contrasted with the spirit of Christ, disqualifies the former for writing a life of the latter." He contrasts the majestic simplicity of the Great Teacher, who "came into the world to bear witness to the truth," and laid down his life in attestation of that divine mission, with the philosophy that mingles outward forms of respect with ill-suppressed sneers, talks of "those venerable blunders which have consoled our race," and speaks of "the everlasting life" and "the seal of perfection," as if he believed in them, when "the seal of perfection is a relic of the writer's dead Catholicism, and the implied future recompense is a rhetorical flight." (Manual of Evidence, pp. 32, 33.)

The charge of commending disingenuousness should not be lightly made, especially against one who has suffered for

* Strauss: Christliche Glaubenslehre, vol. ii. p. 739; Voices of the Church, p. 21.

the boldness with which he made known his opinions. But even brave and true men are not always consistent; and professed philosophers, aware that the world at large could not reach the height of their speculations, have been often scornfully indifferent to the ignorance of the uninitiated, and little sensible of the duty of enlightening it. "Let us," says Renan, "who possess the love of truth and unquenchable curiosity, labor for the small number of those who go forwards in the front of human thought." Thus with contemptuous indulgence he prescribes the duty of hypocrisy to the parish priest: —

"There are persons riveted, as it were, to absolute faith. I speak of men engaged in holy orders and exercising the cure of souls. Even then a fine soul knows how to find issues. A worthy country priest, by his solitary studies and the purity of his life, has been led to see the impossibilities of the literal dogmatism. Ought he to sadden those whom he has hitherto comforted; to explain to the simple changes which they cannot understand? God forbid! The good Bishop Colenso performed an act of honesty, such as the church has never from its origin seen, by writing down his doubts as soon as they came to him. But the humble Catholic priest, settled in a narrow and timid district, ought to hold his tongue. Oh, how many discreet tombs around village churches thus conceal poetic reserves, angelic silences! Will those whose duty it has been to speak, equal the merit of those secret ones known to God alone?" (Les Apôtres, Introduction, p. lxii.; Dr. Beard, p. 128.)

With the spirit thus evinced, Dr. Beard contrasts that of the Apostles and their great Master, in such utterances as these: "We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully." "Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy."

Dr. Channing, in that famous essay on Milton, with which he enriched the early pages of this periodical, spoke thus of the great English moralist and the great English poet. "Johnson," he says "did not, and could not, appreciate Milton." — "It was customary, in the days of Johnson's glory, to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-

born race. Milton we should rank among seraphs." — "How could Johnson be just to Milton!" The impossibility of one writing the biography of another, when the spirit of the two is utterly different, was never better illustrated than in the whole passage from which these sentences are taken. And if that impossibility might well be asserted in the case of the two English authors, it is still more obvious when those who are compared are, on the one side, a brilliant but fanciful French writer, worshipping nothing but science, and, on the other side, the Lord Jesus Christ. The position thus taken, of the radical inability of M. Renan to describe a character so different from his own, receives further illustration in the remainder of the volume. The author's object, however, is not merely to disparage a single writer. His book presents in contrast the whole religious and moral system of the Bible, and that of the French essayist; not as his alone, but as exhibiting the features of its kind; as a fair specimen of the widely prevalent modern view, which, disowning the authority of the gospel, attempts to substitute æsthetics for Christian morality, and the laws of nature for a personal God.

This presentation of the characteristics of two different systems is necessarily somewhat minute. It has seemed to us at times that condensation might have made the argument more striking. But it is striking as here presented. We see, on one side, the scriptural representation of an all-wise, holy, and gracious Being; on the other, a blending of Atheism and Pantheism, with a well-bred cautiousness that forbids calling things by their right names. Take the following words as a specimen: —

"God, providence, immortality, so many good old words, a little cumbrous perhaps, which philosophy will interpret in senses more refined." (Études, p. 419; Dr. Beard, p. 232.)

These words, however, are from a passage which deserves to be presented at length, as illustrating how religiously one can talk who disowns religion; how a plain question can be answered by a mist of words; how the existence of God can

be denied, and his name retained. We extract it from Renan's article on Feuerbach and the Hegelian school, as translated in "Studies of Religious History and Criticism, by M. Ernest Renan." New York, 1864, pages 340, 341.

"To those who, planting themselves on substance, ask me: 'Is he, or is he not, this God of yours?' Ah! I shall reply, God! It is he that is, and all the rest but seems to be. Granting even that for us philosophers another word might be preferable; besides the unfitness of abstract words to express clearly enough real existence, there would be an immense inconvenience in thus cutting ourselves off from the sources of poetry in the past, and in separating ourselves by our speech from the simple who adore so well in their way. The word GOD possessing as it does the respect of humanity, the word having been long sanctioned by it, and having been employed in the finest poems, — to abandon it would be to overturn all the usages of language. Tell the simple to live a life of aspiration after truth, beauty, moral goodness; the words would convey no meaning to them. Tell them to love God, not to offend God, they will understand you wonderfully. God, Providence, Immortality! — good old words, a little clumsy perhaps, which philosophy will interpret in finer and finer senses; but which it will never fill the place of to any advantage. Under one form or another, God will always be the sum of our supersensual needs, the *category of the ideal*, the form, that is, under which we conceive the ideal, as space and time are the *categories of bodies;* that is to say, the form under which we conceive of bodies. In other words, man placed in the presence of beautiful, good, or true things, goes out of himself, and, caught up by a celestial charm, annihilates his pitiful personality, is exalted, is absorbed. What is that, if it be not adoration?"

An examination of Dr. Beard's book has brought forcibly to our mind the thought — which we wish we could impress on every one who is tempted to the denial of historical Christianity by such writings as Renan's — that the great question at issue is not whether the Gospels were written by those whose names they bear; not even whether Jesus wrought miracles and rose from the dead. The discussion on these is only preliminary. The most eminent of those European writers who take, on such questions, the negative side, are

already committed to a far more sweeping denial. Not for this would we ask that their arguments be unheard, or answered with aught but fairness. But the Christian has a right to know the position of his adversaries: the seeker after truth should understand not only the doctrines proclaimed by those who desire to guide him, but the end they have in view. The true question of the age is between the God of the Bible and no God at all.

Art. III. — THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

A General View of the History of the English Bible. By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co., 1868.

The Chaplain of the Bishop of Peterborough had already been favorably known by his "Introduction to the Study of the Four Gospels," his "History of the Canon of the New Testament in the First Four Centuries," his "Bible in the Church," his "Gospel of the Resurrection," and his "Characteristics of the Gospel-miracles;" but his last work, "General View of the History of the English Bible," for accuracy, thoroughness, and fulness of statement, requires particular notice at our hands. The ripened fruit of a thorough study of the largest collection of English Bibles in the world, it establishes many facts of exceeding interest to the student of our version. So many misstatements are afloat in history, regarding Tyndale especially, and such an exaggerated view has been popularly taken of the perfection of our authorized version, that a fresh examination of the whole subject was required for truth's sake, and in gratitude to one of our greatest benefactors. The Peterborough Chaplain has done the work with his whole heart, on a much larger scale, though in a similar spirit with the preface of Bagster's Hexapla, and in a far more learned way than Mrs. Conant's "History of English Bible Translation," so that we follow his narrative with

a satisfaction more than we find in any other treatise, even Trench's "Essay on the Authorized Version."

As early as the time of the venerable Bede, some romance gathers about the work of Bible translation. It was Anno Domini 735, and the scholar had not completed his version of the Gospel of John; and now the heavy shades of death are gathering upon him. Wednesday before Ascension-day had dawned, and still the great work of his life was not done. His boy-scribe reminded him, that one chapter was yet untouched; and the dying old man nerved himself to the task, till exhaustion required relief. Still the boy hung around him, saying, "Dear master, one sentence remains yet unwritten." "Write quickly," was the reply: as the last words flowed from his lips upon the parchment page, the scribe said, "It is done." "Well," said Bede, "thou hast spoken the truth: all is ended. Take my head in thy hands. I would sit where I have been wont to pray, there to call upon my Father." So resting upon the floor of his cell, chanting the *Gloria*, his soul was wafted on as by the wings of angels into the presence of that Spirit, who was the last breath on his lips.

This was probably the earliest of our vernacular translations from the New Testament; but many such were made of parts of the Scriptures, in both prose and verse. No manuscript version, however, is worth mentioning beside that of Wycliffe. To him, named, like Tyndale and Coverdale, after the village in which he was born, belonged the honor of publishing the first Bible in English. It was so literal a rendering of the Latin Vulgate, as to be in many places obscure. It was not printed: the time had not come for that, least of all in England; but it was eagerly circulated in parts by his itinerant preachers, was read in public, was successful in awakening attention as a vindication of the rights of man. The numerous copies still in existence show the extent of the circulation. Though merely a translation of a translation, it was the first complete work, the first book indeed of any size, in a language which it did so much to perpetuate: it was the first crush of the grape, whose vintage was soon to be gathered in martyrs' blood. "Great multitudes," says

Foxe, "tasted the sweetness of God's word, almost in as ample a manner in 1520, as now in 1563. Certes, the fervent zeal of those Christian days seemed much superior to these our times, as may appear by their sitting up all night and reading; also by their expenses in buying books, of whom some gave forty pounds of our money for a book, and some more; and some exchanged a load of hay for a few chapters of St. Paul. To see their travails, their earnest seekings, their burning zeal, their readings, their watchings, their sweet assemblies, may make us now in these days of free profession blush for shame."

Every thing favored Wycliffe. The corruptions of the Church awakening disgust, commerce quickening generous minds to free thought, Anglo-Saxon becoming the living bond of thought between palace and cottage, civilization feeling its way consciously out from island barbarism, the commonalty receiving eagerly those apostles of the Word, whom the cathedral despised and the monastery feared. Wonderful, indeed, it seems, as we look back, that, though driven from his College into the humble village of Lutterworth, he was allowed to die in peace, preaching, writing, publishing, to the last. When the friars, his mortal enemies, threatened him during his illness, before his translation was complete, he declared, "I shall not die: I shall live, and declare your evil deeds." So that from 1383, in obscurity and poverty, in peril of extinction, his gospel was working silently as leaven, moving the whole mass, preparing for a better day. "Many a touching scene might be imagined," says Mrs. Conant, "of rustic groups in the churchyard, and around the peat-fire at evenings, listening for the first time to the words of the Bible, in their mother-tongue. How would the beautiful manuscript be passed from hand to hand to be admired, and not seldom to be wet with tears from eyes that beheld for the first time in English characters the name of Jesus. Nor would the missionary be suffered to depart before a copy, of at least some portion, had been obtained. If no professional scribe was to be found, hands all unused to the pen would scrawl painfully a rude transcript of a Psalm, a few chapters of the Gospels, or an epistle

of Paul, to remain as a lamp of heavenly light, when the living preacher had departed." Had not sovereign after sovereign conspired with an ignorant priesthood to prevent its circulation, to hide its defenders in the prison and the grave, to hunt it out of every part of England, the Protestant Reformation there would have taken place a century earlier than it did, would have been more thorough, manly, and brave. But for a century and a half this living voice of God stirred up the religious life of the poorer class, nourished the martyr's spirit among the heretics, and prepared some welcome for the dawn of a new day. Could it have done more, when, in 1408, the clergy in Convocation decreed that no schoolmaster should permit the reading of the Scriptures in English; and, just nine years after, the right of sanctuary, not denied to highwaymen, was withheld from those who used the Bible in their native tongue?

Perhaps, the first large book ever printed was Mazaria's Bible, just after 1450; but England had nothing more than the Wycliffe manuscripts until the appearance of that Gospel-martyr, whose life for fifteen years seems nothing but the history of our Bible, — who is charged by the historian Froude with restlessness, with falling into disgrace in his patron's house, with publishing his first Bible in Antwerp, &c. John Tyndale was "brought up from a child," at the University of Oxford, where he was "singularly addicted to the study of the Scriptures." His earliest boast was, that, if God spared his life, he would cause the ploughboy to know more of the Scripture than the Pope. During his stay as tutor in Sir John Walsh's family, his enemies became so violent that his patron was in danger; even Little Sodbury could not hide so earnest a reformer. He sought refuge in London, imagining that his thorough learning, backed by a strong letter of recommendation, would introduce him into the service of Bishop Tunstall. It was the only evidence he gave of being "a dreamer." Erasmus had found the Bishop a lover of learning: but it was quite a different thing when that learning threatened revolution; when the air was full of heresies; when the people at large were waking up to the sense of power, and trying

to free themselves from priestly tyranny. No one save himself would have been surprised that the same church functionary, whose name afterwards helped the English Scripture into circulation, now closed his doors against their best translator. A noble English merchant gave him shelter, allowed him ten pounds a year in payment for prayers over his deceased friends, procured him a regular pulpit, and secured him leisure for his great work of translation. But here he was not suffered to remain. His friend Alderman Humphrey Munmouth afterwards expiated in prison this sin of hospitality to a heretic. Not any "restlessness," but the sad conviction that there was no place in England to translate the New Testament, exiled Tyndale for ever from friends and native land, consigning him to poverty, hunger, cold, great danger, and "innumerable sharp fightings," for the remainder of his days. Instead of beginning his printing of the Bible at Antwerp, as Froude states, it was at Hamburg, where the friendship of English merchants encouraged the publication of the first two Gospels with notes; and at Cologne he completed the whole New Testament, which was fully printed at Worms. There he was driven by the peril of his book as well as his life. The hounds of persecution were at his heels: they had scented him out at Cologne: his printers had been stopped at their work. Worms was beyond their reach. Yet, as their spies lay in wait for his quarto edition on the English coast, he issued a smaller copy at the same time, which might hope to escape the fate of its more ambitious rival. The dreamer, as Froude terms him, was justified by the result: the little book passed through the net which caught the larger fish, and was more easily concealed amongst those who could not read and who judged a book by its size; while three-quarters of the larger size perished the same year.

Those were stirring times in England; Wolsey demanding the destruction of these arrows of the Evil One, Sir Thomas More condemning the translations as dishonest, Bishop Tunstall buying them up eagerly for the bonfire at St. Paul's, the mechanic and collegian seeking them as eagerly for fresh life, reading them by stealth, guarding them as precious

jewels, preparing to die with them pressed to their hearts. More's objections were based on Tyndale's preference of elder to priest, of love to charity, and especially of congregation to Church, — a pernicious heresy in his sight; for these were the pillars of a tottering ecclesiastical system, and More's arm was strained, as his blood was to be shed, in maintaining the Romish Church against all innovators. The controversy shows that this was not what it seems, a question about words. "Because," says the Lord Chancellor, "Luther saith the Church of Christ is but an unknown congregation of some folk, here two and there three, therefore Tyndale cannot abide the name of Church, but changed it into congregation; willing that it should seem to Englishmen either that Christ had never spoken of the Church, or that the Church were such a congregation." At the close of his manly reply, Tyndale declares that the madness of the priests with him was because they were losing their juggling terms wherewith Peter prophesied they should make merchandise of the people. If More's idea was sound, that the Romish Church had a right to settle beforehand what these Greek words should mean, then the translator was wrong, and his work dangerous. But the Reformation, now promising so much, was deciding just the other way; and Tyndale could declare with perfect sincerity, that he never altered one syllable of God's word against his conscience: "nor would this day, if all that is in the earth, whether it be pleasure, honor, or riches, might be given me."

Tyndale visited Luther at Wittenberg before his own translation appeared; and an exceedingly interesting question, which Westcott gives every reader an opportunity of deciding himself, is how far Luther's work colored the English translation. Undoubtedly, Tyndale consulted the German of Luther as well as the Latin of Erasmus, as was his manifest duty; but never to such a degree as to impair his credit of an independent work. There are passages, like the twenty-third verse of the second chapter of Colossians, where he follows Luther blindly: "in chosen holiness and humbleness, and in that they spare not the body and do the flesh no wor-

ship unto his need," the same passage literally translated from Erasmus whom Tyndale often follows, would read, "through superstitition and humbleness of mind and severity to the body, not through any honor to the satisfying of the flesh," which is very near the latest and best translation, by Professor Noyes, — "which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship and humiliation and severity to the body, not in any honor to the satisfying of the flesh." If there seem to us passages where he might have profited by Luther and does not, there are others where he copies Luther as if distrusting himself for a moment. In the fourteenth verse of the second chapter of Ephesians, Tyndale reads after Luther, "For he is our peace which hath made of both one, and hath broken down the wall in the midst that was a stop between us;" but Erasmus has the same passage thus: "He indeed is our peace who hath made both one and broke down the middle wall of division." Dr Noyes again repeating almost precisely the words of the greatest scholar of his day: "For it is he who is our peace, who hath made both one and broke down the middle wall of partition." Those were passages, no doubt, where the scholarly phrase of Erasmus seemed cold and feeble to the victim of lifelong persecution, and the more energetic utterance of Luther, or his own homely Saxon, met the case better. After detailed comparison of passage with passage, Westcott decides, that, while Luther exercised a profound influence on Tyndale generally, so that Tyndale has silently incorporated whole passages from the great German in his published works, the English New Testament was drawn directly from the Greek. In Ephesians, for instance, the fourth chapter gives these words: "long suffering, forbearing one another, as other Gentiles, filthy communication, that which is good to edify withal when need is," — in distinction from Wycliffe, the Vulgate, and all other translations. The same chapter differs entirely from Luther in the interpretation "let there be but one Lord, till we every one in the unity of faith grow up into a perfect man, as the truth is in Jesus, in righteousness and true holiness." In the changes made in subsequent editions, hardly any borrowed from Luther:

a larger proportion were a closer rendering of the Greek; and the most were simply to make the argument of the original clearer to the English reader.

Tyndale's Bible was every way a success. Its style was far superior to his own writings, yet level to the common people; his patience in correcting edition after edition relieved it from many errors; English merchants engaged heartily in its circulation, and the very malice of its enemies aided more than any avowed patronage. Bishop Tunstall went abroad to destroy the nest, as he thought, of this viper's brood. At Antwerp, an English merchant offered him all he wished to purchase, even to the last copy. The Bishop caught at the bait. "Gentle Mr. Packington," he replied, "do your diligence, and get them; and with all my heart I will pay for them, whatever they cost you: for the books are naught, and I intend surely to burn them at St. Paul's cross." Packington's speech to Tyndale is equally quaint. "William, I know thou art a poor man and hast a heap of books by thee; for which thou hast endangered thy friends and beggared thyself; and I have now gotten thee a merchant, which with ready money shall despatch of thee all thou hast."—"Who is he?"—"The Bishop of London."—"Oh! that is because he will burn them."—"Yes."—"I am the gladder," said Tyndale, for these two benefits; I shall get money to bring myself out of debt, and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's word; and the overplus of money shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and newly to imprint the same; and I trust the second will much better like you, than the first." So that the persecutor himself became an accomplice of the persecuted: the very method chosen for extirpating the seeds of heresy prepared a fresh harvest. On Tyndale's part, it was a little inconsistent with that childlike simplicity which formerly sought a hiding-place beneath the Bishop's own wings, as once a Chief of Police was made to carry in his own baggage some smuggled clocks from Germany, which his journey was designed to detect. Still, it was an honest sale; the Bishop probably paid no more than their market value for the books; a better edition was se-

cured; and the money could not have found worthier application.

The last event of his life was nothing but sadness. His wanderings from place to place through thirteen years had been to escape the plots of the British government: at last they tried him with a safe conduct to England, with the intention of violating it as soon as he arrived. But Tyndale saw the net: if he had ever been a dreamer, he was now sufficiently awake. He knew that his birth-home could not shelter him even then; that the Reformation was not powerful enough in high places to protect its chief promoter. Unlike Luther, he had not the patronage of a prince, nor the friendship of an opulent city: he was a man without a country, without a home, without earthly support, having, like his Master, not where to lay his head. In his lonely condition, it was not strange that a young Englishman wormed himself into his confidence, partook of his hospitality, and even borrowed money; then arrested him in the absence of the merchant who befriended Tyndale, and hurried him from this hospitable fireside to his dungeon at Vilvorde Castle. The Antwerp merchants generally, pleaded at the Court of Brussels, for his release. His own Antwerp host made such vigorous efforts in his behalf that he was thrown into prison himself, and utterly disabled from rendering Tyndale service. Anne Boleyn was no longer living to lend him generous aid. Cranmer and Cromwell were too time-serving to take decided measures for his liberation. So Tyndale suffered, under an Augsburg decree against heresy, a long but not cruel imprisonment, which is said, like Paul's at Philippi, to have converted his jailers, which enabled him to perfect his translation, and which terminated in his being strangled and then burnt in the year 1536; his last words having the unction of prophesy, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

His work has not received its due meed of merit anywhere. Fuller, the church historian, said that what Tyndale undertook was to be admired as glorious; what he performed to be commended as profitable; wherein he failed to be excused as pardonable, and to be scored on account of the age rather

than the actor. So admirable a critic as Trench calls attentention, in his "Essay on the Authorized Version," to the many felicities of language which have now become household words through this grand translation, — phrases such as "The author and finisher of our faith," "turning to flight the armies of the aliens," &c., which we should not know how to spare from our English Bibles. Even had his version failed to inspire those which followed, it had found a hearty welcome all over England. From 1530, two editions a year had been published; and perhaps as many as ten editions crowned his last year of life with a fit wreath of immortality.

His other writings lent no little assistance to the work of reform. His earnest tone kept the public heart astir, revived the people's faith, raised up brave confessors to follow his footsteps, sent Protestantism forward a century in his lifetime. A curious anecdote is given on the best authority of his principal tract, "The Obedience of a Christian Man." Though proscribed, it found its way to the palace; and, like everything else of Tyndale's, was dearly treasured by Anne Boleyn. The volume was lent to one of her ladies, whose lover was reading it by stealth, when he was discovered, and the book laid before Cardinal Wolsey. Anne exclaimed, "It should be the dearest book that ever the Cardinal took away," and commended it so enthusiastically to the King, that he read it, and declared that it was just the book for all sovereigns to read. The attack upon the usurpation of the Pope no doubt pleased him best, and every word on submission to civil authority was echoed in his heart of hearts. But when, three years later, in his "Practice of Prelates," Tyndale came out in defence of Queen Catharine, the lion growled: Henry was incensed; and this chivalrous honesty may have cost the Gospel martyr his life, as a word from the King of England would have thrown wide the gates of Vilvorde Castle, and secured its captive from suffering for a theological offence.

Miles Coverdale caught the banner of light as it fell from the standard-bearer's hands, and found himself fighting upon an enlarged field of hopeful struggle and inevitable victory. They had already conferred together under the hospitable

roof of Mistress Margaret Van Emmerson at Hamburg; and while Tyndale was languishing in his hopeless prison, Coverdale was hastening forward at Hamburg a new translation from the Hebrew and Greek originals, as Tyndale's was from the Latin. No one knows where his Bible was printed; only that it was prompted by Cromwell, was dedicated to Henry VIII., had expected to enjoy the royal license; but, as a curious thermometer of half-way progress, was neither approved nor condemned by the authorities.

It had been the work of only eleven months. The Pentateuch is a revision of Tyndale, the book of Job and the New Testament also; though a respectable Hebrew scholar, he did not venture on an independent translation. The dedication to the King, and the prologue, were printed in England, where he had returned to speed on the circulation of the now completed Bible. The edition of 1537 was declared to be with the King's most gracious "lycense;" and so the bitter struggle ceased for a time; the Reformation so far triumphed; Tyndale's expectation and Coverdale's prayer had been answered,— Henry had risen into independence of priestly dictation; had seen the folly of trying any longer to shut out light; had learned there were greater perils for his subjects than the free circulation of God's word. By Cranmer's petition, Cromwell's request, Henry's authority, Tyndale's translation under another name was made the permanent basis of the English Bible: the seventy-five years following were to make many improvements, but no material change. The enduring monument of Coverdale's version is the Psalter, which it was impossible to change, partly because it seemed smoother to sing than the later translations, as he had helped out the lines by repeating a word or changing its number for the sake of euphony; but really because Coverdale's loving, genial, trustful spirit flowed through it all. There was poetry enough in his nature to breathe some sweetness through the most poetical portion of the Old Testament, and to raise so much of his work above the ceaseless wave of change.

Soon after appeared, it is not known from what German press, the Matthew's Bible; the work of John Rogers, to

whom Tyndale had bequeathed parts of his Old Testament in manuscript. Its New Testament is his over again; its Pentateuch is slightly varied; the rest of the Old Testament differs but little from Coverdale.

But even this did not satisfy Cromwell: he wished to have the work done by authority, and as perfectly as possible. The Matthew's Bible was disfigured by notes: the Coverdale was not the best that could be, especially in its printing, paper, and type. And as Cranmer failed to enlist his fellow-bishops in the work, Coverdale was employed, — and at Paris, because that there "paper was more ready to be had, and there were more store of good workmen for the ready despatch of the same." Bonner, then in Paris, as English ambassador, favored the enterprise he was afterwards so eager to arrest. And the same providence which moved Tunstall to buy up an early edition, and thus furnish funds for a better one, brought down the Inquisition upon this half-finished work: Coverdale was obliged to flee into England with all the materials for that and future Bibles which could be spirited away at short notice. Bonner bought many copies for his own parish, because court favor tended in that direction; and Cromwell issued an injunction that the new Bible should be fixed up in churches for public resort, no man being discouraged from reading of the same; yet lay people were not to judge of its meaning aloud, so as to disturb the prayers of the sanctuary, but were to seek the learned for an interpretation. While the fancy revels in the scene presented by many a village-church, of the eager group gathered in the aisle to hear the new word, scarce withholding their murmured joy, feeling that the emancipation of divine truth was their emancipation too, other and very different scenes occurred, where superstition still brooded over domestic life. In Chelmsford, it seems John Malden, a boy of fifteen, had heard the Gospel read in public with such delight that he clubbed together with his father's apprentice and purchased a New Testament, — which they hid in the bed. By and by, in debating upon image worship with his mother, the lad's heresy came to light, which the mother revealed to the father

that same night. His rage would not allow him to sleep: he dragged the poor boy from his bed, and having flogged him till he was tired, was about to finish the punishment by hanging; but the mother's heart opened to the rescue of her child: the cruel father was made to give way.

Cromwell's fall did not arrest the progress of new editions, Tunstall's name by and by appearing in recommendation of what he had sworn to destroy; an ordinance of 1543 providing that every curate should read one chapter in English after the Te Deum of the regular service. Yet it was only for a time that this stream of light was suffered to flow freely on: it had to share the ebb and flow of the English Reformation, which it moved upon as the very breath of God. By and by came suspension, then suppression, then destruction: under Bloody Mary, Coverdale fled abroad for his life; Rogers and Cranmer suffered in the flames; the bones of Bucer were burnt; and the shadow seemed to move back on the dial, but it was only a wave gathering power in the deep to roll up higher than before.

A Testament, with a dedication to Calvin and a commentary, now appeared; the Genevan, at the expense of the Genevan Church; a precursor to that Genevan Bible which gave us the divisions into chapters and verses which have done so much to encourage sectarianism, and substitute dogmatic theology in place of a childlike spiritual faith. Because of its popular novelties, its commentary, its textual divisions, its Roman letters, this edition became a general favorite, though never sanctioned for public use, and held its high place in public affection for nearly a century.

With the accession of an avowed Protestant to the throne, the English Scriptures were certain to start afresh on their course; and as Elizabeth entered London, certain prisoners presented a petition for freedom. On discovering that these figurative prisoners were the Evangelists and St. Paul, the Queen answered, that she would first ascertain if the captives desired liberty. As there could not be much doubt on this matter, Archbishop Parker took up the business in earnest, seeking all the help England could furnish, producing what

was called the Bishop's Bible; eight bishops having been engaged in the revision, the initials of the different translators being given at the end of several of the books, the convocation decreeing that every bishop should keep a copy in his hall, that it might be useful to strangers; and that the same provision should be made in every church.

The failure of the Bishop's Bible was not that there were no scripture scholars in England, but that these were not churchmen, and therefore not invited to this church enterprise; Parker having determined to vary as little as possible from the authorized version, except by substituting church for congregation thus blotting from the English Scriptures that word for which Tyndale had contended thirteen years as the "incorruptible witness against priestly usurpations." The word "congregation" was still, however, suffered to jar upon the ear in two places,—"upon this rock will I build my congregation," and "unto the congregation of the first born whose names are written in heaven."* In 1611 this Bible, which had been conformed to the Liturgy, and had passed through twenty-nine editions, silently went out of use, being superseded by the "King James,"—a deserved judgment on the superficial, prejudiced manner in which it had been made.

Then came the Douay version, published at Rheims from the Latin Vulgate, disfigured by such strange words as "azymes," "pasche," "neophyte:" but fortunate at times in phrases borrowed by King James's Bible, such as "minister of reconciliation," "sin which doth so easily beset us," "prince of life."

Upon James's accession to the throne, the rivalry between the more and less Protestant versions, the Genevan and the Bishop's Bible, needed to be settled; and a conference was held at Hampton Court, resulting in the appointment of fifty-four learned men under Dr. Launcelot Andrews, who were divided into six companies, and supported by the government through the labor of a new translation. The work was not

* Matt. xvi. 16; Heb. xii. 23.

done hastily: a contemporary German remarked that it took fifty Englishmen a century to complete what Luther alone accomplished in his lifetime. But that was not wholly a reproach. Speaking of the fourteen times seventy-two days it had cost the workmen, one remarked, "By this means, it cometh to pass that whatever is sound already, the same will shine as gold, being more brightly rubbed: also if any thing be lacking, superfluous, or not agreeable to the original, the same may be corrected, and the truth set up in its place." The Authorized Version won the day, partly by the weight of the King's name, partly by the reputation of the learned men who lent it their sanction, partly by its intrinsic excellence. Its advantages are, that the best scholarship England could furnish was devoted to the task; the great schools of learning contributing their most illustrious sons; all classes of clergy, even the Puritan, being represented; even university lectures being suspended; the translators relieved from all care for their own maintenance; criticism welcomed from every hand; and all Protestant eyes turned upon it, as among us the railroad to the Pacific has loomed up as the grand achievement of our day and generation.

This was the golden side of the shield: now let us turn to the other. The principle adopted was, that words bearing upon disputed points should be translated by the usage of the Fathers: progress was therefore disowned; reformation was to be arrested. The reward set before eminent service in the translation was church preferment; and the final examination was to be not by college professors or civil functionaries, but by bishops jealous for their order, and finally by Bancroft, a man without scholarship, without scruples, without personal independence of his sovereign. So that hardly the Rheims version was more shackled: a rigid conservatism presided over the whole; Puritanism was to be frowned upon as far as possible. Naturally enough when the King James Bible was given to the world, it awakened none of the enthusiasm of the earlier versions: Selden charged it with inaccuracy; Dr. Gill condemned its sectarianism. Still it owed its existence to the profound sense of want in the Eng-

lish heart; it drew its life from the people themselves, not from the throne, not from the church; it bore witness to that progress of English thought of which it panted to be the quickening spirit. Nowadays we are more sensible of its imperfections, its prejudices, its reversions to the benefit of a party, than ever before. But its grand distinction should encourage every attempt at its improvement: it has been really a growth; countless influences have contributed to mould its form. During the century in which it was coming to its present shape, it gathered the treasures of manifold wisdom through many minds, and so invites revision in perfect correspondence with its own history as the "Revised Version." It has differed from most modern translations in being so often sealed with blood. Tyndale's reward we have already seen; Coverdale fled twice for his life; John Rogers, whom many take for the real Matthew Bible man, perished partly for this; Cranmer, whose hand is printed all over the Psalter, completed his course in the flames; and many of less note, like Tyndale's assistant, Frith, bore the same fiery witness to the word, which they illustrated by their studies, adorned by their lives, glorified by their deaths.

It is a fresh tribute to the excellence of our version, that the new translation by that ripe scholar, Professor Noyes, would be read by many persons as the ordinary Testament, were it not for the arrangement in paragraphs, instead of chapters and verses. One of its great merits we take to be that these arbitrary divisions, which often perplex the sense and interrupt the narrative, are only noted in the margin, for the convenience of reference. Another, certainly, is the thorough impartiality with which the latest German text has been followed, even where it militated against the translator's own opinions. John i. 18 reads, from Tischendorf's eighth edition, "No one hath ever seen God: the only begotten God who is in the bosom of the Father hath made him known." Col. i. 15 is given by Dr. Noyes, "the image of the Invisible God, the first born of the whole creation." John v. 18 stands in the new translation, "on this account the Jews sought the more to kill him because he not only broke the Sabbath, but also said that God

was his own Father;" and Titus ii. 13 would have been made of great account in the old controversy, if our common Bible had, like Dr. Noyes, omitted the comma after God, — "looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of the great God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ." Trench had already indicated some of these changes as necessary to a new and impartial version. But, while hardly any of the marked beauties of style and felicities of expression in our version are sacrificed, while in this chief desideratum the Cambridge professor has had remarkable success, we feel more grateful than words can express, that his life was prolonged until the completion of a labor of love which has thrown new life on many an obscure passage, added emphasis to many a scripture saying, riveted the narrative together in closest connection, and accomplished for the people of our communion what Professor Norton had so ably done for its scholars.

Art. IV. — CARTHAGE AND TUNIS.

Carthage and Tunis, past and present: in two parts. By Amos Perry, late United-States Consul for the city and regency of Tunis. Providence, R.I. Providence Press Company, Printers, 1869.

Mr. Perry was for five years American Consul at Tunis. He was one of the victims of the McCracken correspondence, which injured by its foolish slanders, not so much our functionaries abroad, at whom it was aimed, as those higher functionaries at home, who were credulous enough to believe its statements and weak enough to be affected to indignation by them. When McCracken's report was communicated to him, Mr. Perry promptly resigned his office, in a straightforward and patriotic letter, which was very creditable to his character as an honest man and a loyal official. During his stay in Tunis, our Consul, by well-directed efforts, succeeded in giving unusual importance to the position which he held. His work, indeed, was more diplomatic than consular. His relations with the

Government of the Bey were very friendly. His counsel in some intricate affairs of State was more than once received with gratitude. Upon the occasion of the visit made to this country, a few years ago, by a deputation of the Bey's officers, Mr. Perry was the companion and guide of the party, and much of the success and enjoyment of the visit was due to his practical sagacity and well-planned labors. The Bey's Government was fully impressed with a sense of the power and prosperity of the nation, so well represented by our countryman at Tunis.

Mr. Perry, in his preface, states the reason why he was induced to prepare this volume.

"During the leisure of a prolonged residence, where I was often reminded of the name and glory of Carthage, I naturally pursued trains of thought and courses of study suggested by the scenes around me. I read the history and observed the actual condition of the country, without, however, any thought of communicating through the press in regard to the subjects that engaged my attention. But, in the course of time, communications were received from gentlemen and societies, asking for such a variety of information, as could be furnished only by one acquainted with the geography, history, races, antiquities, commerce, institutions, and even the poetry and legends pertaining to the land of Dido and of Hannibal. The idea of this work was thus suggested, and its preparation was at length undertaken with a view of supplying a public want."

In accordance with the suggestion, Mr. Perry has prepared a well-composed and handsomely printed volume. Its fine mechanical execution is worthy of its literary character. It is a book that one can read with interest and profit. Its author has evidently written it *con amore*, and the spirit of his enthusiasm at times communicates itself to the reader. There are graphic descriptions of the country and the people, a philosophical estimate of the national character, and a true and Christian judgment of the religious institutions of the country, and of their effects in its moral and material condition. We are not surprised, that the poetic and romantic associations which cluster around the early history of Carthage, and the author's own classical tastes and acquire-

ments, should have led him to devote a larger space to the history of the past, than would be acceptable to the general reader. But the subject could hardly be considered in its completeness without it, and the rapid sketch is sufficiently concise and succinct. There is certainly a fascination in the character and career of such a man as Hannibal, and of the nation which produced him. As the critic himself feels it, his severity is disarmed.

To the student of Christian history, Carthage and its neighborhood are as interesting as to the classical scholar. The strangely varied fortunes of the Church in Africa — from its first importance, when the great names of Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine adorned and dignified its annals, to its decadence and degradation, when its only representatives are a few ignorant Coptic monks and Abyssinian priests — excite in the mind of the student a powerful interest. In the great events of which the early centuries were prolific, Carthage held a prominent if not a central place. Milman calls Carthage, "the Metropolis of the African Churches," and Cyprian the "true parent of Latin Christianity."

"In the providential orderings, Rome became the mistress of the Church; and Carthage met the fate which Cato the elder so persistently declared against it. But before Carthage was destroyed, she was either an ally, rival, or enemy, by no means to be despised. At first, there was a Punic league. Afterwards, there was a Punic war. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, confronts Stephen, Bishop of Rome, not only as an equal, but strong in the concurrence of the East and of Alexandria, as his superior." — "A solemn council of eighty-seven Bishops assembled at Carthage," — the date is A.D. 255, — "asserted the independent judgment of the African Churches, repudiated the assumption of the title Bishop of Bishops, or the arbitrary dictation of one bishop to Christendom."

But who can change the course of events? Rome might be sacked by barbarians, and her Bishops forced to flee for their lives. But Rome has ever been the most tenacious of life, and the most successful in ambition. It is only the repetition of the old story. Africa has never been a match for Europe. It is needless to tell of the personal and doctrinal

controversies which arose in the Church, in which Rome was generally to be found on one side, and Carthage on the opposite. There were men engaged on both sides, some of whom were illustrious for their virtue and piety, and some notorious for their violence and passion. The conflict swayed in its progress, and victory sometimes seemed to hesitate. But the doom, though prolonged, could not be averted. The internal dissensions of the early times began the work of destruction. The incursion of the Vandals continued, and the shock of Mussulman invasion completed it. The African Church passed away. It migrated to the Thebaid, to the Upper Nile, to the mountains of Abyssinia. Now, Carthage lies a heap of ruins, and Rome lifts her imperial head to the skies.

It would be a curious and interesting subject to investigate, if we had time and space to devote to it, as to the permanent results which the teaching of Christianity wrought in Northern Africa, and the influence which such teaching exerted upon the character and destiny of that continent. The Church in Africa was once powerful enough, as we have seen, to dispute the supremacy of Rome. Its history was illustrated with the greatest names. Surely, this power and glory cannot have passed away,

"Like a bright exhalation in the evening,"

and no man see it more. Not such the usual fate of great movements for the welfare of mankind. The Christian truth must certainly have had some immortal element within it, to enable it to withstand the sword of the Mussulman, and survive the terrible course of Mohammedan conquest. Yet the fact remains, which historians are content to mention without being able to explain it, that a religious establishment having at one time no less than five hundred Episcopal Churches belonging to it, actually crumbled away, and left no trace, but a few dilapidated ruins, to mark where it had been. The light which once flamed from every headland on the coast was totally extinguished. In the thirteenth century, St. Louis of France tried to rekindle it. But though he carried to his task a singular piety, enthusiasm, and devotion, he

found it utterly hopeless, and died a victim to his zeal. When Charles V. landed on the coast in 1535, "some families of Latin Christians," says Gibbon, "were encouraged to rear their heads at Tunis and Algiers. But the seed of the Gospel was quickly eradicated, and the long province from Tripoli to the Atlantic has lost all memory of the language and religion of Rome." Milman can perceive the physical causes which led to the triumph of Islamism over Christianity, but is forced to acknowledge that "the moral causes are altogether obscure and conjectural." It is a problem yet to be solved, — a problem in keeping with the character of the mysterious land in which its conditions are laid.

Mr. Perry tells the story well and clearly, but he cannot give an explanation of the fact. The Donatists are generally supposed to have poisoned the Church with their heresies. But there was in Donatism, if we may credit St. Mark Gerradin, whom Mr. Perry quotes, "something which characterizes Africa in general. It is the spirit of independence in regard to Emperors. It is the hatred of unity, whether of the temporal unity of the empire, or of the religious unity of the Church. The Donatism of the fourth and fifth centuries is an expressive evidence of original traits of character, which Africa has maintained under all rules and at all times, of a character which is almost a schism in religion and a revolt in politics." "Donatism," says Mr. Perry, "in name and form, continued but a few centuries; but its cause, being somewhat climatic and very human in its nature, has not been and cannot be overcome by the combined or separate influence of Emperors, Popes, and Sultans." But we suspect that Donatism is not to bear all the blame. Nor was it altogether a spirit of independence which revolted against ecclesiastical authority. It was rather the loosening of the bonds of faith, the undermining of the foundations of moral principle. Christianity fell in Northern Africa from a want of religious life. The burden dropped from shoulders that had grown too weak to bear it. The life-blood ebbed away from a heart that was too diseased to rightly perform its functions.

Mr. Perry notes what he calls "a singular persistence of

tradition and symbolism," which, if it be the only vestige of the presence of Christian truths in Northern Africa, would be lamentable enough. "Far away from European centres," he says, "among the mountains and even in the desert, you often find tattooed on the foreheads of the natives of the Libyan race, that cross, of whose meaning they have no conception, and from which they do not shrink with horror like the Shemitic Arabs on the coast. I have seen generally the Greek, but occasionally the Latin, cross thus marked on many persons, and am assured that the Kabyles, and several other powerful Libyan tribes of the interior, keep up this custom." There are also in the country one or two mosques called by the name of Jesus, and regarded by the Mussulmans with some degree of veneration. "I conclude," adds our author, "that if the spirit of Christianity were as well exhibited by its professed followers, as are its symbols and souvenirs by its professed enemies, we might hope yet to see this sad land once more illuminated and gladdened with heavenly light and truth." But of that there is but a poor prospect, for "it is a melancholy observation, that more Christians are converted to Islamism than Mussulmans to Christianity; and the few examples of converted Jews we find are wanting, with rare exceptions, in the requisite Christian vigor and manhood to constitute them even worthy hirelings."

The relations of Northern Africa with our own country have been sufficiently interesting to demand a passing notice. The naval war, in which Commodore Decatur won unfading laurels, in the early part of the present century, was conducive not only to the growing importance of the United States, but also to the general welfare of Christendom. It is difficult to realize at this day, that scarcely half a century has passed, since Algerine, Tunisian, and Tripolitan corsairs were the scourge and terror of the Mediterranean Sea, and the powers of Europe and our own government paid tribute to the rulers of the Barbary coast. It is still more difficult to understand how the European governments would permit these corsairs to capture Christian men, women, and children, and make slaves of them, to be redeemed only by a heavy ransom.

Mr. Sumner, in his oration on White Slavery in the Barbary States, gives some interesting and valuable statistics in regard to this matter, which it is not necessary for us to quote here. Suffice it, that the system of Christian slavery continued until within a comparatively recent period. In 1816, Lord Exmouth, with a British fleet, set at liberty no less than four thousand five hundred Christian captives at Algiers and Tunis. Sir William Codrington on the 20th of October, 1827, gave the *coup de grâce* to African piracy by the destruction of the Turko-Egyptian fleet in the Bay of Navarino. It is certainly grateful to our national pride to remember that an American squadron set the example of the proper method of dealing with these Barbary rovers.

In our colonial history are to be found instances of capture and slavery by these pirates. The first cargo despatched from Plymouth Colony was captured, with vessel and crew, and sold on the coast of Morocco. William Harris, one of the companions of Roger Williams in Rhode Island, was also taken and carried into slavery at Algiers.

The second part of Mr. Perry's book treats of the actual condition of Tunis at the present time, and lays before us in a graphic manner the principal characteristics of Tunisian civilization. The subject naturally takes a wider range. *Ex ungue leonem.* It is really Mohammedanism which is under examination. Its results can as clearly be seen in Tunis, as in any larger country, over which its principles bear sway. It is modified, indeed, by the influences which intercourse with Christian nations is likely to exert; but it is the same essential nature, which has produced in times less favored than these, the imperious and cruel slave-master and corsair, whose name might possibly have been linked with a single virtue, but certainly with "a thousand crimes." Doubtless Mohammedanism has its chivalrous and romantic side. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" are fascinating to the last degree, — if we can forget the occasion which is reputed to have given them birth. The Orient has a wondrous charm to sentimental folk who have never travelled amidst its scenes. But we have never yet read a book written by an eye-wit-

ness, which did not dissipate the illusive light with which the imagination colors the life of the East. Bearded muftis, languid-eyed and beautiful houris, magnificent gardens, sparkling fountains, and splendidly adorned palaces are very stimulating to our admiring sense, when they are the subjects of a reverie. But the realities of lazy Turks, ignorant and passionate women, and the selfishness of a power which enriches itself from the poverty of its subjects, and glorifies itself in their sufferings, are not so pleasing to contemplate. Mohammedanism was once thoroughly in earnest. It was once possessed of an idea which made it of almost resistless fury. Had it not been thus inspired, Akbah could never have ridden, at the head of his victorious legions, from Damascus to Morocco, and, checked only by the sea, have spurred his horse into the waves of the Atlantic, declaring that only the ocean stopped him from conquering the nations of the West in the name of the one God. Nor could Tarik have carried the victorious crescent from the rock of Gibraltar to the territory beyond the Asturian mountains. But the impulse of the inspiration has been spent, and the historian has only the task of recording the symptoms which indicate the prospective dissolution of a religion which has lost its vitality.

After describing the geographical features of the country, Mr. Perry gives detailed accounts of the religious creeds and ceremonies, domestic life and manners, manufactures, government and administration, and other matters pertaining to the interior character and policy of the Tunisians. One chapter is devoted to the Jews, another to the relations of Tunis with foreign powers, and the concluding chapter to a general summary of results, with some sage speculations as to the future of the country. But though these different subjects are treated in detail, they are never permitted to be wearisome. The author was evidently a close observer of passing events, and one who was not satisfied, unless he comprehended their substance and character. His observations are the more valuable, because of the liberal and impartial spirit in which they were made. The author modestly disavows any want of

appreciation of the labors of those who have preceded him, in this particular field of literary labor. But his book can well claim for itself a position side by side with that of any predecessor, — particularly so in regard to that portion of it which assumes to give an account of the country as it now is.

The present regency of Tunis has an area of about eighty thousand square miles, sustaining a population of two million inhabitants, composed of Moors, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Negroes. There are a few hundred Greeks and about twenty-five thousand Christians, of whom one authority estimates only twenty Protestants. The heat of the climate is tempered by the sea-breezes from the Mediterranean. The soil is considered as very productive when properly cultivated. But the difficulty of irrigation is a serious drawback to successful agriculture. In ancient times, a very much larger population was sustained, — some estimates rising as high as from twelve millions to fifteen millions of souls. Ruins of cities are found in the southern part of the country, and in other portions, where the desert, with its unceasing aggressions, has encroached upon the fertile ground. Mr. Perry does not agree with the common opinion, of which Liebig is an authority, that the soil of Tunisia, like that of some other countries, has lost its fertility by its very excess of production. "Wherever the ground is tilled," he says, "it justifies its ancient renown." It is not the soil that is wanting: rather it is the absence of a spirit of enterprise and of a disposition to labor, which hinders the development of the country's rich agricultural and universal resources. It is the absence of that spirit of civilization and liberty of which great states are born; or, when in a state of decay, are arrested and restored.

The government of this country is in the hands of one man, — the Bey. He is the State, and possesses and exercises an unlimited authority over all within the boundaries of his dominions. He is the supreme judge. He levies taxes, appoints officers, disposes of the property and honor of his subjects, and acts the despot in all the relations of political life. To enforce his decrees, he has a regular army of twenty-two

thousand five hundred men, and an irregular army of twelve thousand five hundred men, officered by a few colonels, twenty-six brigadiers and twenty-eight major-generals,—many of whom are appointed with no qualifications for their position, but by the favoritism of their master. The navy is of little consequence, and is composed of nine vessels, mounting forty-four guns and manned by one thousand marines. But to officer these, there are one vice-admiral, two rear-admirals, four captains of vessels, and numerous captains of frigates, and lieutenants. For administrative purposes, the country is divided into many districts, presided over by Kaids, who have subordinate officers to carry out their will. The cities are governed by Sheiks. Each trade has also its own special chiefs. Of public instruction there is but little, and there is but one hospital. The revenue of the country is six or eight millions of dollars, but the government is overwhelmed with debt. It certainly is not an encouraging exhibit, and there is but little promise in it of future good results.

The regeneration of Northern Africa, according to Mr. Perry, depends upon the development of the Kabyle element in the population. The Kabyles are the descendants of the ancient inhabitants. They have seen many races come and go, through many centuries, while they have themselves remained unchanged. They are now weak; but with an infusion of stronger blood into their life, there is ground for hope, that they will yet bring back to their country its former grandeur and renown. It is said, that they have never heartily embraced Islamism. They were forced to accept it by the sword of the conqueror, and although they have lost the spirit and significance of the Christian religion, of which their ancestors were disciples, they still preserve its symbolism in the cross tattooed upon their foreheads. In character and habits of life they appear to be worthy of commendation. They have fixed habitations. They are industrious. They do not feel ashamed to work as artisans and mechanics. They are engaged in business as tradesmen and money-lenders, sometimes exacting usurious interest. They

are stirring, active, impetuous, haughty, disdaining falsehood, and, as against an enemy, content with justice, rather than desirous of revenge. They treat their wives with confidence and a certain measure of respect, allowing them to go abroad unveiled, and consulting them upon topics of domestic and social interest. In their code of law, the death-penalty is laid aside, and exile substituted therefor.

The nomadic population of the southern part of Tunis is composed mostly of Arabs. They are divided into tribes, which are not unfrequently at variance with each other. They are shepherds and hunters, moving from place to place according to their need of pasturage or their desire for game. They are indolent and uncleanly. They have a Mussulman's devotion to their religion and their priests. They love their horses and their women, and they venerate their Sheiks. The horse is the object of care, devotion, and enthusiasm. The Arab woman still preserves a portion of the influence which she once enjoyed. She excites to combat, and still inspires her warrior husband with courage. In the wars between the tribes, the women are sometimes to be seen urging on the combatants, who, as they contend with the foe, say in their hearts: "To-day we will die for the women of our tribes." A traveller, who was in the country in 1844, found at Zerzize a woman occupying the position of chief. She had, by her courage, address, and skill, won over the men of the tribe to acknowledge her superiority, and to obey her as their head. Her manners are described as being "polished and agreeable, her conversation engaging, and her good sense remarkable," —as we can well believe. The Sheiks who govern these tribes exercise a generous hospitality, but they are apt to be venal; and, as they command unquestioning obedience, their favor is sometimes of great value. The Arab of the desert despises the Moor of the town, who, between the extortion of the government and the plunderings of his nomadic enemy, has a sorry time of it. The effects of a life of freedom, without the wholesome restraints of principle, are plainly to be seen in the selfish, false, and vindictive Arab of Northern Africa.

Of the Moors, living in the towns, there are about seven hundred thousand souls. They are the descendants of the different peoples which have from time to time occupied the Barbary coast, Libyans, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Arabs, and Europeans. The present race is the result of a fusion of these various materials. The origin of the Moors, distinctively so called, is involved in doubt. The Romans found them in North Africa, and the Arabs conquered and adopted them into their faith. At present they live in settled communities, and are shopkeepers, artisans, and merchants, dividing the profits of the last-named occupation with the Jews. Even as artisans they suffer somewhat in competition with European workmen, who, in recent years, have migrated into the country. Mr. Perry agrees with Shaw, who wrote, one hundred and fifty years ago, that the Tunisian Moors are milder and less turbulent than the other people of the coast. They are courteous almost to servility, but very indolent and apathetic. Yet, when fairly roused, they exhibit a certain activity and versatility of talent, which betokens a latent capacity for greater things. But the old habits soon resume sway, and the Moors must consent to occupy that subordinate position which must necessarily be occupied by a race that has lost the elastic force of its life.

The Jews of Tunis number not far from sixty thousand. They exhibit characteristics similar to those which distinguish the race in other countries. There is the same combination of religious devotion and worldly avarice, of tenacity of opinion and accommodation to the circumstances of their position. There is the same strong yet flexible bond of union, which keeps them true to the faith, the habits, and the manners of their fathers, while it allows them to have intercourse with peoples whom their fathers would have spit upon. There is always a sad association with the thought of a race which was once proud, imperious, and exclusive as the chosen people of the divine care, but which has become a "nation scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden down." There is nothing more mortifying than to cherish pride without the

power of gratifying it. The Jews of Tunis, however, seem to have lost, in some instances, their national exclusiveness. They are found, among some of the nomadic tribes, so very nearly assimilated to them as to be almost undistinguishable, except by a slight difference in their head-gear and the absence of tattooing. In the towns, they are, as in some parts of Europe, limited, as to residence, to their own quarter, and are neither spoken of or treated with much respect, except as their possession of money makes the lender for the time master of the borrower. Almost all the trade with European ports has fallen into their hands; and in every commercial transaction, they manage, like their great ancestŏr, to secure the advantage for themselves. Nor are they wholly devoid of political importance. By making themselves useful at the different Consulates, they attain a *quasi* importance, and by insinuating themselves into the confidence of the foreign officials, succeed in obtaining information, which they very well know how to make profitable. The picture is not pleasant to contemplate; and we are very willing to turn the leaf, that we may look upon another phase of Tunisian life.

The condition of Mohammedan women has been treated by various writers, from the lively Lady Mary Montagu to the less vivacious, but doubtless as accurate, Miss Martineau. Mr. Perry contributes his impressions and observations to the knowledge which we already possess upon the subject. The account which he gives, is, in the main, a sorry one. Although, as he thinks, Islamism at first wrought some reform in the treatment of the female sex, the practice at the present day is but an added degradation. Indeed, what else can be hoped for, in a state of society in which polygamy prevails, and the harem is scarcely better than a prison? The bonds may be of silk, but they are very tenacious and fast. The chains may be of gold, but they are still chains. Whether any improvement has been made on the former customs, which permitted a man to dispose of his wife in the Bosphorus without any questions asked, it is difficult to ascertain. The influence of a Christian public sentiment penetrates even to the secluded domestic life of the Grand Turk himself. But it is doubtful

if that sentiment will ever be strong enough to civilize a Mohammedan husband, until it dispossess him of his Mohammedanism.

Mr. Perry mentions one fact, which we do not remember to have seen stated elsewhere, and which is certainly both interesting and important to those who are now engaged in examining the question of female rights and duties, under a Christian civilization. "Female advocates," he says, "are found at Tunis, whose distinct office is to manage the cases of female plaintiffs and defendants coming before the highest tribunal in the land, and also to plead the cause of condemned female criminals, who are subjected to unreasonable sufferings in their cells. There are at Tunis three of these professional advocates, one of whom I heard make an effective appeal to the Bey at a regular session of his court." There is, also, he declares, a great number of women to whom popular opinion accords celestial beatitudes, and to whose memory distinguished honors are paid. There are some who are the objects of public veneration on account of their chaste and pure lives; and "this homage," it is well remarked, "rendered to abstinence from sensual pleasures in countries so corrupt, is very remarkable, in showing the persistency of that high philosophical and religious idea of the triumph of the will over passion, and of the spirit over matter." Still the account agrees with every other, in the conclusion, that there are in this domestic and social life the elements of loathsome depravity, which are destructive to all purity of morals and character, and fatal to the system which has given them birth and nourished them into active life.

What is the future of Mohammedanism? Within the present century many writers have discussed this fruitful question, and nearly all have given the same answer. A quarter-century ago, and more, Alison wrote, "We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mohammedan religion, the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage, the accomplishment of the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the crusaders toiled and bled in vain, the elevation of the cross on the dome of St. Sophia and the walls of Jerusalem."

But he and his generation "died without the sight." Diplomatists have speculated upon the prospect of the "sick man's" speedy death; and those powers which had "expectations" have made arrangements for administering upon the property. Some of the exiled race of Israel have even cast their longing eyes towards the holy city, as though the time of their return to the land of the patriarchs was near. But Turkey and Mohammedanism — thanks to the figment of the balance of power, which stills holds its place in European politics — still live. No one can really give any good reason why the religion of Mohammed should be tolerated on the Continent of Europe, where it is an evident anomaly, and where it is preserved only by the political jealousies of the Christian powers. We think that Mr. Kinglake, in his graphic volumes, has amply shown that the war in the Crimea was a senseless and bloody mistake, from beginning to end. The manner in which the great powers have recently treated Greece and the Cretans is certainly disgraceful. The expulsion of Mohammedanism from Europe would be the signal of its downfall everywhere; and we do not hesitate to say, that such expulsion would be conducive to the advancement of Christian civilization all over the globe.

Mr. Perry considers the prospects of Mohammedanism in Tunis and Northern Africa. He seems to feel convinced, that France is gradually extending her dominion eastward from Algeria. Now, it is scarcely more than a political influence which she is desirous of exerting. By and by it will be something more demonstrative. Tunisia will fall into the arms of the French Empire, like her sister Algeria. What further steps will be taken, time alone can show. But it would be curious, if Bishop Berkeley's famous verse should have a new reading, as in North Africa, —

"*Eastward* the course of empire takes its way."

The canal across the Isthmus of Suez is something more than an additional accommodation to the commerce of the world. It may in time become the occasion of an increase of political power to the Empire of the French. At all events,

the French are gradually fixing themselves firmly in Tunis, and obtaining a controlling position there. Once established, the nation, which has not forgotten the exploits and the policy of the first Napoleon, will perceive in Egypt a prize too rich either to be left to itself, or to be grasped by any rival power.

In this case, in any case, what of Mohammedanism? It appears to be doomed. It is not suited to the spirit of the present time. It is not in accordance with the present century, and will be in still less accord with the centuries which are coming on. A religion which was propagated by the sword is powerless, when the sword itself is obliged to yield to the superior forces of science and learning. A religion which degrades woman falls itself under the ban, in an age when woman is successfully vindicating her right to be the equal and companion of man. A system of government which is essentially and in all its parts despotic to the last degree, cannot long stand before the pressure of those movements which, in America and Europe, are elevating the people and carrying them to that position from which they are to declare by whom, and in what manner, they will be ruled. In Tunis as elsewhere, Mohammedanism has shown, by its fruits, that it is not fit to live, and that it must prepare to die.

A better civilization will arise, — a civilization that is more in harmony with the times in which human life is now cast, and more satisfying to the needs of human society. The races of men that have found a home in Africa, are certainly within the reach of influences which will tend to refine and elevate their lives. Christianity has new triumphs to win and new regions to conquer. But she has also her old conquests to regain, and her old dominions to restore. Not they alone, but the entire continent, must come beneath her beneficent sway, and "Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God." Let us hope that the old wastes will be builded, and the old cities repaired, and that the churches of North Africa shall yet cause "that which was made glorious" in the former times, to have "no glory by reason of the glory that excelleth." "Perhaps," says Mr. Perry, in closing his volume,

"the time will come, when on the very site of the City of Dido will arise a new city, inheriting the prestige of the ancient metropolis and balancing the past with the future; a city worthy to be ranked among the capitals of universal civilization, and to be accounted in history as one of the milestones on the great highway of the human race."

Art. V. — THE RING AND THE BOOK.

The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning, M.A., Honorary Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. In two volumes. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1869.

"The Ring and the Book" may not be popular; but, if it is not, it will not be because it is obscure. Not even the poet's minor obscurities, which consist in long parentheses and in almost impassable gulfs between verbs and their subjects, are here to any great extent. And of general obscurity there is none. We are not left to imagine the circumstances. They are related to us at once. They are the circumstances of a Roman murder-trial. The poet tells us in the first book of his poem how these circumstances came into his possession. In the course of this telling, the title of the poem is explained. Walking, one day in June, across a square in Florence, — a square described to us with Pre-Raphaelite exactness and consummate skill,—"A hand always above his shoulder pushed him," and he stumbled on a book, the book of the title.

> "Small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript:
> A book in shape, but, really, pure crude fact
> Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
> And brains, high-blooded, ticked two centuries since."

He "gave a lira for it, eightpence English just," and read it as he threaded his way home, and, by the time he got there, knew the whole truth bound up in it.

"A Roman murder-case;
Position of the entire criminal cause
Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,
With certain four, the cut-throats in his pay,
Tried all five, and found guilty and put to death
By heading or hanging, as befitted ranks,
At Rome on February twenty-two,
Since our salvation sixteen ninety-eight:
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,
Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape
The customary forfeit."

"Word for word
So ran the title-page."

A little further on, the contents of the book are given more explicitly. The temptation is strong to give the language of the poem: it is so wonderfully clean and terse. But we will resist it in so far as we are able, lest, seeing that nothing is superfluous, we find ourselves transcribing every word. Count Guido Franceschini is the descendant of an ancient house, a citizen of Arezzo, "beak-nosed, bushy-bearded, and black-haired;" lean, pale, and short, fifty years old, a man of broken fortunes. He four years since has married Pompilia Comparini, the pretended child of Pietro and Violante Comparini.

"Two poor ignoble hearts who did their best,
Part God's way, part the other way than God's,
To somehow make a shift and scramble through
The world's mud, careless if it splashed and spoiled,
Provided they might so hold high, keep clean
Their child's soul, one soul white enough for three,
And lift it to whatever star should stoop,
What possible sphere of purer life than theirs
Should come in aid of whiteness, hard to save."

The marriage well or ill meant by Violante, who had managed it, proves miserably unhappy. The parents driven out of their new home, take their revenge by publicly declaring that Pompilia is not their child, hoping thereby to spoil

Guido's chances of inheritance, which (as they say) alone determined him to marry. The parents once away, Pompilia's life grows more unhappy. Carrying the story of her real or fancied wrongs — for whether they be real or fancied, we are not at first told — to the Duke of Arezzo, the Archbishop, and a certain friar, at last she flies to Rome, escorted by a priest of still nobler birth than Guido, Giuseppe Caponsacchi. But they are overtaken on the way by Guido and a band of his retainers. A trial ensues, Guido desiring to convict Pompilia of adultery. The result is nebulous, but involves Pompilia's retirement to a convent and Caponsacchi's temporary rustication. Leaving the convent as the time of her maternity draws near, she finds her way back to her old home with Pietro and Violante; there gives birth to her child; and there, a fortnight afterwards, with both her parents, dies at the hands of Guido and his four accomplices. Then follow the twistings and contortions of the trial for murder, the pleas and counter-pleas, the appeal from the secular authority to the Pope, his stern decision, the death of the assassins. All this, or nearly all, we are told in the first book, and none of it is Browning's own. All will agree that it amounts to very little: a thousand similar stories have been told before. Adulteries and murders are the subject-matter of the majority of second and third rate romances. Browning knows this as well as anybody. What does he therefore do? "The Ring," from which his poem takes the first half of its title, illustrates exactly. The Ring-maker "mingles gold with gold's alloy, and, duly tempering both, effects a manageable mass, then works." So Browning, with the crude fact of the story as he finds it in his queer old book, mingles his fancy; and the result is such "a rare gold ring of verse" as is well worthy, as he prays it may be, to lie outside another, — that which his "lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird," his wife of other days, wrought with such patience and intensity of soul. And, by the way, in all these twenty thousand lines, there are none finer than those with which she is invoked at the conclusion of the introductory book.

"The Ring and the Book" is a dramatic poem in which a

twofold process of revelation is always going on. The characters and classes who speak, unconsciously reveal themselves with marvellous precision while dealing with the case in hand. At the same time, less by what they mean to say, than by what they cannot help saying, they reveal each other; as Guido, hating Pompilia with his whole heart fervently, pays many an incidental tribute to her purity of soul. And on this twofold revelation depends almost entirely the interest of the book. The facts themselves are quite subordinate. Some of our readers have probably had the good fortune to see Gerome's picture of Phryne before her Judges. The figure of Phryne is beautiful enough, but the wonder of the picture is not in her splendid nudity, but in its effect upon her judges, which is as various as their characters. The orator reveals at once his client's body and her judges' souls. In Browning's poem, the naked facts are even less than Phryne in the picture. For she is beautiful, and they are not. But so it happens that the poet has a better opportunity to show his skill. And not only do his judges reveal themselves as unmistakably as Phryne's, but, as we have said already, they indirectly judge the facts that are before them, while Phryne's judges with their tell-tale faces give us no hint of Phryne's innocence or guilt. They judge themselves, and themselves only.

Of the nine *dramatis personæ* whose words compose the ten books which contain the dramatic portion of the poem, the first three are representative: "Half Rome," "Other Half Rome," and "Tertium Quid." Next after these comes Guido's own account, then Caponsacchi's, then Pompilia's, then Guido's lawyer's, then Pompilia's lawyer's, the Pope next, and then Guido once again. With "Half Rome's feel after the vanished truth," —

> "the source of swerving call
> Over belief in Guido's right and wrong
> Rather than in Pompilia's wrong and right.
> Who shall say how, who shall say why? 'Tis there
> The instinctive theorizing whence a fact
> *Looks to the eye as the eye likes the look.*"

It is the morning after the murder. Pompilia is not yet dead. Pietro and Violante have been brought into Lorenzo's Church and laid on opposite sides of the altar; and while the crowd surge in and out, and look at them, and count their wounds, and wonder why Violante has the most,

> "Some worthy, with his previous hint to find
> A husband's side the safer,"

succeeds in buttonholing the right sort of man, to whom he gives all the particulars and a construction of them pretty much after the murderer's own heart. In the nine different constructions that are given altogether, the particulars vary very little; less, perhaps, than such particulars generally do under such circumstances. But this very fact makes the variety of interpretation seem all the more striking. At this very church, gossips the speaker, Pompilia was baptized seventeen years before, and married twelve years later. It seems that Pietro craved an heir to inherit certain moneys; and, none coming in the natural way, Violante gets one from a courtesan and palms her off on Pietro as her own. But anon the funds get meagre, and, Pietro being past his working time, Violante casts about to see how they can be replenished.

> "She who had caught one fish, could make that catch
> A bigger still, in angler's policy:
> So, with an angler's mercy for the bait,
> Her minnow was set wriggling on its barb
> And tossed to the mid-stream; that is, this grown girl,
> With the great eyes and bounty of black hair
> And first crisp youth that tempts a jaded taste,
> Was whisked i' the way of a certain man, who snapped."

The man was Guido, and was no hero even by the kindest possible construction. But the marriage is made out to be entirely Violante's affair: Guido is the victim. He marry Pompilia for her money! Nay, but for her beauty, says Half Rome; and because Violante forced him to it, being desirous of rank and of

"A big-browed master to block door-way up,
Parley with people bent on pushing by
And praying the mild Pietro quick clear scores."

So the marriage is patched up and hurried through without old Pietro's knowledge, lest he should be wilful and reluct. The whole party go to Arezzo, where the old folks, not finding the frugality of Guido to their taste, fret, fume, and quarrel, and finally strike tent and hurry back to Rome, where Violante publishes the story that Pompilia is not and never was her child. Guido, alarmed for his wife's reputation, not at all anxious about the dowry, protests against the fling at her good name. And she herself writes to the Abate Paolo in Rome, the brother of Guido, and qualifies her parents handsomely. Since their departure, hell has been heaven. Their last injunction to her had been, she writes, that she should follow after them, having first drugged and robbed her husband and set fire to his house. This injunction, in the main, she ultimately follows. For she and Caponsacchi find each other out; and after numerous interesting passages start for Rome in company, leaving Guido to follow when he wakes up at noon next day from his unnatural slumber. Overtaken at Osteria, Caponsacchi, just as he is ordering his horses for the last stage of the journey, is seized and carried to her chamber, where she awakes, leaps up, seizes on Guido's sword, and is about to finish him when others interfere. There in the chamber Guido finds

"All the love-letters bandied 'twixt the pair
Since the first timid trembling into life
O' the love-star till it stand at fiery full."

They appeal to Rome, are carried there and tried, she sent to the Magdalens, he to Civita Vecchia. Guido and Pompilia both demand divorce; and, while the suit is pending, she is permitted to go back to her parents, and there in due time gives birth to a son. Whose son? "Half Rome" says, Caponsacchi's.

"I want your word now: what do you say to this?
What would say little Arezzo and great Rome,

> And what did God say, and the devil say
> One at each ear o' the man, the husband, now
> The father? Why, the overburdened mind
> Broke down, what was a brain became a blaze."

In the fury of the moment, his resolve is taken. But, not to do God's will until he knows that it is God's, Guido arrived at the villa where Pompilia rests, gives her a chance to prove her innocence, tells her through the door that he is Caponsacchi. Open flies the door: enough: she's guilty, and she dies, — her parents with her. It is hard to indicate the delicate turns by which all the way through Guido is made to appear the much-enduring, simple-minded, and forgiving man, goaded at last by others' laughter and his own sense of wrong to take the law into his own hands; while Pompilia is proved to be a wanton, Caponsacchi her true mate, and Violante the one mischief-maker from the beginning to the end. If one could keep the idea of Guido here presented by itself, unmodified by any thing that comes after, he would awaken not a little sympathy in his excellent *rôle* of a poor stupid gentleman, everywhere imposed upon by malicious circumstances and more crafty and designing souls. But the "Other Half Rome" gives things a different look.

The opening passage strikes the key-note of the whole: —

> "Another day that finds her living yet,
> Little Pompilia, with the patient brow
> And lamentable smile on those poor lips,
> And, under the white hospital array,
> A flower-like body, to frighten at a bruise
> You'd think, yet now, stabbed through and through again,
> Alive i' the ruins. 'Tis a miracle."

Poor Violante does not fare much better than before. Here as there she fools her husband twice, but a little more stress is laid on her intentions, in both cases good. She pleased her husband, and she saved a child's soul by the first deception. And, ere the second, she was herself deceived by the Abate, who made Guido seem quite different from what he proved. Then it is not this time Guido's frugality that drives the

aged couple back to Rome, but insult upon insult, heaped deliberately, —

> "dose by dose
> Of ruffianism dealt out at bed and board."

And when they have publicly declared that Guido's wife is not their child, it is not through any good will to her that he forbears to drive her forth at once. It is that he prefers a more cruel and devilish way of punishing the parents through the child. So that it is he, not she, that writes the letter to Paolo; it is he, not she, that writes to Caponsacchi; it is he that lays for both of them the trap into which, out of sheer despair, she falls at last, declaring, —

> "Earth was made hell to me who did no harm:
> I only could emerge one way from hell, —
> By catching at the one hand held me, so
> I caught at it and thereby stepped to heaven;
> If that be wrong, do with me what you will!"

The letters that he pretends to find in her chamber at Osteria, are letters he has brought with him for the purpose of there finding them. But it is not denied, that, on the evening of the murder, Guido said, "A friend of Caponsacchi's," when they asked, "Who's there?" But the speaker finds in this a proof of poor Pompilia's innocence rather than of her sin; a proof, too, of the depth of Guido's craft; no proof of the desire to give her one more chance.

The whole book, entitled "Tertium Quid," is a delicious muddle: —

> "You get a reasoned statement of the case,
> Eventual verdict of the curious few
> Who care to sift a business to the bran,
> Nor coarsely bolt it like the simpler sort.
> Here, after ignorance, instruction speaks;
> Here, clarity of candor, history's soul,
> The critical mind, in short; no gossip-guess."

Of course, it is terribly unsatisfactory. Of course, there is a great show of judgment, but no judgment in reality, — nothing but an eternal balancing of arguments; a great

array of "ifs" and "buts," the upshot of all being that Guido's wrong and Pompilia isn't right, Pompilia's right and Guido isn't wrong; that both are wrong, in short, and both are right; that Pompilia ought not to have been murdered; but then a mad bull ought not to be blamed; that Guido ought not to be tortured:—

> "On the other hand, if they exempt the man,
> What crime that ever was, ever will be,
> Deserves the torture? Then abolish it!
> You see the *reductio ad absurdum*, Sirs?"

In no other portion of the poem does Browning's power of sophistry, which he has evinced many times before, shine so distinct as here. The inability of the intellect, uninspired by either conscience or heart, to attain to any thing like truth, was never better shown. "I celebrate myself," might be the motto of the book. It teaches forcibly enough that the desire to seem wiser than one's neighbors is the one sure way of not becoming so. And we are made to feel that even Guido's partisans are less contemptible than these wiseacres, whose wisdom consists in trying to say "Good God!" as often as they say "Good Devil!"

But we must not dwell so long upon these separate parts. Guido comes next, and reveals the man most strikingly. He tells the story in his own cold-blooded way. His marriage was a bargain. He gave a great name in exchange for a small fortune, with Pompilia's beauty and her thirteen years thrown in. He had been cheated in more ways than one. The flight of Pietro and Violante, the relations of his wife and Caponsacchi, their flight and his pursuit, the murder and his reasons for it, are all reviewed from Guido's stand-point, and the result is very plausible; the more so that Guido does not even know enough of virtue to simulate it. His justification makes him seem so base, that you can almost take it for the truth. Pompilia he does not harm. If he attempts to blacken her, he does but soil his own hard hands, not her pale, pitiable face. But, on the whole, his counterfeit is good, only it rings false on the counter. You read between the

lines that Guido is a liar. There is something stifling in the whole atmosphere of his part. It is a great relief to escape from it into the division of the poem in which Caponsacchi is the speaker.

Upon his own showing, Caponsacchi is no saint to begin with, and no great hero, but a good deal of a man with latent heroism in abundance. His life has never been such as to call it forth. Pompilia's face is the first summons to a something deeper, which is his true self. At least it summons him away from other faces of another sort, to the infinite disgust of his archbishop, who asks him if he is turning Molinist. (The part which the Molinists play in the whole poem, is of itself a wonder. They are made to point the sarcasm on both sides. Is any thing particularly bad or stupid, it is Molinism.)

> "I answered quick,
> Sir, what if I turned Christian? It might be.
> The fact is I am troubled in my mind."

The fact is he has seen Pompilia at the theatre: —

> "A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange, and sad.
> It was as when in our cathedral once,
> As I got yawningly through matin-song,
> I saw *facchini* bear a burden up,
> Base it on the high altar, break away
> A board or two, and leave the thing inside
> Lofty and lone: and lo, when next I looked,
> There was the Rafael!"

One evening he is sitting in a muse over the opened "Summa," thinking how his life has shaken under him, broken short indeed, and showed the gap between what it is and what it might be; thinking how far off he is, a priest and celibate, from Guido's sad, strange wife, what saving strength there is in him which she perhaps needs and yet can never have to help her; thinking

> "How when the page of the Summa preached its best
> Her smile kept glowing out of it, as to mock
> The silence we could break by no one word," —

there comes a tap at the door and a pretended message from Pompilia. He sees the trick, but answers it as if he saw it not, repelling her. Next day the messenger appears again, and so on for a month; waits on him in all places and all ways. At last she comes and tells him that Guido has discovered his wife's love for him, and begs him keep away. This puts him on his metal, and rouses his curiosity. At the forbidden hour he goes, expecting to find Guido's grinning face awaiting him. Instead,—

> "There at the window stood,
> Framed in its black square length, with lamp in hand,
> Pompilia; the same great, grave, griefful air;
> As stands in the dusk, on altar that I know,
> Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,
> Our Lady of all the Sorrows."

Does he suspect that she has written him the letters? Not for a moment. But she addresses him as having written letters to her quite different from those which he has written; and yet so desperate is her case, that she has resolved to use the love he has so wrongfully avowed as the means of her salvation.

> "'I this morning said,
> In my extremity, entreat the thief!
> Try if he have in him no honest touch!
> A thief might save me from a murderer.
> 'Twas a thief said the last kind word to Christ;
> Christ took the kindness and forgave the theft:
> And so did I prepare what I now say.
> But now, that you stand and I see your face,
> Though you have never uttered word yet, — well I know
> Here, too, has been dream-work, delusion, too,
> And that at no time, you with the eyes here,
> Ever intended to do wrong by me,
> Nor wrote such letters therefore. It is false,
> And you are true, have been true, will be true.
> To Rome, then, — when is it you take me there?
> Each minute lost is mortal: When? I ask.'"

He tells her it shall be when it can be, and then come days

of doubt and struggle; but at last he is resolved, and they are started on their way. The story of the journey is told with a power and tenderness that make it seem unto the reader all too short. Her trust in him, his reverence for her, his love chastened and hallowed and made worthy of her ineffable purity, — one cannot read of these things without being strengthened and ennobled. But Caponsacchi's whole defence is of a piece. In form, perhaps, less plausible than Guido's, you *feel*, it burns so hot, that you are getting nearer to the central fire, the real truth of the matter. But grandly as the priest reveals the power of his own character, he reflects the character of Pompilia in even grander lines, and prepares us for that full revelation of her which is contained in the next book of the poem.

Pompilia's story is the most touching passage in the literature of our time. The only other passages that will compare with it are in "Aurora Leigh," and Tennyson's "Guinevere." But poor Marian's sufferings were nothing to this girl's: her seraph nature yoked with grovelling swine, and Guinevere's remorse and Arthur's stern, compassionating love, — perhaps they ought to, but they do not, move us as we are moved by the unconquerable purity and trust, the God made flesh in this poor harlot's child, this monster's wife, this wearer of the sacred crown of motherhood. Her talk abounds in beautiful allusions to her child. When the murderers come, she thinks the nurse has brought her boy, to say that he has smiled before the time. She wishes she could write, that she might write the story of her life for him. On second thoughts, she hopes he will regard her history as a dream and come to disbelieve it utterly. He is

> "Something began for once that would not end,
> Nor change into a laugh at me, but stay
> For evermore, eternally, quite mine."

And speaking of his birth, she says, that, as the time for it drew nigh, —

> "Nobody did me one disservice more,
> Spoke coldly or looked strangely, broke the love

I lay in the arms of, till my boy was born,
Born all in love, with naught to spoil the bliss
A whole long fortnight: in a life like mine
A fortnight filled with bliss is long and much.
All women are not mothers of a boy,
Though they live twice the length of my whole life,
And, as they fancy, happily all the same.
There I lay then, all my great fortnight long,
As if it would continue, broaden out
Happily more and more, and lead to heaven:
Christmas before me, — was not that a chance?
I never realized God's birth before, —
How he grew likest God in being born.
This time I felt like Mary, had my babe
Lying a little on my breast like hers."

We have heard it hinted as a possible defect in our Pompilia, that, at the last, speaking of Caponsacchi, she speaks as if she loved him after all. Herein, we see the crowning glory of her life. See how it shapes itself: —

"O lover of my life! O soldier-saint,
No work begun shall ever pause for death!
Love will be helpful to me more and more
I' the coming course, the new path I must tread,
My weak hand in thy strong hand, strong for that!
Tell him that if I seem without him now,
That's the world's insight!"

And again, concluding, —

"He is a priest;
He cannot marry therefore, which is right:
I think he would not marry if he could.
Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,
Mere imitation of the inimitable:
In heaven we have the real and true and sure.
'Tis there they neither marry nor are given
In marriage, but are as the angels: right,
Oh, how right that is, how like Jesus Christ
To say that! marriage-making for the earth;
With gold so much, — birth, power, repute so much,
Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these!

Be as the angels rather, who, apart,
Know themselves into one, are found at length
Married, but marry never, no, nor give
In marriage; they are man and wife at once
When the true time is: here we have to wait,
Not so long neither! Could we by a wish
Have what we will and get the future now,
Would we wish aught done undone in the past?
So, let him wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

We have yet to hear more noble words than these. Why should this soul be barred for ever from the right of love? Whatever may be said of love in marriage *acting* outside of the bond, who dares to tell us that love *felt* is sin, or even love *confessed* by one dying as Pompilia died? It was not as if she ever loved her husband, else she might have said to him something like that which Arthur said to Guinevere, —

"My love through flesh hath wrought into my life
So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
Let no man dream but that I love thee still,
Perchance and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ.
Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We, too, may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine Husband, — not a smaller soul,
Nor Lancelot, nor another."

"A smaller soul" than Guido could not be. There was no chance that ever he and Pompilia would stand upon one plane. Already she and Caponsacchi had seen through all the veils of circumstance that they were born for one another. But this sight, instead of being sin, was vouchsafed as the reward of their transcendent purity and truth.

From Pompilia to Dominus Hyacinthus De Archangelis, Pauperum Procurator, is from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Yet in his way the doctor is as perfect as the saint. He is a pedant, a glutton, and *par excellence* a family man. And, in his plea, all these specific traits stand out as sharply as his generic legalism. This shows itself in marvellous superficiality, and indicates how great the gulf may be, and often is, between legal judgments and the absolute merits of a case. The pedant shows himself in multitudinous quotations. His plea is nearly half Latin, which the poet translates with wonderful agility and adapts it to the exigencies of verse with astonishing skill. The family man is shown by frequent allusions to his boy Cinino, Ciniccino, Cinozzo, Cinoncello, whom he calls by all these dear diminutives and many more. The glutton crops out in his tropes, and in his anticipations of Cinino's birthday feast. It is perhaps needless to say, that he throws no light whatever on the case.

But he does not darken it as does Pompilia's counsel, Bottinius, whose plea in her behalf reads more like a sarcastic speech in favor of her husband. Her direst enemies cast no such shadows on her purity as this pretended friend. According to his representation, Pompilia was none too good, but no worse than we ought to expect, considering her youth and inexperience. She is less dove than fox; much given to lying and dissimulation; for all which her lawyer praises her.

> "For to the last Pompilia played her part,
> Used the right means to the permissible end,
> And, wily as an eel that stirs the mud
> Thick overhead, so baffling spearman's thrust,
> She, while he stabbed her, counterfeited death."

In all this we see the mendacious and libidinous character of the man reflected as in a mirror.

The figure of the Pope is true to what we know of him in history. Browning was fortunate in finding such a man as Innocent Twelfth in the Papal chair at the time of his tragedy. His review of the whole matter is intensely human. For the most part it is the man, and not the Pope, who speaks. His condemnation of Guido is very stern. He speaks of him as

"always subordinating
Revenge, the manlier sin, to interest
The meaner."

His characterization of him is complete, and equally so his characterization of Guido's brothers and his mother. He vies with Caponsacchi in doing reverence to Pompilia:—

"First of the first,
Such I pronounce Pompilia, then as now
Perfect in whiteness — stoop thou down, my child,
Give one good moment to the poor old Pope
Heart-sick at having all his world to blame."

In Caponsacchi — "irregular noble, scapegrace: son, the same" — he takes great pride, and compares him with his fellow-priests, greatly to their discredit. What if he was sorely tempted? Seeing that he did not yield, the more the glory. The end of the Pope's speech is the obscurest portion of the poem; in fact, the only portion of it that is obscure at all. It is full of obstinate doubts, and sage reflections for the most part, such as Robert Browning would have had and made, had he been Pope two hundred years ago.

Lastly, we have Guido's final argument and plea for life,—

"On a stone bench in a close fetid cell,
Where the hot vapor of an agony,
Struck into drops on the cold wall, runs down
Horrible worms made out of sweat and tears —
There crouch, well-nigh to the knees in dungeon-straw,
Lit by the sole lamp suffered for their sake,
Two awe-struck figures, this a Cardinal,
That an Abate, both of old styled friends
Of the part man, part monster in the midst,
So changed is Franceschini's gentle blood.
The tiger-cat screams now, that whined before,
That pried and tried and trod so gingerly,
Till in its silkiness the trap teeth join;
Then you know how the bristling fury foams."

This is the poet's own account of this last utterance, but it is hardly justified by the utterance itself. It contains a

great deal of sound criticism on the existing state of things, uses the *argumentum ad hominem* with great adroitness, and vails its cowardice with bluster and bravado. The motive power is cowardice the whole way through, but the fox nature is still uppermost. Only at the very last, when he hears the approaching footfall of his executioners, all the innate cowardice of the man comes to the surface, and he cries out, —

> "Sirs, have I spoken one word all this while
> Out of the world of words I had to say?
> Not one word! All was folly — I laughed and mocked!
> Sirs, my first true word, all truth and no lie,
> Is — save me notwithstanding! Life is all!
> I was just stark mad — let the madman live
> Pressed by as many chains as you please pile!
> Don't open! Hold me from them! I am yours,
> I am the Granduke's — no, I am the Pope's!
> Abate, — Cardinal, — Christ, — Maria, — God, . . .
> Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

The closing book contains three different accounts of the execution, a sermon by the monk who confessed Pompilia, and a few closing words from the poet in his own person.

And now that we have done our best to indicate the contents of these volumes, in closing we should like to indicate what seems to us their claims upon the admiration of all lovers of good books. It would be easy to enumerate various faults, but the length of the poem would not be among them. For ourselves we wish that it was longer. There is certainly nothing written that we could afford to spare. The very critics who have declared the poem too long, are probably satisfied with the length of Dickens's novels. But there seems to be no good reason why a poet should not have as much space as a novelist if he can sustain an interest. And this Browning does to perfection. Once launched upon the current we are swept along at an almost furious rate. It is saying nothing against poems in general, to say that they are not apt to be as fascinating as prose. We may prize Tennyson much more highly than Dickens, but it is easier to stop read-

ing him. But the "Ring and the Book" is as fascinating as any novel and reads as rapidly. The faults of the poem are Browning's characteristic faults. It is too seldom musical. That at times it is so, only makes us wish that it could be so oftener. Then its colloquialism is not infrequently intruded where it is out of place. Browning is master of this style, and yet not master of it. Sometimes it masters him. In the right place it is excellent; but it is not always appropriate. It would be ungrateful to say any thing about the number of parentheses, the proportion is so much smaller than usual; but it is a great pity that some of them were not omitted. They are good in themselves, but they interrupt the flow of the poem, more than enough to compensate for their advantages. It is as easy for Browning to be strong as it is for some poets to be weak. He has a giant's strength, and that is glorious, but sometimes he uses it as a giant. He is sometimes too strong. He is sometimes coarse. Two or three times he is lamentably so. It may be that men used coarser expressions in Caponsacchi's time than they use now. But a negative anachronism would have been better than a passage which gives one a very disagreeable sensation.

Allied to this very fault of over-strength that sometimes waxes brutal, is the great virtue of which this fault is the excess. We hear of Browning's "Browningese," but he has no pet vocabulary. You do not catch him using any word as Swinburne uses the word "sweet" hundreds of times in a short poem, a dozen times upon a single page. When analyzed, his "Browningese," if we are not mistaken, would simply mean that his vocabulary is immense, and that his skill in the use of words is unparalleled. Exactly the right word always comes at his bidding. "The Ring and the Book" is a startling revelation of the power and flexibility of the English language. Ascending gradually the scale of merits, next to this verbal richness comes the richness of the poem in the terse, epigrammatic sayings, that are contained in a line or less, many of which must, it would seem, be destined to enter into some future edition of Mr. Bartlett's familiar quotations. The poem contains a great many single

lines, embodying noble truths or biting sarcasms; and if the poem, as a whole, had no interest whatever, it would pay to read it for the sake of getting at these "jewels five words long." Taken as a whole, the poem seems to us less rich in passages of sustained beauty than Browning's other dramas, including "Paracelsus" and "Sordello." From the very nature of the poem we should expect this. Guido would not be Guido if his talk were beautiful. But when the Pope speaks, beautiful passages are not infrequent. The Priest breaks out into them often, and Pompilia's words are one continual charm. Nowhere else in Browning's poetry does beauty enjoy so long a reign and sit on such an undivided throne. For a moment we forget that strength is Browning's crowning attribute. But only for a moment: then we perceive that even the beauty of Pompilia's words inheres in a majestic strength, and that this strength reigns everywhere; the intellectual vigor of the poet never failing him, his poem being fairly crammed with thought. Were it not so, we should feel that the real Browning was no more, that another had usurped his name, but never won his sceptre. Other poets have "the fatal gift of beauty," "fatal" to their strength. But, above all things, Browning is strong and wise.

The intense dramatic energy of the poem we have already indicated. The fruits of this energy are ten masterly studies of character, individual and collective. We say ten, for Guido confident and Guido despairing are two different men. The Lawyers are significant; the Pope is nobly drawn; but Guido, Caponsacchi, and Pompilia are the three great characters. Guido is a villain that has never been produced in literature before. The Priest stands for the transforming power of a great moral benediction shining in the face of a true woman, for the greatness of a love purged of all earthly dross by the supreme goodness of its object. But of Pompilia what shall we say? She seems to us a marvellous creation. It is wonderful to see how all the testimonies conspire to honor her. Again and again does Guido's sense of her perfection shine through his hate. It is he that says,—

"There was no touch in her of hate:
And it would prove her hell, if I reached mine!
To know I suffered would still sadden her,
Do what the angels might to make amends!
Therefore there's either no such place as hell,
Or thence shall I be thrust forth for her sake."

And what a world of recognition and of homage is contained in his last prayer *to her:* —

"Abate, — Cardinal, — Christ, — Maria, — God, . . .
Pompilia, will you let them murder me?"

The Pope says of her, —

"It was not given to Pompilia to know much,
Speak much, to write a book, to move mankind,
Be memorized by who records my time.
Yet if in purity and patience, if
In faith held fast despite the plucking fiend,
Safe like the signet-stone with a new name
That saints are known by, — if in right returned
For wrong, most pardon for worst injury,
If there be any virtue, any praise —
Then will this woman-child have proved" —

The Pope goes on to say what. We finish it, — the greatness of Robert Browning's genius; then will she prove a lasting joy in literature, a lasting inspiration to all earnest and aspiring souls.

The main lesson of the book is too obvious to need mentioning. It is the futility of human judgments, the difference in minds, the difference in eyes that see the minds.

"This lesson, that our human speech is naught,
Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation, words and wind."

Never was dogmatism rebuked more sternly than in these pages. Never was charity more bravely taught. Never were the conventional judgments of society tested more carefully and proved to be so empty and so wide of the mark. And lest the ignominious death of Guido and his accomplices

should be thought to prove that even in this life Justice gets her dues, listen to Browning's *caveat:* —

> "Because Pompilia's purity prevails,
> Conclude you, all truth triumphs in the end?
> So might those old inhabitants of the ark,
> Witnessing haply their dove's safe return,
> Pronounce there was no danger, all the while
> O' the deluge, to the creature's counterparts,
> Aught that beat wing in the world, was white or soft, —
> And that the lark, the thrush, the culver, too,
> Might equally have traversed air, found earth,
> And brought back olive-branch in unharmed bill.
> Methinks I hear the Patriarch's warning voice:
> 'Though this one breast by miracle return,
> No wave rolls by, in all the waste, but bears
> Within it some dead dove-like thing as dear,
> Beauty made blank and harmlessness destroyed.'"

To any one who has read the "Ring and the Book," this presentation of it must seem most inadequate. But if it shall avail to tempt even a few persons, who would not otherwise venture there into this garden of delights, we shall be content if they also blame us for having done shameful injustice to so great a triumph of the poet's art and skill.

Art. VI. — KEIM'S HISTORY OF JESUS.

Geschichte Jesu von Nazara in ihrer Verkettung mit dem Gesammtleben seines Volkes, frei untersucht und ausführlich erzahlt von Theodor Keim. 1ter Band: Der Rüsttag. Zurich, 1867. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 646.

Switzerland is the New England of Europe, and has done great service in setting forth Christianity in its freedom and its faith. It fought marvellously in the great battle for the open Bible against the Romish despotism, and its service of late has been conspicuous in reconciling positive religion with the new science, and resisting the new materialism that is so closely allied with the old superstition. De Wette was

a German, indeed, but he was also Swiss by adoption, and he has made Basle as famous for its school of criticism as for its constitutional liberty. Hagenbach carries out this free spirit with larger wisdom and less speculative daring, and perhaps has given our theological students the best manuals of history and doctrine that our time affords.

Zurich still keeps the prestige of Zwingli's name, and is noted among other honors as having started the new order of biographies of Jesus, which began, we have good reason to believe, with the work of Hess, in 1768, a century before this memorable book of Keim appeared. The idea of writing the life of Jesus Christ dates with Keim from his university years; and as the branches of this instruction at the University of Zurich placed him between the New Testament and the history of the church, he has been led to realize the plan of his youth since 1860; that is to say, before the numerous lives of Jesus which have followed the lead of the work of Renan. We propose to give a fair and somewhat full outline of the first volume of this work; that is, all that has yet reached us.

The author knows well, that in this sphere of science passion plays a great part; that men hold less to researches than results, less to history than to dogma. But he has such firm conviction of his own historical sense, his scientific impartiality, and the serious character of his studies, as to move him to walk with confidence in the footsteps of his predecessors, — such as Haze, Schenkel, Weizsäcker, and more especially Ewald, to whom he professes to be much indebted. The interest of the heart which Keim gives to the Christian religion makes impossible to him the cold impartiality of Strauss, which is in fact but a partiality in behalf of philosophy. He nevertheless believes himself to be sufficiently free and devoted to the cause of truth to promise a really impartial study of facts. He is ready for the old reproach of an impure mixture and of contradiction, which is made to those who, to write history, seek to withdraw themselves from the influence of dogmas. But big words are not reasons. The pompous but ridiculous dilemma of "Strauss

or Orthodoxy," in which Michel Nicolas fastens everybody, will no more do. On another side, it is surely easier to give a logical and comprehensible life of Jesus by lowering the prophet of Nazareth to our Lilliputian proportions; but we cannot make the Son of Mary a perfect Socrates without falsifying history and mistaking the laws of psychology.

The life of Jesus concerns history on account of the importance of Christianity in the world; and the church, above all, the Protestant Church, because that this rests upon the person of the Saviour. Meanwhile, science declares on one side, that the wholly human person of Jesus will be effaced by the new developments of the race to which it belongs; and on the other side, the church looks upon him as the rock which is to survive all the transformations of humanity. Is there between these two conceptions a possible reconciliation? The antagonism, although very marked, is softened. Science, keeping note of the power of individuality, and resting upon the evidence of facts, does not think of giving to great men any other place than that which their works assign to them. The church, in its turn, renouncing some of its exactions, begins to demand a human Jesus; and, however tenacious of miracles, it insists on holding to his true humanity. Thus science recognizing the sublime character of Jesus, and the church admitting his true humanity, are near coming to an agreement. Keim evidently rests in the pure humanity of Jesus. Yet he is not content with regarding him as a religious genius, but as the miracle of history and life, in fact as the manifestation of God upon the earth.

I. *Sources of Knowledge.*

In spite of modern criticism, the necessary materials are not wanting to the biography of Jesus. We have first the sources of Jewish and those of Pagan origin, which are generally impartial, or containing a criticism from which a certain amount of historical truth may be drawn. The Jewish documents reach from the Old Testament to the Apocrypha and the writings of our era, of which the Talmud is the grand

panorama. We may cite especially Pirke Abot, the pearl of the Talmud; Philo, contemporary of Caligula; and the rich and faithful narratives of Josephus. However, the Jewish traditions as to the person of Jesus, and the allusions of the Talmud, bear too clearly the mark of ignorance or of passion to serve as historical sources. The Pagan authors are richer than the Jewish; and Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny the younger, give important sketches of the early Christians. In the second century, the documents multiply, and the Pagans quote freely the Jewish and Christian authorities; especially Celsus, the most bitter enemy of Christianity.

Among the Gospels which make no part of the New Testament, there are two principal ones, of which we possess but fragments, — the Gospel of the Hebrews, or of Peter and the twelve apostles, and the Gospel of the Egyptians. The first, which dates from the middle of the second century, resembles our Gospel of Matthew, of which it has been considered by many theologians as the first form. But, on the one hand, we have not the original text of it, so retouched as it has been by various copyists; and on the other hand, the fragments preserved contain a large number of improbable features. To the Gospel of the Hebrews is attached that of the Edomites, which bears obvious traces of the prejudices of that sect. The Gospel of the Egyptians can only be the work of a sombre and ascetic spirit. This tendency and its vein of the marvellous have made the church reject it. Our only dependence henceforth is the New Testament, where we are at once at home in spite of all the doubts which have rested upon its various writings.

In order to establish a firm footing, we turn to St. Paul, the oldest witness that we have, since his conversion probably took place between the years 36 and 38, and he preached from the year 40 to the year 64. With all his mystical enthusiasm, it is clear that he retains strongly the tradition of the first disciples, which he supposes to be well known, and he gives proof that he had precise knowledge of the words and acts of his Master. We may infer from the clearness of his mind that he demanded a solid basis for his

religious conceptions, and he had carefully weighed the narrations of the disciples. Much as he deals in reasonings and abstractions, he abounds in facts whose historical exactness is not compromised by the interpretation that he gives them.

Paul evidently regards Jesus as a man born of woman, of the race of David, living in abasement; but who is, at the same time, the Christ, the Son of God, remaining under the law. In the instructions which he dispenses, the apostle of the Gentiles had evidently found two classes of contrary declarations, by means of which he has conceived the fundamental idea of his Christology; that is to say, that, submissive to the law during his earthly existence, Jesus had, by his voluntary death and resurrection, broken the yoke of the law for his disciples. With the first Christians, Paul believed that Jesus is the Son of God, the Messiah who restores humanity to its heavenly Father. The data which are found in the First Epistle of Peter, the Apocalypse, and the Acts, prove that there is for the history of Jesus an amount of positive facts which are certified by the concurrence of very ancient witnesses.

The foundation once given, we turn towards the Gospels, beginning with those that come nearest to Paul in date and tendency. The Synoptical Gospels so resemble each other, that they have been taken for extracts from the same primitive narrative; whilst, on the other hand, they differ so from each other, as to convey the idea of different degrees of antiquity and originality. We give the preference to the Gospel of Matthew. Jesus had not time, nor did he feel the need, to write his words to keep them in remembrance, nor did he charge his disciples with this care. But in a short time the insufficiency of oral tradition was felt, and they began to put into writing the genealogies of the Messiah, his revelations or collection of oracles as to the future of Jerusalem, his discourses and his acts, and particularly the history of his death. The Gospel of Matthew was one of the products of this labor anterior to the destruction of Jerusalem. According to the chronological indications which are here

found, this Gospel must have been written between 60 and 70 of the Christian era. The predictions of Jesus which are contained here are not literally realized; and it is impossible that the author could have written after the destruction of Jerusalem, and announced the immediate coming of the Lord (xxiv. 15). It is pretended that a particular fact cannot be divined; but the very close relations which existed between the Jews and the Romans gave foresight of a catastrophe long before the year 70. This general expectation explains the resemblance which exists between certain passages of Matthew and the Apocalypse; and the present author of the discourses of Jesus (Matt. xxiv. 25) fixes the time of their composition at the beginning of the war with the Romans; that is to say, about the year 66. The antiquity of the first Gospel is confirmed by all ecclesiastical tradition, and it is, with the Gospel of the Hebrews, the most anciently employed.

Without seeking to veil the anti-Judaic element of the life of our Lord, the author addresses himself especially to the Jewish Christians, to show to them the Messiah in Jesus. The clearness and simplicity of the plan which he has followed appear in the manner in which the acts and the discourses are grouped in parallels, in the natural progression of the narrative and the thoughts of Jesus, and in the gradual development of the disciples. We observe, moreover, the sobriety and proportion of the details. His writing is of too pure a style to be a mere translation from the Hebrew. In a word, the historical stamp of the Gospel of Matthew is very marked: it is a biographical account by a Christian of Jewish origin, who, in general, in harmony with Paul, has known how to portray a Christ at once sublime and human, — submissive to the law, whilst transcending it.

In spite of the incontestable unity of the work of Matthew, there are obvious traces of one or more revisions; but it is hard to fix the limits of them. It must be remarked, that most of the questionable passages present chronological and philological difficulties; that those which contain quotations from the Old Testament, drawn from the Hebrew, have some-

thing stereotyped; and that a great number of the glosses are favorable to the Pagans. We infer from this, that, since the destruction of Jerusalem, the powerful unity of the original has been slightly disturbed by the additions which a Christian writer has made, in a spirit more or less conformed to the author.

On the whole, the first Gospel is in keeping with the Jewish history of Josephus; in keeping, also, with Paul, with Mark and Luke, for its chief facts. The story of the life of Jesus — his words, above all — bear here the stamp of probability, and of an incontestable originality. Thus, in spite of the imperfections of the original itself, the legendary elements which there appear, and although we cannot ascribe the work which we possess either to Matthew or to an eye-witness, we should allow the author the degree of confidence which a man deserves who takes things at first hand. It was without doubt a Jewish Christian remaining in Palestine who composed this book, shortly before the departure of the Christians for Pella, and under the sway of old impressions and new prepossessions.

The Gospel of Luke — written, towards the year 90, out of Palestine — was edited, as the author indicates in the first verses, after a certain number of sources more ancient. We find traces of an Ebionite document in the frequent antitheses of poverty and riches, justice and injustice, darkness and light, to-day and yesterday, Satan and God. We discern, also, the use of the Gospel of Matthew in the general disposition of the narrative. Besides, Luke must have drawn from Samaritan sources the many passages of his work favorable to this people. In fine, he has consulted documents belonging to the school of Paul, and which are found slightly modified in some parts of his writing. The person of Jesus Christ is here, metaphysically speaking, grander than in the Jewish Christian Gospels, and the closing portions evidently favor the Pagans.

The shortest of the Synopsists, the Gospel of Mark, has traces of less antiquity than the others, according to the unanimous opinion of the Fathers. The form of the predic-

tions of Jesus, and of the passages which refer to the establishment of the "kingdom" upon the earth, fixes the date of its origin towards the year 100, before the persecution of Trajan, and after that of Nero. This second Gospel contains some new features; but we must allow that, in substance, it depends upon the two other Synopsists. It follows Matthew in the order of facts, and the mention of two great epochs of the activity of Jesus (the preaching of the kingdom and the sufferings of the Messiah); but it weakens the whole, and does not indicate the events which prepare the second epoch. It approaches Luke in the arrangement of details, in the general disposition (the *début*, choice of apostles, parables, and mission of the disciples). Jesus, the only Son of God, person mysterious and mighty, who above all inspires astonishment and fear, — such is the mother-thought of the Gospel of Mark, and the fundamental doctrine, which it opposes to Judaism, in recognizing the eternal dignity of the moral law. Christian of Jewish origin, and living in the East, the author wished, without doubt, to give to believers of these countries, and of Rome in particular, a gospel fitted to conciliate these parties. Less original through the new instructions that it gives, than by its syncretism, and by the heroic character which it lends to Jesus, this Gospel ought to be considered as a source of the second order, and cannot be ascribed to the pen of the Mark of the Epistles.

Placed in every time beyond the Synopsists, the Gospel of John, so rich in thoughts, has seen its historical authority singularly weakened in our age by the labors of criticism. The author himself advises us that the end of his book is to lead his readers to believe in the divinity of Jesus. So he chooses from the discourses and acts of Jesus those which are fitted to establish this divinity. He completes the other evangelists, if not in the details, at least in the conception of the person of the Saviour. As he supposes them known, he writes evidently for Christians, probably for the universal church of the second century, after the reconciliation of parties. The most dogmatic of all the Gospels, the fourth contains a complete religious philosophy. Between God, pure

spirit, and the world, plunged into the darkness of the flesh is found a Mediator, word eternal, creator and light of the world, whose resistance he seeks to conquer. After having given the law, the Word becomes flesh, and is thus clothed with the double character of Son of God and Son of man, with traits peculiar to the two natures. Source of divine life for some, his appearance has at the same time the effect of separating the good and the bad. Leaving the earth, Jesus succeeds in making light penetrate the world by means of the Holy Spirit which dwells with his disciples, conducts them into all truth, and gives them a foretaste of the consummation, whilst it makes itself known to the world by a judgment of condemnation. It is clear that this history of Jesus has analogy with the philosophy of Philo, but what in Philo was a mere abstraction has become a living reality. In this Gospel, as in the others, the life of Jesus is divided into two portions, — one of activity, the other of suffering. Both are divided into three acts. The first contains the *début*, the extension of the work, the conflict and rupture with the adversaries who reside at Jerusalem. In the second, which begins with chapter xiii., the author reports the farewell discourses, the final catastrophe, and the resurrection. As to style, the harmonious mingling of Greek and Hebrew genius, the artistic arrangement of the narrative, the richness and simplicity of the ideas, the perfect transparency of the images and the narration, the atmosphere of triumphant serenity which it exhales, all this gives to the fourth Gospel an incomparable attraction. There is, indeed, a certain monotony in the book, but it comes evidently from the absence of signs of gradual development in the person of Jesus. The great point is as to the historical truth of this Gospel.

The style bears marks of a conception wholly personal, whilst the dogmatic aim of the author removes it from the start from the purely historical character. The same style runs through the whole book, whatever the topic; and the mystical trilogies, and the general drift here and in the first Epistle of John, are convincing proof that the author allows himself great liberties. He goes from a set theory, and does

not treat of Jesus of Nazareth, but of the Logos; and he fights with enemies, not human, but personifications of shades. These, and other considerations, give the fourth Gospel less historical value than the others. Yet its dogmatic conclusions claim to rest upon an historical base, in the life and character of Jesus, his divine graces and perfect humanity. It sees in Jesus, in a word, not the starting-point, but the end, not the outline, but the perfection, not passing traits, but character lasting and eternal; that is to say, precisely what has been the divine life of the church in all time.

As to historical proofs, they make it clear that this Gospel was well known in the year 160; and the fact of its then being thus known, and the appearance of ideas in the Epistle of Barnabas, which dates from the year 120 or thereabouts, authorizes us to date it from the beginning of the second century, between 100 and 117. Keim is convinced that it was written between 110 and 115, under the reign of Trajan; at which epoch, according to Irenæus, St. John was still living. He does not regard St. John as its author, nor find evidence of this either in the book itself or tradition. All that he can affirm is, that the fourth Gospel must have been written by a Jewish Christian friendly to the Pagans, and that he published it under the name of the Apostle John. His book is not on that account a fiction. The example of the Old Testament is enough to show that. Besides, the church then was not so severe, since it admitted into the canon the second and third Epistles of John and that of Jude, which were not written by John and Jude. Moreover, the beauty, the elevation, the sanctity of this Gospel, the unction of so many passages, do not belong to the personal name of the author. The God of our spirits and the Lord of the church has been able to give word to all those who have loved him in Jesus. Lastly, the author has written as he believed that the apostles would have written in his time: he has not pronounced the name of John; and he has not meant to write a history, but only to show the spirit which commands and vivifies the life of Jesus.

II. *The Holy Land.*

Keim treats with great fulness and freshness the Holy Land, and its political and religious relations to the development of Jesus. At the time of his birth, the people of Israel, after so many misfortunes and triumphs, was enjoying the prosperity that came from the reign of Herod the Great. The father of Herod, Antipater, had made the country over to the Romans, and received from Cæsar, in return for his treason, the title of governor of all Judea and the right of Roman citizen. He left the administration of Galilee to his young son, Herod, who purged this province of the brigands who infested it. On the death of Antipater, he allied himself with his murderers, in order to throw himself, after the battle of Philippi, into the arms of Antony. Driven from Palestine by the Parthians, he went to Rome to receive from the senate the crown of Judea, which he rescued from the invaders at the head of some Roman legions and native troops. After the death of Antony, he served Octavius faithfully, and enjoyed his favor until his death. Herod succeeded on account of his manly character, his consummate sagacity, his taste for European civilization, and also by his faithful attachment to Augustus.

He secured to his country a long peace, which added much to its prosperity; but in his desire to reconcile the East with the West, and to please the Romans, he mistook the true character of his nation. He undoubtedly won to some extent the title of restorer of religion, by his construction of the temple, and by some favors granted to the Mosaic worship; but he favored Paganism as much and even more, and he erected, if not at Jerusalem, in its immediate neighborhood, and in various other places, amphitheatres and Pagan temples. Besides, at his court, by his alliances, and in his government, he trampled the law under foot; he plundered the tomb of David, and degraded the highest priestly dignities. He did not lack a certain natural nobleness, but the absence of true culture and morality rendered him more and more the

slave of his bad dispositions, and made him, in spite of his great qualities, a bad monarch. His tyranny and his prodigalities, which he could not sustain but by means of exorbitant taxes, levied with the refinements of cruelty, revolted the people: he decimated his own family; and, in spite of the scruples to which he was fitfully accessible, he renewed his bloody orders even upon his death-bed. He died at Jericho, aged seventy years, about four years after the birth of Jesus.

His sons, Archelaus and Antipas, went to Rome to dispute his succession. A deputation of fifty Jews went to the Roman emperor to complain of the government of Herod and to demand a Roman proconsul. The emperor divided the country, assigning Judea and Samaria to Archelaus; Perea and Galilee to Antipas; Batanea, Trachonitis, and Gaulonitis to Philip. Archelaus was compelled, on account of his tyranny, to go into exile; and his territory was annexed to the province of Syria.

The first period of the Roman rule (7–14 after Jesus Christ) was relatively happy. Augustus was tolerant, and left to the Jews throughout the empire the free exercise of their religion. He offered at his own cost, in his own name, a bull and two lambs every day in the temple of Jerusalem. In the synagogues they prayed for the emperor and his family. Under Tiberius, after the attempts at revolt caused by the Roman extortions, and suppressed cruelly by Pontius Pilate, the people enjoyed a certain repose. The presence of the Romans did not prevent the celebration of the usual service; the Scribes were not interfered with; the Sanhedrim recovered a part of its old authority; and, after the departure of Pilate, unhoped-for concessions were made to the Jews. Meanwhile, under Caligula and in the following years, infamous governors drove the people into the deadly struggle which broke forth under Nero.

The rest of Palestine was still in the power of the Herod family. In Galilee and Perea, Antipas imitated his father, was as grasping and aggressive as he, and like him a lover of building. He built Tiberias on the shore of the Sea of Gali-

lee. Of flexible character, he allowed Herodias to manage him, and love of her brought upon him a succession of disasters. Led by her to go to Rome on schemes of ambition, he was there accused by his brother-in-law, a friend of Caligula, and exiled to Lyons with Herodias.

Philip, tetrarch of the north-east of Palestine, consecrated a reign of thirty-seven years to the good of his people. The population and the prosperity of his people grew; but at his death (A.D. 33 or 34), as he had no children, this tetrarchy was also annexed to the province of Syria.

Afterwards Palestine was united once more under the sceptre of Agrippa, but he soon died at Cesarea (in 54); and the last representative of the house of Herod, Agrippa II., was to assist at the last struggle of Israel and the fall of Jerusalem.

It was in the bosom of this deep misery, that God in his wisdom raised up and matured the spirit that was to conquer the world.

The contact with the East, and above all with the Greek world, had profoundly altered the Jewish nationality. But this influence was more considerable among the numberless Jews from abroad, who, without denying their origin, effected a fusion of the Jewish and Greek elements. In Egypt, this fusion, formed systematically, gave birth to the translation of the Septuagint, and produced Philo of Alexandria, contemporary of Jesus Christ. Sprung from a rich family of the Jewish colony of Alexandria, Philo gave himself wholly to the study of wisdom and the practice of virtue. Child of his age, he united in his person the East and the West. The foundation of his teaching is the national law, but he seeks to reconcile it with Pagan philosophy by means of allegorical and rationalist interpretation, although without gnostical prepossession. God is for him the *pure essence*, who puts upon matter the word, ideal conception of the world. The marvel of creation is man, but in contact with matter he falls into evil communications, and becomes unhappy under the voice of conscience. At the same time there is salvation for him, which is won by the struggle of penitence and by the

practice of piety, justice, truth, and humanity. His sanctification is worked out in separation from matter, solitude, and ecstasy. This very man can become a child of God, a sage exempt from sin.

The theology and anthropology of this system contain too many contradictions to be defended. Philo has revived and purified certain Jewish notions in weakening them. By his allegorical interpretations, he suppressed the Mosaic usages which he pretended to maintain; but in unlocking the social element of religion, and bringing the people together by the new idea of humanity, he has deserved the title of "precursor of Jesus and friend of St. Peter," which tradition has bestowed upon him.

We see, in the national literature of the period, that the Jews of Palestine, even they, had felt the Greek influence. The moral law had lost its authority; theology was so altered, that Josephus could say that local distance, more than mode of life, separated the Jews from the Greeks. Meanwhile, the mass of the people did not cease to hate the stranger; it did not see without defiance the encroachments of Hellenism. Whilst everywhere else the religions were declining, the Jews gave astonishing proofs of attachment — fanatical, impassioned — to their law. The service of the temple was regularly performed; voluntary gifts poured in; Jerusalem saw a vast concourse at all the great feasts. Repeatedly, the Romans saw the Jews prefer the most horrible punishments to a violation of the law. The persistency of their "immoderate piety" led Pilate to renounce (26 years after Jesus Christ) the project which he had formed of introducing into Jerusalem busts of the emperor; and the entreaty of the whole people made him defer a year (from 39 to 40) the execution of the order given him by Caligula to erect his statue in the very Temple of Jerusalem. The death of this monster put an end to their terror.

Manners were no less corrupt. Outward observation of the law allied itself with all the passions. During the feasts, when fanaticism was the fiercest, they passed without scruple from sacrifices to murders, and from crimes to the worship of

Jehovah. Factions butchered each other at the foot of the altars. Thus Josephus, with the Pagan authors, said, "that, in fault of the Roman legions, the earth itself should have swallowed this infamous and detestable nation."

In the midst of these present miseries, the nation was working out a better future. The memory of a glorious past and the distresses of the time gave to the visions of the prophets an even greater worth. From the ninth age before Jesus Christ, the men of God had announced the restoration of the house of David. Exile had not destroyed this hope, which in Daniel (167 before Jesus Christ), in the book of Enoch, in the Psalms, and elsewhere, always appeared more living as they came nearer the birth of Christ. There they sought, without ceasing, to discover the Messiah in some one of the marked men of the period. This expectation is found with the Alexandrians, in Philo, in Josephus even, who, in flattering the emperor, kept towards him his faith in the doctrines of his people. We may see traces of this, also, after Jesus Christ; and, remarkable fact, the Messianic hope seems to be communicated to the Pagans themselves.

The religious life of the Jewish people opened and individualized itself in particular societies, to which we can give the name of "sects," and which were as the spiritual organs of the nation. We cannot give the instructive and remarkable delineation of these sects by Keim, and can only state his conclusions. The name of "Pharisees" appeared for the first time about 160 before Christ, with that of their adversaries, the "Sadducees." Their political part was but a consequence of their religious importance; they were the national party, zealous for the law, and the enemy of the stranger. On the return from exile, the force of events had given rise to this party; since it was necessary, above all else, for Israel to affirm its existence as a people, and as the people of God. The law had become an object of assiduous study, and the scribes (Sopherim), who since the Syrian domination were mostly Pharisees, were not backward in grasping at the reins of power. To an immovable faith in God, and in the triumph of his cause, the Pharisees added a strict discipline, rest-

ing upon an extreme respect for the ancient traditions. Their study, more literal than spiritual, turned almost exclusively upon the words of Moses. The writings of their chief men offer many strong and truly humane passages. They are found readily in "The Pirke-Abot," or "Words of the Fathers," upon the worth of wisdom; upon mercy, purity, charity; upon the love of God; against pride, self-righteousness, and false security; upon final retribution, and the necessity of penitence. Nevertheless, the sweet name of "Father" is not given to God: man is not his child. Unhappily, these gems are found among heaps of superstitious rubbish and wearisome formalities; and, in spite of the attempts to lighten the hard yoke of legalism by certain compromises, the people were not saved from servitude, contempt, and misery. Yet the sincere Pharisees did much to put into the people ideas of justice and sanctity. They expected soon to see the Consolation of Israel, and the rise of the kingdom of the Messiah; in various ways recalling to the nation the sacred ideal of the people of Israel. They prepared for the advent of Jesus. One of them, Hillel, has had the name of being the teacher of Jesus: but, with all his wisdom and mildness and elevation of character, he had the subtlety of his class, and, in his teaching, he urged morality, but little appreciated spiritual religion. Such a teacher could not have been the master of Him who spake as never man spake, and who drew his gospel from the eternal and indwelling word of God.

The Sadducees, far less numerous than the Pharisees, and without influence upon the people, are supposed to have originated from the sacerdotal family of Zaddoc; but they did not form a party until they were supplanted by another family (162 B.C.). They were aristocratic and conservative, having but one dogma, — the maintenance of the law of Moses without traditions, and apart from the innovations of the Scribes and Pharisees. Their rigorous legalism made them severe against all violations of the law, suspicious of all religious aspiration and zeal, and fixed their hopes upon this world as the land of promise. They were hated by the people, regarded as Epicureans by the devout, and had no noted principle of progress.

The Essenes, who probably date from the middle of the second century before Christ, embody the extreme of Jewish pietism. After having resided in towns, they appear to have gradually retired to villages, then into solitude, on the west of the Dead Sea. Occupied at first with predictions and dreams, they gave themselves at last to the exercises of piety, in unison with manual labor. The most probable interpretation of their name is that of "the healing," or physicians. They were, in some respects, sturdy independents, and maintained a kind of lay-priesthood on strictly legal grounds. The adoration of God only, the observation of the sabbath, and of the laws upon diet, were for them sacred principles; and, although they had broken with the sacrifices, they did not fail to send their offerings to Jerusalem. They replaced sacrifices by frequent oblations, by ascetic habits, and, finally, by the worship of light and the sun. To them, pleasure was depravity, and abstinence was virtue. Their three principles were the love of God, of virtue, and of one's neighbor. They were communists with a strict organization, with chiefs regularly chosen; and were divided into four classes, under rules that allowed no appeal to outward powers. They were, evidently, a purely Jewish product; yet they may have felt the influences of the Pythagorean school, and the Hellenist influence that set in so strongly after the conquest of Alexander. Although the admiration of contemporaries for their virtues and their piety assigns to the Essenes a place by themselves in antiquity, the character of this piety compels us to see in them, as well as in the Sadducees, a sign of decline, rather than a proof of force. They themselves despaired of the future; the idea of a Messiah was strange to them; in a word, they were incapable of giving a new impulse to human society.

III. *The Holy Youth.*

The hundred and sixty pages upon the Holy Youth of Jesus are of the highest interest; and it is hard to be content with a meagre outline of their contents, which is all that we can give. Keim gives a full description of Galilee and of Nazareth,

or Nazara, as he calls it. Galilee owed its name to the medley of divers peoples who inhabited it. For a long time separated from Jerusalem, and plunged into darkness, this province, under the Maccabees, resumed communication with the Sanctuary, and became, with some neighboring regions, an integral part of Palestine. The mixed character of its population, language, and manners, filled the Jews with a contempt, from which Christianity itself was afterwards to suffer. This country, of about two hundred square (German) miles, was of great fertility, and fed, in the time of Josephus, about two million inhabitants. Essentially agricultural, and living at ease, the population of Galilee was gay, hale, energetic, and chivalrous. It was a warlike race, and Josephus boasted of their kindness and valor. The contempt of the Jews did not take away their patriotism, and their fidelity to the Mosaic law; whilst the mixture of races made it necessary to relax the rigidity of the letter of the law, and rendered the Galileans fond of change. Whatever may have been its defects and its qualities, this race has produced, in the course of ages, a host of marked personages, from Barak, the Conqueror of Canaan, to Jesus, and the great Rabbins of the Talmud.

In the time of Jesus, Nazareth had about ten thousand souls, and was in a charming situation, as may now be seen. Built upon the terraces of a mountain which terminates in an abrupt rock, in a valley always verdant, and planted with various trees, it produces upon the traveller a profound impression; above all, when he views it from the top of the mountain, in the midst of the vast panorama which stretches in all directions. A provincial town, but placed upon the route of the great towns, its population comprised all the various traits of the Galilean character. Antoninus Martyr boasted of the amiability of its inhabitants, and of the beauty of its women.

Jesus saw the light in the bosom of a family of very humble condition, whose only glory, if it is authentic, was to be descended from King David. The doubts of this descent are by no means conclusive. The expectation of a Messiah from the house of David proves that descendants of the King were

in existence. Jesus is far from repudiating this origin; the Pharisees do not contest it; finally, Paul and the Apocalypse confirm it, as well as many posthumous writings. Three views were held as to the origin of Jesus: that of his contemporaries, who regarded him as the son of Joseph and Mary, and identified his genealogy with that of Joseph; that of the Jewish Christians, represented by Luke, who ascribed his birth to miraculous conception by the Holy Spirit, without any human father; and that of certain portions of the Church inclining to the Alexandrian philosophy, and also of St. Paul and the fourth Gospel, — the view that, whilst Jesus had a natural birth, he was yet a pre-existent divine person who became man, — the son of Joseph, yet the image of God, the imprint of his substance, the eternal word. Of these three opinions, Keim regards the first alone as admissible, and regards Jesus as a superior order of man, in whom the creative will of God co-operated, without suppressing the natural order. It was a new creation in the bosom of humanity, — a divinizing of man in the image of God. We thus escape, as he thinks, the contradictions and impossibilities of the other views; and we render justice to the exceptional and unique personality of Jesus, in whom there is not only something of the divine life, but a communication, powerful, uninterrupted, manifestly of God, — a plenitude of life. By him the very essence of God has penetrated into humanity; God has finished in him his creative work. Besides, whatever may be the divergences, it remains certain that Jesus alone upon the earth has reconciled in his person the ideal with reality, and manifested God to man in his own divinely human life.

His birth may be placed, according to Matthew, in the last years of Herod, about 747 or 748 of Rome. The evangelists limit themselves to mentioning, in the youth of Jesus, his journey to Jerusalem, at the age of twelve; and this trait, which shows at once his growing consciousness of his calling and his childish views of the Temple, may be considered authentic. The great question arises, How did Jesus become what he really has been? Our author believes that his divine endowments were nurtured under various powerful influences,

and his soul was developed under the discipline of nature, man, and God. He was brought up with his brothers and sisters in a simple and devout family, and educated under the method of the law and people of Moses, whose broad and natural character tended to make children cheerful and buoyant. Mary his mother, without doubt, had much to do with this. Although there were then, probably, schools in the principal places, we are not in danger of going astray if we admit that Jesus learned to read, and perhaps to write, under the parental roof. At any rate, the manner in which he afterwards argued with the Scribes proves that he knew the sacred books in the original tongue. Religious instruction was given in the synagogue, where children were admitted from the age of five or six years. It was there that Jesus learned the scriptural science of the Scribes and Pharisees, that he entered into direct contact with the different religious tendencies, and that the hopes of his people were revealed to him. Nothing authorizes us to suppose that he frequented other schools: he knew the Essenes and the Alexandrians but indirectly; and, if his doctrine has some resemblance to theirs, this analogy comes from the use of the Holy Scriptures, and from impressions common to all the pious souls of his time. Jesus never followed blind precedent, or copied any human example, but drew from the fountain-head of inspiration freely and thoughtfully.

In order to comprehend any man, we must examine into his personality: we must beware of losing sight of the individuality of Jesus in the temptation to reduce this to an artificial assemblage of all the virtues. In the first place, we recognize in Jesus an extraordinary knowledge of nature and men. He must have acquired this intelligence early by observation, — serious, clear, and full of love for men and things. His knowledge, in fact, is not ideal, but experimental. At the same time, and in perfect balance with this inclination outward, we find in Jesus the love of retirement, of repose in God, of prayer and contemplation. Besides, from the outset, an interior spring raised him above the world; it was not a hatred of society, as with the anchorite,

but a profound sense of the paternity which unites man to God, and of the good will of God towards humanity. This faith moved him to put forth all his powers, in order to enter into communion with his heavenly Father, and to become a temple of the Eternal. This disposition, primitive, innate, new germ, deposited in Jesus by the Creator, developed itself, not without conflict, but without feebleness and without fall, into a will pure, and a knowledge perfect, in real union with God.

Moreover, these two spheres of knowledge reciprocally completed each other: the profound view of his interior life revealed to him the external world; and on the other side, the universe, nature, man, made him know better the greatness, justice, and love of God. In the school of the Pharisees, Essenes, and others, he found ideas which he freely assimilated, whilst rejecting with the same liberty whatever was not in harmony with himself. But his first school was the Scripture, which his simple faith considered in its whole as the word of God. The law, and above all the prophets, taught him the promises of God and the expectation of Israel. He appropriated not the letter, but the spirit, resting upon passages which were found to be the adequate expression of his thought. Hence, without doubt, his predilection for the prophets and the psalms.

Such were the principal traits of the development of Jesus during the years of his youth: he realized at once a character determined and a character ideal; in the sense, however, that the ideal is not complete except in the religious domain. Meanwhile the imagination of ages has come to make of him also almost an ideal of physical beauty. In fact, little is known of his form. To judge of it by the harmony of his interior life, his influence and his work, we can only represent him under the figure, manly and imposing, of a man healthy, vigorous, with expressive face, stamped with nobility and amenity. It is asked what was his state at the time of his beginning to preach. It is most natural to admit, that, like Joseph, he was a carpenter, and worked with his hands, developing himself inwardly, and giving himself more and more to his

God. We need not seek elsewhere the reason of his celibacy. At the moment at which he manifested himself to Israel, he had not yet drawn upon himself the attention of the inhabitants of Nazareth.

IV. *The Choice.*

Self-knowledge and Decision — the last one hundred and seventy pages of Keim's book treat under this head the turning-point in the life of Jesus. His decision as to his career was evidently closely connected with the work of John the Baptist. Josephus speaks of the precursor, but the first years of his life are in legendary obscurity. The historical foundation is the name of John, and the double fact that he was of Judea and the son of a priest. He was probably initiated into the Mosaic law and worship; and his high moral sense led him to see the emptiness of Pharisaism, and to withdraw from the world into the northern part of the wilderness of Judah, called the desert of Jericho. We are not to make of him an Essene, although he had something of this about him. His preaching of the kingdom, his good-will for all, even for publicans and sinners, and his way of life, did not agree with Essene principles. In going into the desert, he thought not only of his safety, but also the safety of his people; he bore at heart the glory and the shame of Israel. He felt that the judgments of God were in the political and religious misery of the time, and trusted with all his soul in the ancient promises which God had made to the people of the restoration of the kingdom and the re-establishment of peace.

To restore the theocracy by piety, has been the thought of serious Jews since the exile; John the Baptist, therefore, appealed directly to the conscience and called his countrymen to conversion. In his deep humility he knew that he was not the redeemer of his people; he did not even take the title of prophet, although he did the work of Elias. His preaching bore mainly upon interior dispositions; he preached hatred of evil and the love of good, and urged those who believed to confess their sins and be baptized. His baptism

was more than a symbol: it imparted a certain force; and, according to Josephus, it served as a rallying signal between the Israelites who were won over by the preaching of the messenger of God. It belonged, moreover, like the baptism of proselytes, to the purifications ordained by the law and recommended by the prophets. The confession of sin was nothing new: according to an ancient tradition found in Philo and the Rabbins, the Messiah was to come after the people had known and confessed their sins. John the Baptist announced the kingdom of heaven; that is to say, a reign of moral principles; but in which he saw also the intervention of a divine power of discipline and judgment. The Master of the kingdom burned the chaff in the fire, and recompensed them who did good. Grace is not excluded; it is that which restores the penitent and gives him a new spirit. The original greatness of John the Baptist consisted in his sense of the people's need of new divine forces, and in his expectation of the near coming of the Messiah. It is impossible to deny this without being involved in inextricable difficulties.

All classes of the population had their representatives in the crowd who thronged from all the provinces of Palestine to hear the Baptist. There were seen among them priests and Roman soldiers, Pharisees, tax-collectors, and people of bad life. Although he did no miracles, the people considered the preacher of the desert no less as a prophet, or as the Messiah whom they expected. In any event, his word and his example fixed with him a certain number of disciples. Memorable fact, a like movement was going on at the same time among the Samaritans under the lead of a man who, claiming to be inspired, bade the people occupy Mount Gerizim. This weakened imitation of what was doing on the banks of the Jordan shows the extent of John's influence.

Meanwhile, opposition did not fail to appear: the chiefs of the nation who probably had never given in to the movement of the new prophet, accused him of having a devil; and he was soon compelled to quit the desert of Jericho to remove still further from Jerusalem. It is then that we see him on the other side of Jordan, drawing near Galilee. In spite of

the silence of Josephus, and the too great brevity of the Synopsists, the manner in which Jesus afterwards spoke of John proves that he yielded to the attraction which the preaching of the prophet was to exercise over him. He saw in him the Elias who was to come. It is even probable, that he remained some time with him before his baptism, without at once becoming his disciple. It is owing to this meeting, and to the intimate relations to which the stay of Jesus on the banks of the Jordan gave place, that John, struck by the power of Jesus, was able to baptize him without exacting of him the confession of sins and the promise to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Jesus saw, on his side, in the baptism of John, "the fulfilment of righteousness," without demanding whether it was for sinners or the righteous,—a question of secondary importance to him. But why thus act? It was probably a kind of solemn vow to serve righteousness, which, answering to an interior decision and giving him a clearer sense of his own personal mission, had for Jesus in some way the bearing of an oath. That seems to be the idea under the miraculous details which invest the subject in the narrative, and which may be regarded as the reproduction of the current ideas in images suited to the genius of the Jewish people and of the prophecies.

Whatever may be the case, Jesus and John passed solemn moments together on this occasion: John, it is true, did not recognize once for all the Messianic dignity of Jesus; for if it had been so, the words of Jesus (Matt. xi. 6, 11) would be at the same time too severe and too eulogistic. But surely John had in the wilderness a presentiment of the dignity of Jesus. In his vivid expectation of the near manifestation of the Messiah, his regards must have been fixed upon the humble and sublime figure of the son of Joseph, and found in him, in the secret of his heart, the realization of his hopes. For Jesus this was, to a still higher degree, the decisive hour. He had sought from John a gracious consecration that he had not before; and immediately afterwards, at the beginning of his ministry, we behold him convinced of his Messianic dignity. The interview of the Jordan was then for him a moment of

supreme and divine intuition. The person of John the Baptist, the effects of his powerful preaching, the eagerness of the people to hear him and to be baptized, — this great movement in which he himself took part, and which needed a chief, — all this awoke within him the consciousness of the part for which God had created him, and led him to consider himself as the messenger and representative of God.

On the other side, the need of satisfying all the spiritual wants of all people and all ages answered perfectly to the sublime idea which was held of the Messiah; and the direction was helped by the powerful impression which he received on the banks of the Jordan, by the spiritual character of the prophecies, by the expectation of a suffering and obscure Messiah at the moment of his manifestation; finally, by the force which he felt in himself, united to the prompt resolution peculiar to the Galilean character. It was then in consequence of an inward conflict, and when God had given him in the scenes of the Jordan the signal of the decision, that Jesus had the consciousness of his divine mission.

After his baptism, according to the Synopsists, Jesus left John in order to go into the desert. There the difficulties of his ministry presented themselves to Jesus, and led to the temptation recorded in the first three evangelists. Through all the different details of the several narratives, it is clear that he underwent an inward conflict, and came to a decisive crisis in his Messianic plans and method. He must know whether his force were sufficient to carry out his effort in the midst of his people, and whether it was to be done by human means or by miracles. Could not God in an instant realize the plans of his wisdom? Jesus came from the struggle decided upon two points. He would go forward, and he would act by the word. This supreme conflict against the king of darkness presents grave difficulties, and would be inexplicable apart from the peculiar spirit, endowment, and destiny of Jesus. He did not contend against sensuality, vanity, and ambition, as they appear to us, for we have no proof that they ever had any charms for him. He struggled not in view of evil ends, but in view of doubtful measures to

secure good ends; and repelled as lures of the evil spirit all schemes for his ministry short of the purest spiritual means, and the most pure and devoted obedience to the heavenly Father's will. He reckoned so strictly with himself, that even the holiest consideration became to him a sin against the first call of God in his soul; that he, as afterwards towards Peter, kept before himself only the infinite alternative of the divine and the human, yes, of the divine and the diabolical; that he called the moral convictions of his conscience a snare of Satan, as soon as he discerned their opposition to that first voice of heaven. Interpret the event thus, the history of his temptation becomes a new gem in his holy development, not only because he conquered, but because his inexorable, godly purpose found Satan in thoughts which the noblest might have cherished as pearls of the Spirit. So in the wilderness the choice of Jesus was made, when God stood on the right, and on the left was the mystery of apostasy. He would listen to no more enticements: he left the enemy in the wilderness; in the hand of God and of holy angels, he went forth after his second consecration, to mankind, who expected him.

Returning to Galilee, Jesus felt that, to do his work, he must leave his early home; and he went to Capernaum, on the borders of Lake Gennesaret. The motives of his choice are not known; but we may be sure that from the start of his ministry, far from rash haste, he followed a careful plan. The choice of Capernaum is in many respects characteristic. The Lake of Gennesaret, on the north-east of which this town is situated, presented then, as now, a magnificent aspect; but the most beautiful part of its banks was a plain of small extent, called Gennesaret, of prodigious fertility. Capernaum was in all probability on the north of this plain, at the place which is now called Khan-Miniyeh. In this lovely, fertile, populous place, in such contrast with the theatre of the activity of John the Baptist, Jesus seemed to announce in advance the character of the religion which he was to preach. Not in the wilderness, but among the people, he taught the religion whose seat is in the heart of man, which does not shrink

from notice, and reconciles itself with the general conditions of society; the religion in fine which secures peace by the certainty of the love and mercy of God. He began his ministry with repeating the words of John, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" so gave the sanction of his authority to the fundamental idea of his precursor. The marriage at Cana, whatever its exact history, proves the generous temper of his faith, and his determination to consecrate all true life to God.

As to dates, the author thinks that Jesus was born in the last years of Herod the Great, was about forty years old at the beginning of his ministry, and died in the year 35 of our era. It was a fearful age for him to encounter, towards the end of the government of Pilate and of the reign of Tiberius; a time in which the nation groaned for deliverance, and it seemed impossible that the Messiah should be manifested to the people. Some years later, his lot would have been different; at least circumstances would have been quite otherwise. But what is certain is, that this work did not depend upon the great of the earth, and that the profound misery in which the people groaned was to help forward the development of the new kingdom.

So ends our sketch of Keim's elaborate and powerful volume on the history of Jesus of Nazara to the beginning of his ministry. It is evident that he starts from the humanitarian point of view, and treats of Jesus as a divinely commissioned man, with the supernatural sanctions that come from the creative spirit of God, without resting much, if any thing, upon the supernaturalism of miraculous works and signs. To him, Jesus is himself the miracle of the ages, and his divine life crowns the supernatural movements in history. There is reason to believe that he accepts the resurrection of Christ as a miraculous fact; but it remains to see how he now views this subject when his second volume appears. We welcome this book as the best of its kind, and as of great value to scholars for its learning, and to all candid Christians for its sincere piety. It presents to us the man Jesus, and puts us in the way to appreciate the higher class of biogra-

phers, who see more deeply into the Scriptures and show us that Jesus of Nazara is the Christ of God, incarnating the Word, bestowing the Spirit, and heading the Church Universal.

Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

It is a hopeful sign of the times when Catholic teachers, whose zeal for the ancient Church is unquestionable, surrender themselves to the spirit of the age, and defend, even from a Catholic stand-point, the claims of science. Yet we may fear that the new attempt of Dr. Froschammer * to reconcile the science of the schools and the dogmas of the Councils will hardly be more acceptable in the Roman congregation than the free speculation of Döllinger, or the demonstrations of our American Brownson, concerning the duty of the Church. Froschammer has already protested against the constraint set upon freedom of thought by the fulminations of Rome; and has had the honor of being put into the "Index" of prohibited writers. The heresy of his new work is still worse, for he affirms that any thing which denies the facts of the natural world and the convictions of reason, cannot be certified to the soul as a "Divine Revelation." He maintains that it is the part of wisdom for the Church to accept the discoveries of the microscope and the telescope, to admit its former errors, and not try to arrest the progress of civilization and the common sense of mankind. It must modify its dogmas, its rites, its laws, and its methods, to suit the altered conditions of human knowledge, and not attempt to fasten the spirit of the ninth to the spirit of the nineteenth century. It is safe to predict that the well-meant effort will not change the plan of the Sacred College, and will only draw upon the daring professor the wrath of the Father of Christendom. Strange that a student of Roman history should expect from the Vatican recantation of error, or reformation of doctrine and policy!

Froschammer's heresy, however, stops considerably short of the materialism so popular in France and Germany, and will not be re-

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* Das Christenthum und die moderne Naturwissenschaft. Von Prof. J. Froschammer. Wien: 1868. 8vo, xx., pp. 547.

ceived by the chemists and the physiologists as the justification of their wisdom. He believes in the theory of "Creation," as the Scripture declares it, and not in the development theory of Darwin and his followers. He maintains a *soul* in man as well as a body, and believes that duty is something more than instinct, and that man has another destiny than that of physical decay. The *moral* element of human life he puts in the foreground, and seems so to show himself a preacher more than a man of science. Such men as Vogt and Büchner have small respect for this "half-way" friendship, which patronizes science, without frankly accepting its conclusions. To them the Church and the dissecting-room are irreconcilably hostile, — as far apart as light and darkness, as heaven and hell. They do not care to have the Catholic Church, or any Church, occupy their ground, or attempt to go in company with them. Their theory, if proved, makes the Church unnecessary and a nullity; abolishes all its claim and its use; shows it an incumbrance, wasting for no good the substance and the energy of men. If the priests and preachers want to be in the ranks of science, let them take off their robes, throw aside their sermons, forget their liturgies, and stop talking about legends and chimeras. The science of Nature, in the view of these men, is not an ally of any Church, or of any revealed religion; but is itself all the religion that is worth having, all the religion that is genuine. C. H. B.

As an exhibition and demonstration of the absurdity and the unscriptural character of the common doctrine of a tri-personal God, the letters of Mr. Barrett to Mr. Beecher * are very satisfactory. The confusion which that doctrine brings into human thought, its utter destruction of any clear idea of unity, are set forth in terms as distinct and positive as the gentle spirit of the writer will allow. Agreeing fully with Mr. Beecher, that Jesus is "very God," the proper object of worship, Mr. Barrett yet most earnestly pleads, that there ought to be, and that there can be, no other God, no other object of worship, and that it is irreverent to speak or to think of any other. It pains the soul of this devout believer, that a teacher of such large influence and such persuasive eloquence, who sees the truth so clearly, should spoil his noble utterance by retaining the phrases of the old

* Letters on the Divine Trinity. Addressed to Henry Ward Beecher. By B. F. Barrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1869. 12mo, pp. 160.

orthodoxy, and seeming to teach a plurality of Divine Beings. He would warn this teacher affectionately of the error of his way.

But will Mr. Beecher take, as a substitute for the received doctrine, the model and metaphysical Trinity which this Swedenborgian brings him? We doubt it. It rests on a psychology which is not that of his usual preaching; it puts aside all that mystery of faith in the Trinity which makes its charm for believers, from Tertullian's time to our own; it spoils Jesus of his simple humanity, in dropping the convenient theory of the two natures. Mr. Beecher is much more likely to accept the Unitarian view of Christ than the Swedenborgian view, — the view of him as the man of Nazareth, than as the incarnation of divine attributes. The "correspondence" is too nice and ingenious to suit his free and realistic temper. He will not take Love as the first person, Wisdom as the second person, and Power as the third person in his Trinity, and call the combination Jesus the son of Mary. Nor will he see Paul's doctrine of *faith* in "wisdom received into the human understanding."

The fault of the Swedenborgian Trinity, to a practical and realistic mind, is that it is wholly unnecessary; that it only pretends to explain a dogma which it really denies; that, for the sake of symmetry, it keeps what is only fanciful and abstract.

If Jesus alone is God, why encumber the simplicity of this conception with any threefold "somewhats," which are certainly not in the apostolic idea of his nature or treatment of his life? A biography of Jesus, with Mr. Barrett's Trinity made "intelligible," would be far more troublesome to manage than a biography which maintains his two natures. You can write the life of a man who may be God by another nature; but you cannot write the life of one who is God altogether, nothing but that. Mr. Barrett, indeed, seems to be aware of this difficulty, in the proviso of his last letter; but he does not mend the matter much in giving us an imperfect and unfinished God, as like to the Father in heaven as the idols of India are to the statues of Greece. "You will not," he says, "of course, understand me as believing or teaching that the Divine dwelt in all fulness in Jesus Christ while he tabernacled in human flesh. God, in descending to human conditions, or assuming our natural humanity, assumed it with all its finiteness, imperfections, and hereditary corruptions. Otherwise, he could not have been subject to temptation as he was." Now it is the advantage of the Orthodox view, that it can have a perfect God somewhere else, — a Father in heaven, — while the man

Jesus undergoes temptations and trials upon the earth, that it is not obliged to think of the whole of God in the life and fortune of his Son in Galilee and Judea. The songs of the Church, borrowed from Catholic symbolism and idolatry, tell how God the mighty Maker died upon the cross. But Mr. Beecher, who is said to be writing a life of Christ, will hardly adopt a theory which shall bid him to tell of the birth of God in Bethlehem, God's education in Nazareth, God's journeys in the ways of the land, God's conduct in the synagogue, and on the lake and in the houses and at the feasts. The Unitarian view of Christ will fit much better to his narrative. And the Unitarian answer to the philosophic fancy which has brought Trinity into the story of Jesus will be much more acceptable to the common sense of men, than the stiff metaphysics of the Swedish seer, which take away from the Trinity all that gives it its hold on the popular imagination. When common sense comes in, all this Pythagorean and Cabalistic discourse of numbers and orders in Divine things becomes intrusive and tiresome. C. H. B.

One of the pleasing duties of our time is the vindication of the despised Pharisees, and their rescue from the contempt and hate which Christian faith and feeling have so long heaped upon them. It is confessed, even by Orthodox Christians, that these patriotic Jews have been made to suffer unjustly; that their temper was not so harsh, nor their malignity so black, as it has been painted; and that, after all, from their stand-point, they were not so much to blame for rejecting a teacher who seemed to violate their sacred law, and who certainly did not realize all that had been told in their Messianic promise. A study of the ideas and acts of the Pharisees as they are contained in the Talmud, and may be inferred from the accounts in the New Testament, does not warrant the conclusion that *as a class* they were cheats and "hypocrites," however just this epithet may have been as applied to some Pharisees of Galilee and Jerusalem. The sentence is too sweeping, if it is applied to the whole body of the sect.

If Christian teachers, almost in defiance of the words of Jesus, are willing to take this ground, much more might we expect that Jewish writers will take it, and will be encouraged, like Herr Grünebaum,* in

* Die Sittenlehre des Judenthums andern Bekenntnissen gegenüber. Nebst dem geschichtlichen Nachweise über Entstehung und Bedeutung des Pharisaismus und dessen Verhaeltniss zum Stifter der christlichen Religion. Von Dr. E. Grünebaum, Mannheim, 1867. 8vo, pp. xii. 248.

his ardent plea to embellish the picture by an excess of praise. This enthusiastic writer is not content with defending the Pharisees in their persecution of Jesus. He exalts them as the most enlightened, pure, and conscientious of religious teachers, and ascribes to them an influence upon the thought and conduct of their age, out of Judea, as well as in it, which history certainly does not justify. He affirms that the moral doctrine of the Pharisees loses nothing in comparison with the Sermon on the Mount, and intimates that Jesus, in denouncing the Pharisees, only showed that he did not understand them. It will be difficult to persuade Christian readers, certainly, that Jesus did not know of what he was talking when he rebuked the Jewish formalists, and that he got from them all that was valuable in his moral doctrine. That Jesus had been a careful and close student of the law and the prophets, there can be little doubt. His protest against the Pharisees is a protest against their glosses and evasions of the Mosaic law, against their unwarranted improvements, by which its spirit was lost, and even its letter sometimes violated. Talmudic scholars in our time may find the Christian precepts, in one form or another, in the reasonings or the aphorisms of the Halacha and Haxada, but they cannot find the *religion of Christ* there: the type and style of manhood which he showed. No such person as Jesus of Nazareth, leading such a life and doing such works, would ever have been made by a study of the Talmud, or by the instructions of any of the Rabbinical schools. That fact is too plain for dispute, in spite of all that such men as Dr. Grünebaum and Rabbi Nathans may say. C.H.B.

"But now, after that ye have known God, or rather, are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereto ye desire again to be in bondage? Ye observe days and months and times and years." This passage of Paul's letter to the Galatians, expresses the feeling with which we take up, in the midst of our discussion of the radical ideas of religion and religious philosophy, such a treatise as Blunt's Key to the Prayer Book.* How poor and pitiful it seems, to go from spiritual reasonings which tax and stimulate thought, to this thin talk about the importance of postures, and the sign of the cross, and the days for 'proper lessons.' How incredible

* A Key to the Knowledge and Use of the Book of Common Prayer. By J. H. Blunt, M. A. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1868. 16mo, pp. 159.

it seems, that intelligent men and women, in this time of light, can care to go back to the beggarly elements of ritual! Yet the shrewd publishers who issue these ritualistic volumes know that they meet a want, and that the demand for the works of Blunt is as sure as the demand for the works of Emerson.

Mr. Blunt is a safe guide in his exposition of form and ceremony. He knows the history of pious customs, and the serious meaning of all those external things which seem to the secular mind so trivial and unmeaning. He is expert in all ecclesiastical proprieties. He can tell us why no one ought to be married in the sad season of Lent, or in the expectant time of Advent; how the wedding ring should be made to show forth the glorious Trinity, as it is placed successively on the thumb and the next three fingers,—"Amen" for the fourth finger; how, in visiting the sick, the priest is only a mediator, and must dismiss his personal sympathy; how all talk about woman's rights is "infidelity," since by the Prayer Book she is given to be the property of her husband; how dangerous it is to delay baptism, which washes away original sin, and how pouring on the head should be as full as the health of the child will allow; how important it is to have the Holy Eucharist celebrated on every Sunday, or, better still, on every day; how reverent the bow toward the altar should be when Christ or the Trinity are named;—in all these solemn and most momentous matters, we may trust implicitly to the wise direction of this M. A. in the Church.

Mr. Blunt is an Anglo-Catholic. Preaching is to him of minor importance. The Eucharist is the centre of all worship, and binds all the prayers of the faithful to the Mediator, who is always interceding for his Church. Churches are not built to bring souls together that they may be taught and guided, but to concentrate adoration, which requires a "large amount of ceremonial." Mr. Blunt has no idea of spiritual worship. He thinks that "the worship of God must be of a highly ceremonial character, whether offered by angels and redeemed saints in heaven, or by ourselves on earth." Intoning seems to be the proper method. "To *speak* the praises of God in Divine worship in any other manner than by singing them, is quite a recent invention, and an innovation upon the practice of God's Church from the time of Moses to the rise of Puritan habits in the sixteenth century, a period of three thousand years." And the singing, too, ought to be congregational. The priest is only the leader. All the people ought to follow him, as they do in the confession of their sin,

and give at least a strong musical "Amen" to his hearty and musical pouring out of the Canticle.

Accordingly, Mr. Blunt prefers to call Morning and Evening Prayer, "Matins" and "Even-Song." There is no part of it which will not gain in dignity by borrowing a musical tone. The Litany may be sung; the Pater Noster may be sung; the intercessions and supplications may be sung, as much as the psalms. The Creed, the Athanasian Creed, damnatory clauses and all, can have its appropriate chant. Even the proper Lessons, as reading them is an "act of worship," can be read in a reverent musical cadence. The more music we can have in the Church of God, the better; the priests should know how to sing God's praise.

An excellent and comprehensive Index enriches Mr. Blunt's most timely manual; and we read the titles of this Index with a quiet satisfaction: How to hand infants to clergyman for baptism; How to bless the water; Christian burial for Christians only; Time and place of churchings; Communicating unconfirmed; The purpose of the Cross-bun; Bible-meaning of Do; Fair linen cloth; Modern mode of Fasting; The seven hours; Meaning of mixed cup; O Sapientia Day; Soul-destroying practice of Baptists; and much more in this kind.

Such things as these, are substituted for the verities of faith, such husks for the solid food of religion! Be sure and have the water drawn off, after it has been used in baptizing, lest it should be consecrated again by mistake, which would be fearful profanation. Do not give any person Christian burial who has not died in the communion of saints. Mr. Blunt does not go so far as the rector of St. Albans, but his precepts are in the same line and direction. He would save us through the gracious means of perpetual prayer, repetition of sound words in ancient chants, very frequent "communication," and humble submission to the dictation of the priest and the Prayer Book. This is the sort of thing to which some who have had the free-quickening of the spiritual gospel turn now, as if for relief. They cannot find the truth by thought and searching, and so they will accept the help of tones and postures. To know the methods of the Church and the Prayer Book is what Mr. Blunt and his school, strangely misusing the words of Paul, style to "pray with the understanding." C. H. B.

THERE are two famous capitals from which the world has long since ceased to expect additions to literature, Rome and Jerusalem. Rome

gives material for all sorts of writing, — historic, romantic, poetic, theological, political; books enough are written in Rome, but they are published elsewhere, in Leipsic, in Paris, in London. The indigenous literature of Rome is mostly confined to the dull columns of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, which rehearse the ecclesiastical orders of the day; to the pamphlet lives of new Saints and Beati; and to the occasional fulminations of the empty thunders of the Vatican, denouncing science, heresy, and the spirit of the age. In Rome, there are grand libraries of pagan, patristic, and mediæval works; but no publishing houses, no large bookstores, no newspaper offices, no magazines or reviews, of which anybody ever hears.

In venerable Jerusalem, it is even worse. There are convents enough on the sides of Mount Zion; but you never hear of any libraries, and you rarely see a resident reading a book, unless it be the missal or the breviary. The Armenians have a press; but to outsiders their characters are as hard to decipher as Egyptian hieroglyphics; and, when you have learned to decipher them, you find them barren of original thought. The Greek works are bright, but their brightness does not spend itself in literary efforts. They prefer to saunter and lounge, and, like the Athenians in Paul's time, to hear and tell news rather than to write about antiquities. At any rate, this is the impression which a traveller gets. He would almost as soon look for a literary work from Kamtschatka as from Jerusalem.

That this impression is not altogether correct is proved by the solid octavo pamphlet,* which Benjamin Joannides, "Hierodiakos," and Professor in the Patriarchal Theological School in Jerusalem, has recently sent forth, — the natural and political history of the famous Mount Tabor. If the discussion had no merit, the pamphlet would still be a curiosity, as the work of a Greek monk, and as printed in the Holy City. But it is scientifically arranged, and shows that its author is in some sense a scholar; that he has studied the works of German and English geographers, and has preferred their facts to the monkish legends. The first forty-one pages of his pamphlet are given to a topographical account of the mountain, its place in Galilee, its flora and fauna, and the wonderful view which its summit commands over the great plain of Esdraelon, from the Jordan to the sea. Three Arabic inscriptions, found in the ruins of a castle erected in the time of the Crusades by Melech Adel, the brother of Saladin, are also

* Βενιαμὶν Ἰωαννίδου, *ἱεροδιακ.*, *τὸ Θάβωρ, ἤτοι περιγραφὴ τοπογραφικὴ καὶ ἱστορικὴ τοῦ Θαβωρίου ὄρους.* Jerusalem: 1867. 8vo., pp. 67.

given, with a translation of them by Theodore Sarruf, Professor of Arabic in the Theological School at Jerusalem. The last twenty-five pages give a rapid sketch of the history of Tabor, from the biblical age to the present day. The ancient honor of the mountain seems to be coming back. In August, 1862, the Patriarch Cyril Second was happy in consecrating a new Greek Church on the summit of Mount Tabor, on the ruins of a church destroyed five hundred years ago. Of course, a faithful member of the Orthodox Church will hold to the tradition that fixes the site of the transfiguration on the top of Tabor.

It is to be hoped, that the learned professor will give more monographs in this kind, and make the Greek tongue in Palestine more than a religious dialect. The Greek of this pamphlet is not difficult to read, and for classic finish compares favorably with the Greek of the Evangelists. In Athens, the Attic dialect has almost been restored. In Alexandria, the works of Athanasius can be read in the original, as if they were in a living language. And, when the Greek becomes the learned language of Jerusalem, the Gospels and their story will come to have more reality. Let the Deacon Benjamin Joannides turn now to describe the Wilderness of Judea, and the story of the Olive Mountain, and identify for us the Garden of Gethsemane and the scene of the Ascension. C. H. B.

In his "Lives of the English Cardinals,"* Folkstone Williams shows that English pride had been wounded by the small number of Roman Catholic dignitaries elected from a country which bore so large a part of the burdens of papal support. When the Pope sought an asylum in France, French prelates had the day to themselves: whenever he was at Rome, few but Italian priests had any hope of the highest offices. Only one English pope was ever elected, Adrian IV.; certainly one of the best. Naturally the proud nation felt slighted by this niggardly disposal of the high honors, while sometimes fivefold the king's revenues were drawn out of the country to Rome under the name of "Peter's pence." At the close of the first volume, Mr. Williams shows the yeoman's service rendered by Chaucer to the Protestant Reformation in England. His portraits of the friar, pardoner, the sompnour, and the canon, all held up to ridicule the most odious features of the old church; while, possibly, when the great poet

* Lives of the English Cardinals. By Folkstone Williams. 2 vols. London.

described the faithful parish priest, he had Wickliffe in his eye,— Wickliffe, whose share in the great transition of religious opinion is so generally underrated.

The second volume has seven chapters upon Cardinal Wolsey. This is the most interesting portion of the whole work, because of the vast political power abroad as at home which Wolsey exercised; because of the immense changes then taking place in the religious condition of England; because, too, of the undying interest shed by the drama upon Henry VIII., and his unrivalled prime minister. The narrative is given in a plain, scholarly way, with the study of the British Museum collections, and the purpose of doing justice to all. In Wolsey's case for instance, condemning his treatment of Buckingham, he shows that much of the Cardinal's display was necessary to his position, that the authority he exercised belonged to his commanding ability, that the educational provisions, made so generously, favored and reformed views; so that, on the whole, he was more sinned against than sinning. A curious instance of the Cardinal's wealth of estate is that, admiring once a country parsonage, and desiring to possess it, an attendant proved to him it belonged to one of his own benefices. Two more volumes will come down to Cardinal Wiseman, while a separate volume is advertised as in preparation of Wolsey's State Papers. F. W. H.

Miss Yonge has recommended to notice a series of stories * illustrating very pleasantly the peculiarities of the Greek Church in Russia. As serious attempts are making to unite this vast body of "Orthodox" with the English Episcopal Church, it is well to have drawn to the life its excessive ritualism, its tedious monotony, its absolute incapacity of spirituality; all the better that the story-teller is an admirer, that he never whispers of any improvement, that he shows an entire satisfaction of people and priest with the most heartless formalism which ever usurped the Christian name. It is devoutly to be wished that the fashion of admiring every thing Russian may not blind our countrymen to the utter contrast of this excessive ritualism with the simplicity, freedom, and spirituality of New-Testament worship. With the advantage of the free use of the Scriptures, of a married clergy, of independence from papal sway, the Greek Church in Rus-

* Sketches of the Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church. By H. C. Romanoff. Rivingtons: London, 1868.

sia suffers incalculably by its connection with the State, as it is kept everywhere in a degraded position by the contented stupidity of the priests, by their prevailing poverty and their unparalleled idolatry of ceremony. Witnessed side by side with the simple prayers of the mosque, where the people themselves worship, without the intervention of picture or image, the intelligent observer is ashamed to own such idle mummery as is seen daily at Athens to be real Christianity. The ritual, like the creed, has evidently grown together in dark ages; and must sink into congenial darkness whenever the people become enlightened. Alas, that the old process should be going on in young Greece to day! Educated young men, instead of combining to rejuvenate this Bride of God, cast her from them in disgust, and worship the Goddess of Reason in her place. Romanoff's sketches familiarize one with the domestic life of Russia; its sorrows and joys, its fasts and feasts, its funerals and marriages, its education of priests and consecration of bells, as no other work in English has ever attempted to do, to the surprise and, we trust, the aversion of many a reader. F. W. H.

THE zeal of a new convert seems to tilt a lance against the windmill in Lady Herbert's eulogy of St. Francis de Sales's mission among the Protestants of Savoy.* Backed by the authority of the Duke, aided by rare gifts as an orator, favored by courtly manners, endowed with a singularly sweet disposition, the saintly bishop recovered the lost cause of Romanism in the Chablais. At the hazard of his life, with intense effort and heroic self-sacrifice, he discomfited the advocates of Protestantism, routed them from the churches they had usurped, reconverted the magistrates of the country, was everywhere successful in controversy, and unanswerable in argument. Much of this thrilling tale might have been told in St. Francis's own spirit, with no bitterness of denunciation, no introduction of miracles, no slander of Protestant saints. But it is a stronger dose than intelligent men can swallow, this representation of one party in a great controversy as all saints, the other as all scoundrels; this assertion that every act of violent oppression on one side is as blessed as it is detestable on the other; this insinuation that no devout person can imagine any salvation but Catholic rites, doctrines, and ministers.

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* The Mission of St. Francis of Sales in the Chablais. By LADY HERBERT. London: Bentley, 1868.

It is curious to see in how many things the Friends copied the early Baptists. Tallack, in the recent life of George Fox,* gives twenty particulars; namely, the regular holding of monthly meetings for discipline, the queries regarding the conduct of all members, the systematic maintenance of poor brethren, the preference for small congregations as organized churches, the liberty of preaching for all, the disapproval of instrumental music, a similar mode of marriage, the discipline of members marrying out of the sect, the disuse of heathen names of days and months, and of the pronoun "you" to single persons, the rejection of infant baptism and of superfluous apparel, of a learned and of a hired ministry, of such terms as Trinity and Sacrament, and of civil authority in matters of religion, the protest against oaths and against war, the recognition of spiritual gifts in women, and of continued, inward revelations from God, as proofs that the Quakers are legitimate heirs of this body of Protestant reformers. How explain, then, the greater influence of the smaller body so nearly identical with the larger in doctrine and discipline? This problem Mr. Tallack solves by asserting that the Friends have kept their early discipline unchanged, while the general Baptists have not. Spurgeon's success he imagines owing to his fidelity to Quaker principles. The Friends are, he thinks, the true representatives of the Anabaptist reformers. Tallack sets in bold contrast the utter failure of the Friends to make converts, with their vast influence exerted socially, as philanthropists and reformers. Jonathan Grubb has been preaching for years to large audiences, with great solemnity and tenderness of spirit; yet without any accessions to the Quaker ranks. Zealous preachers have journeyed all the world over, scattered innumerable tracts, administered pecuniary relief, assisted missionaries of other denominations, quickened the faith of their hearers, but not gained any disciples. Our author argues that it is better to be small and influential, than large and inoperative; that, fifteen thousand Quakers prompting every kind of philanthropy, sustaining every reform, vitalizing society in every direction, are better than fifteen millions of nominal Episcopalians, doing next to nothing for humanity. Quakerism, he believes, will never disappear, because of its enfolding the precious truth of the "perceptibility of the individualizing visitations of the Holy Spirit;" and it can never be popular, because of its rejecting the means adapted to the evangelization of

* George Fox, the Friends, and the Early Baptists. By William Tallack. London: Partridge & Co., 1868.

the masses of mankind, settled pastorates and paid ministries, outward sacraments and congregational singing, the "one-man system" which the Friends have protested against from the beginning.

F. W. H.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

A MISSIONARY, baffled in his trip to the Gallas Country, south of Abyssinia, very naturally finds British publishers eager for a report of his journey, and his opinions upon the success of the famous expedition, against King Theodore.* Abyssinia was probably converted to Christianity in the fourth century; since then, an uninterrupted connection has been kept up with the Coptic Church, and its ruling head, or Abuna, has been sent from Egypt. Priests already married retain their wives; but they do not marry after entering the priesthood, and part of their duties is to dance in religious processions; a few occupy monasteries. The Abyssinian people seem destitute of the first religious principle: in such a land as theirs, hospitality, not shelter even, could be obtained from night-rains; food in their fertile and beautiful territory was hard to obtain; and their better houses gave no shelter from vermin of the largest size.

King Theodore's character he finds it hard to explain; at first so kind, generous, tender to children, up to the death of his first wife and his two English advisers, both of them superior men; and since, a very king of Dahomey, — brutal, capricious, and bloodthirsty. May it not be that, finding his advances were repulsed by really superior powers, who strangely persisted in treating him as beneath their notice, he increased his potations, until the effect was to be seen in his unbridled self-indulgence and savage excesses? He seems, besides desiring to improve his own people, to have determined to expel the Moslems from Abyssinia, in a fanatical hatred worthy of the original crusaders; and for that to have desired the best firearms, some of which he had succeeded in manufacturing.

It is very curious that nearly every thing Henry Dufton conjectured as about to be done by Theodore, was exactly reversed: certainly he did not "give up the captives before our entrance into the country;" certainly he did not try to temporize; certainly he did not see the folly of attempting to hold Magdala against a British army. And

* A Journey through Abyssinia in 1862-3. By HENRY DUFTON. London: Chapman & Hall, 1867.

now that all speculations have been falsified by Napier's gallant advance, if it is asked what humanity has gained by British resentment of an outrage they had provoked by official snobbishness, it can only be answered that the first philanthropist Abyssinia ever had is put out of the way, and Abyssinian progress postponed for ages.

F. W. H.

From mutilated, illegible pencil memoranda, the brother of the late English consul at Massowah has published, not only a vindication of the martyr's memory,* but an exposure of the absurd treatment of King Theodore, which resulted in the recent war. Now that the smoke of battle has blown by, it is easy to see that the English have gained nothing by their victory, but the destruction of the only ruler who was really able and willing to promote their interests in Abyssinia. Bad as this cruel despot was, no king will succeed him at all as interested in putting down the slave-trade, in shutting out the Jesuits, and in civilizing Abyssinia, — measures of far more moment to England than the satisfaction of wounded pride, by the skill, patience, and energy of Napier. Few narratives of a young man's exposure of life and limb, made up after his decease by a relative who had not seen him for a score of years, read so well. Plowden had a passion for savage life: exposure he enjoyed more than shelter; hardship he preferred to ease. Not a skilful hunter like Gordon Cummings, not an earnest discoverer like Baker, nor a Christian missionary like Livingstone, no kind of peril daunted him, no suffering sickened him with adventure, and no losses kept him from throwing his life away; he lost every thing on a coral reef in the Red Sea, and endured more than death in his unexpected escape. But that only moved him to obtain a consular position in Abyssinia, near the close of which he was attacked by a rebel chief, wounded in the breast, robbed, and left to die at Gondar: no Englishman knew King Theodore so well, and none esteemed him so highly. Had Plowden's life been continued, he might have saved the British government from measures which defeat its own ends, and leave this part of Africa far worse off than before. He pictures a fertile, healthy, attractive, well-watered country, sadly desolated by war, and Christian only as a caricature; but abounding in the grandest game, inviting

* Abyssinia and the Gallas Country; from the MSS. of the late Walter C. Plowden. By Trevor C. Plowden. London: Longmans, 1868.

elevating influences, ready to welcome foreign visitors, and likely to reward philanthropic effort. The Abyssinians are Coptic Christians of sixteen hundred years' standing, governed by an Abuna at Gondar, having numerous churches which are houses of refuge, recognizing both monks and nuns, observing Saturday and Sunday alike, keeping numberless Saints' days; but in abstinence from intoxication, or female purity, or any practical virtue, setting no example to their heathen neighbors. F. W. H.

A CONCHOLOGIST from Agassiz' Museum, in search of the shells which figured in Rumphius' "Rarireit Kamer," travels all over the Spice Islands, and gives a simple but lengthy narrative of his daily adventures.* Through the generous help of the Netherlands government, he obtained all the specimens he sought, and many more; conferring immense benefits on the students of natural history, and earning hearty praise for his good sense, courage, and endurance. Strangely enough, though his large volume is liberally illustrated otherwise, we are referred to the "American Journal of Science" for the birds and shells collected during his voyage. The trade calculations are made up chiefly for 1864; and the statistics generally are scanty for a volume whose whole attraction is its information regarding those little-known islands of the Eastern Archipelago. Earthquakes—which often disturbed Mr. Bickmore's sleep, and which prevailed at Amboina for three weeks, producing a gastric-bilious fever, driving the inhabitants out of their houses into tents—change these Asiatic paradises into a kind of purgatory. The danger of being entombed at night in a fallen house must impair the beauty of any scenery, and help a sensitive person towards the fevers which are so prevalent and so destructive. Then, the tigers are bolder even than in Africa, prowling around the very forts, and carrying off soldiers on guard, as elsewhere they appropriate unarmed peasants. Through his many thousand miles' journey, the Dutch governors showed unfailing kindness to the American explorer; they have benefited the world also by clearing away pirates from these seas, as the Spanish have not. Only one mean thing is laid to their charge,—hiring the Prince of Ternate, by seven thousand dollars a year, to destroy all the clove and nutmeg trees in his dominions. A curious fact is given of the pepper-growing

* Travels in the East Indian Archipelago. By ALBERT S. BICKMORE. New York: Appleton & Co. 1869.

natives, — that they never use this condiment, as the Malays avoid the cloves they furnish to the rest of the world. Although Mohammedanism has won many disciples among these eighteen millions, a Christian island like the prettily named Minnehassa shows a far higher prosperity than they: the gospel impels the people to reading and writing; from these come self-respect and sustained industry; while the Christian continent of Australia promises ere long to be the greatest power in all the East. F. W. H.

It is refreshing at last to get a book of travels in America by an Englishman,* which is at once reasonably accurate in its statement of facts, wise in its observations, just in its criticisms, hearty in its expression of sympathy, and free from English prejudice against democratic ideas. The portion of the book that treats of American things is so kind and candid, that we wish there were more of it, and that we had the author's appreciation of all parts of the land, instead of the mere record of a few weeks in the East and a rapid journey across the Continent. Perhaps the praise of the book as "reasonably accurate" will seem too strong to those who have noticed some absurd blunders, — such as that which credits Massachusetts with having sent one hundred and fifty regiments to the war of the Rebellion; which says that Mormonism had its origin in New England; that California is one of forty-five States; that Chicago is a "Canadian" city; that "among the native-born Americans, supernaturalism is advancing with great strides;" that the "*berries* of the country form a never-failing source of nourishment to an idle population;" that all New Yorkers have black hair and beard; that New Yorkers send their sons to Europe to be educated, and "leave it to pious Boston to supply the West with teachers and to keep up Yale and Harvard;" that the ministers of the churches in Michigan are for the most part Boston men; — and more of this kind. But these blunders are very trifling compared with those which abound in the works of older tourists, whose stay in the land was longer, and whose means of information were more various and abundant.

Mr. Dilke has a quick eye for the ridiculous, and loves to meet a "character," and get entertainment out of him. But he has no fondness for prying and spying into eccentricities, and making these the

* Greater Britain. A Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866–67. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. Two volumes in one. With Maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1869. 12mo, pp. 840–848.

signs of customs and institutions. He treats America as a civilized nation, even where its civilization is crude and hardly better than barbarism. He loves to philosophize and generalize; and sometimes does this too hastily. We should certainly not agree with all his prophecies about our future, or with his judgment concerning our tendencies. But his harshest judgments are always those of a friend. He believes in popular and in secular education, and sees, in the large plan of the Michigan University, — "the most democratic school in the whole world," where there are no prizes, no competitions, no orders of merit, — a promise of the stability of the Republic. He is more interested in American ideas than in the peculiarities of American dress, or dialect, or physical habits. He does not expatiate upon the nasal twang of the Yankee, upon tobacco-spitting, upon the excellence of his drinks; and if he stops to discuss what seems to him odd, it is to illustrate some general principle. His catalogue of odd names, however, on page 183 of Volume One, has nothing that ought to surprise a citizen of London who is familiar with the works of Dickens and Thackeray. The surnames of England are far more grotesque than any Christian names which are handed down in American households. Not to know the *sex* of "Lois" and "Asahel" indicates a sad ignorance of the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, and shows us that an educated Englishman may know less of the Bible than a Yankee farmer. Half the names which Mr. Dilke catalogues as "strange" and unaccountable are good Scripture names. Abram, Silas, Moses, Lucius, Epaphroditus, Gershom, Eliphalet, Barzillai, Ozias, Zenas, Zeraiah, Zilpah, Hephzibah, Eunice, Persis, and the like, should have no strange sound to one who has attended as a faithful Churchman upon the reading of the "proper lessons."

Considerably less than half of Mr. Dilke's work is given to the United States; and of this portion much the larger part is about Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, and the civilization and prospects of those new regions. In the journey to Utah, Mr. Dilke was the companion of that anatomist of morbid social systems, Mr. Hepworth Dixon. He seems to have brought away from Mormondom more disgust than his companion; and he does not excuse or palliate the monstrous anomaly of polygamy among a people of Saxon lineage. The neatness, temperance, and good economies of the City of the Saints, do not disguise for him the degrading sensualism of their characteristic social custom. The fault of the American por-

tion of Mr. Dilke's book is that it is somewhat desultory and rambling, and that the views are not always consistent. It is difficult to understand Mr. Dilke's opinions about the influence of race and religion. He seems in one place to say that the Latin influence rules in the fusion of races, while in others he shows the Saxon race dominating all the rest. Milwaukee he calls a "Norwegian Town," — a designation which the large German population of that city will be slow to accept.

We are glad to learn that the "Spiritualist and Unitarian Churches in Chicago are both of them extremely strong;" and that "they support newspapers and periodicals of their own, and are led by men and women of remarkable ability." This is comforting, in spite of the qualifying remark that "they are Cambridge Unitarianism and Boston Spiritualism," and that "there is nothing of the North-west about them." The Spiritualists, indeed, have in Chicago a weekly newspaper. But when Mr. Dilke sent his book to the press, the Chicago department of the "Christian Register" had not been established, and the Unitarian journalism of that city was ideal rather than actual. The Unitarians of Chicago should make haste to deserve Mr. Dilke's praise, and should prove by the style of their writing that there is a liberal faith native to the North-west.

Mr. Dilke's verdict of the immediate religious future is less hopeful than his judgment of its physical and political future. "On the whole," he says, "it would seem, that, for the moment, religious prospects are not bright; the tendency is rather toward intense and unhealthily developed feeling in the few, and subscription to some one of the Episcopalian Churches, — Catholic, Anglican, or Methodist, — among the many, coupled with real indifference. Neither the tendency to unity of creeds, nor that toward infinite multiplication of beliefs, has yet made that progress which abstract speculation would have led us to expect; but, so far as we can judge from the few facts before us, there is much likelihood that multiplication will in the future prove too strong for unity.

From California, Mr. Dilke crosses, by way of Panama and Pitcairn's Island, to the English colony of New Zealand, in the South Pacific. After exploring the twin islands of that land, from which in a generation the native race of cannibals has been nearly exterminated, to give place to a new race of British origin, he keeps on westward a thousand miles, and visits the several colonies of Australia and Tasmania. Thence northward, we follow him to India;

up the Ganges; on to the Himalayas; to the Punjaub; down the Indus, to Bombay; and overland, by the Isthmus, to Europe. This part of his travel is more interesting and valuable in the information which it gives concerning lands almost unknown to American readers, than the part which deals with our own land. Without any attempt at fine writing, it is picturesque in its descriptions of scenery; and it is full of sound reasoning about the needs of these lands and the relations of these races to their English masters. All the tribes of India come under Mr. Dilke's survey, and he has wise words about their religions, their castes, their habits, and their capacity. We learn with interest that the warlike Sikhs have their religious revivals. It was Mr. Dilke's fortune to be in Umritsir in a "time of ferment in the Sikh religion," when an inspired carpenter by name Ram Singh, "a man with all that combination of shrewdness and imagination, of enthusiasm and worldliness, by which the world is governed, — another Mohammed or Brigham Young, perhaps," — had preached his way through the Punjaub, had roused a great excitement, had drawn off from the Sikh Church some one hundred thousand of the faithful and had actually organized a special sect of reformed believers, the Anabaptists of India, to whom he is as the John of Leyden. This sect call themselves the Kookas, and have actually built a temple at Lahore, in spite of the fanaticism of the natives and the suspicion of the English government, who dread such movements as hostile to the stability of their rule. The movement of Ram Singh is analogous to that of the Bab, in Persia, whose rationalism is not unlike the rationalism of America.

In spite of its rather inappropriate title, Mr. Dilke's "Greater Britain" is the most satisfactory book of travels which has for a long time come under our notice. C. H. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRISTRAM'S "Natural History of the Bible" gives by far the fullest and freshest account of the animals, trees, flowers, &c., of Scripture — founded upon personal investigation of a *corps* of learned Englishmen. Personal familiarity with the Land of Promise has not detected either omission or misstatement in this small volume, which is worthy to supersede every other treatise on the subject, to change materially the popular Bible text-books, and to remain an undisputed authority for long years to come. Comparing it with the great Bible

Encyclopædia of William Smith, it is less pedantic and more interesting; less pretentious, and more instructive; less concerned about questions of words, and more in sympathy with popular taste. So that we are inclined to welcome this issue of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge as the best it has ever made; and to honor the author as a real helper in a practical understanding of the Scriptures. F. W. H.

The pleasant lectures* with which Dr. Peabody gratified the Lowell-lecture audiences last winter have passed into twelve equally pleasant chapters, beginning with Chester Cathedral, and ending with the Freiberg School of Mines. As there is no end of the Americans streaming through every part of Europe, there will be no end of the books prompted sometimes, like this, by the desire to share one's enjoyment with stay-at-home friends, sometimes by the ambition of display, sometimes by the hope of gain. Dr. Peabody's purpose of giving his home-letters to a numerous circle of friends for their gratification, not without the hope of encouraging some of them to follow his steps, would disarm criticism, were any provoked. But, while we miss several subjects which we expected to find prominent in these familiarly written pages, the most interesting scenes are well portrayed, there is abundant variety in the narrative, — from Spurgeon's preaching to a gambling hall at Baden, — and a charming spirit of *bonhomie* spreads its silver veil over the whole; so that we know the book will be a success with the people at large, welcomed at home, and accepted as a foreign guide.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

He Knew He was Right. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. 172. 30c.

A Manual of General History; being an Outline History of the World from the Creation to the Present Time. By John J. Anderson, A.M. New York: Clark & Maynard. 12mo, pp. 400. $1.50.

Memory's Tribute to the Life, Character, and Work of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. By Rev. Alexander Clark. New York: S. R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 55. 50c.

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* Reminiscences of European Travel. By Andrew P. Peabody. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1868.

How to read Character. Handbook of Phrenology and Physiognomy. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo, pp. 191. $1.25.

The Fisher-Maiden: a Norwegian Tale. Translated by M. E. Niles. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo, pp. 217. $1.25.

The Gain of a Loss: a Novel. By the author of the "Last of the Cavaliers." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 439. $1.50.

Pre-Historic Nations; or, Inquiries concerning some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquities. By John D. Baldwin, A.M. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, pp. 414. $1.75.

Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy. By Charles Reade (with illustrations). New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. 143. 25c.

American Edition of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Parts XVI.–XVII. Lord's Supper — Mesopotamia. pp. 1681–1904.

Comparatism: an Introduction to the Second Part of Present Religion; explaining the Principle by which Religion appears still to be set in necessary Antagonism to Positivism. By Sara S. Hewell. London: Trübner & Co. pp. 160.

Is Protestantism a Failure? the Question considered in Five Lectures; also, a Discourse on Christian Monotheism. By John Cordner, Minister of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal. Montreal: John Lovell. pp. 96. (This with Mr. Cordner's "Twenty-five Sermons," record of a twenty-five years' ministry, are excellent examples of manly, clear, and earnest argument, which we regret that the want of space prevents our noticing in full.)

Hymn, Tune, and Service-Book for Sunday Schools. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 80, 131. (The "Services are models of brevity, careful selection, and excellent arrangement; the Hymns have been prepared, with great labor and care, by a sub-committee of the Ladies' Commission.")

The Planet: a Song of a Distant World. By Larry Best. Cambridge: Riverside Press. pp. 161.

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 359.

Realities of Irish Life. By W. Stewart Trench. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 297. (A book of extraordinary interest, vouched as authentic, and picturing the Ireland of from twenty to twenty-five years ago.)

My Recollections of Lord Byron, and those of Eye-witnesses of his Life. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, pp. 690. $1.75.

Phineas Finn, the Irish Member: a Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. 235. $1.75.

Biographical Sketches by Harriet Martineau. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 460. $2.50.

Sermons by Charles Wadsworth, Minister of Calvary Church, San Francisco. New York: A. Roman & Co. 12mo, pp. 367. $2.00.

The Villa on the Rhine. By Berthold Auerbach. Part I., II. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo, pp. 531. 50c.

Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn. Bartholdy. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo, pp. 334. $1.75.

Fishing in American Waters. By Genio C. Scott. With 170 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, cloth, pp. 484. $3.50.

That Boy of Norcott's. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, illustrated. pp. 73. 25c.

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